

KU-

THE
Moral Miscellany:

OR, A
COLLECTION

OF
SELECT PIECES,

In PROSE and VERSE,

FOR THE
INSTRUCTION and ENTERTAINMENT
of YOUTH.

LEIPZIG and ZÜLLICHAU:

Printed for the House of Orphans and Frommann.

MDCCLXIV.

THE
Moral Miscellany:

OR A

COLLECTION

OF

SELECT PIECES

IN PROSE



INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT
OF YOUTH.

LEIPZIG and NÜRNBERG:

Printed for the House of Commons and Parliament.

MDCCLXIV.

Advertisement.

THE Editor's principal design in this MISCELLANY, was to collect from some of the best modern writers such parts of their works, as to him, seem'd best adapted to form the minds of youth to just and proper sentiments on the most interesting subjects. Such a collection, he imagined, would be very useful in schools, and not only so, but peculiarly suited to such persons as cannot afford to purchase those works from which the collection is made.

To render it as entertaining as possible; and to convey instruction in the most agreeable manner, he has taken care to insert several Stories, Visions, and Allegories, which impress the imaginations, and fix the giddy roving minds of youth more than any other species of composition. With the same view he has likewise inserted several
pieces

ADVERTISEMENT.

pieces of Poetry; which he hopes will be acceptable to every class of readers.

IN a word, he can't help thinking that this collection may be of considerable service to form the minds of youth to knowledge and virtue, and likewise to give them some notion of the beauty, strength, and elegance of our own language, which, tho' an important branch of education, is, in general, too much neglected.

To render ~~the~~ the instruction in the most agreeable manner, he has taken care to insert several Stories, Villans, and Allegories; which impress the imaginations, and fix the giddy roving minds of youth more than any other species of composition. With the same view he has likewise inserted several pieces

THE

THE CONTENTS.

	Page.
O N the Omniscience and Omnipresence of the Deity, together with the immensity of his Works	1
Motives to Pity and Virtue, drawn from the Omniscience and Omnipresence of the Deity	5
Reflections on the Third Heaven	9
The present Life to be considered only as 'it may conduce to the Happiness of a future One	14
On the Immortality of the Soul	17
On the Animal World, and Scale of Beings	20
Providence proved from Animal Instinct	24
The Atheist inexcusable in endeavoring to make Converts	28
On Chearfulness	31
On the Advantages of a chearful Temper	35
On Cruelty to Brutes, with an Elegy on a Black-Bird	39
A Parallel between Alexander and an Highway-Man	46
On Chastity	52
On Natural and fantastical Pleasures	56
The Observance of Sunday recommended. An Allegory	60
Religion and Superstition. A Vision	64
On Lying	69
How far the Precept to love our Enemies is practicable	73
Rules for Conversation	77
The Study of Astronomy recommended	80
The Voyage of Life. An Allegory	83
On the Desire of Gain	88
Politeness a necessary Auxiliary to Knowledge and Virtue	91
Idleness	

The CONTENTS.

	Page.
<i>Idleness incapable of Felicity. Story of Ned Froth</i>	95
<i>Fortitude founded upon the Fear of God</i>	100
<i>Adversity useful to the Acquisition of Knowledge</i>	103
<i>The Prohibition of Revenge justifiable by Reason</i>	107
<i>The Pleasures and Advantages of Industry</i>	111
<i>Danger of Relapse after Purposes of Amendment</i>	116
<i>On the Antiquity of Fables of Pleasure and Pain</i>	120
<i>The Pursuit of Knowledge recommended to Youth</i>	124
<i>The Importance of Punctuality</i>	127
<i>The great Benefit of bodily Exercise</i>	131
<i>Temperance the best Preservative of Health</i>	133
<i>Repentance stated and explained</i>	139
<i>The Duty of Secresy</i>	144
<i>On Truth and Sincerity</i>	149
<i>Rules for the Knowledge of one's Self</i>	151
<i>The Mercy of Affliction. An Eastern Story</i>	153
<i>Personal Beauty produced by Moral Sentiments</i>	159
<i>On Omens</i>	163
<i>The Vision of Mirza</i>	166
<i>A Letter to Sir Charles Easy in Town, from the Parson of his Parish in the Country</i>	171
<i>On female Gamesters</i>	175
<i>Account of Tim. Wildgoose by himself</i>	177
<i>Gradation from a Greenhorn to a Blood</i>	180
<i>On the Force of Habit</i>	186
<i>Directions how to spend our Time</i>	190
<i>Singularity censured</i>	193
<i>No Life pleasing to God that is not useful to Man. An Eastern Story</i>	198
<i>Reflections upon the Jews</i>	204
<i>Virtue in Distress, represented in the Story of Amanda</i>	207
<i>The Whisperers and Giggers among the fair Sex complained of</i>	211
<i>On Bets, and the Custom of Pitting, as practised at Whithe's</i>	215
<i>On the Amusement of Sunday</i>	220
<i>On Cleanliness</i>	224
<i>The Story of Abdallah and Balsora</i>	227

The



The CONTENTS.

	Page.
<i>The Adventure of Theodosius and Constantia</i>	234
<i>On Oeconomy</i>	240
<i>On Pride</i>	243
<i>An Allegorical Letter from To-day</i>	246
<i>The Ladies directed in the Choice of a Husband</i>	251
<i>Benevolence urged from the Misery on Solitude</i>	256
<i>Socrates's Allegory of the Origin of Love</i>	259
<i>The Advantages of representing Human Nature in its proper Dignity</i>	262
<i>The Efficacy of Poetry upon the Mind</i>	267
<i>Praise and Blame to be regarded only as relating to Things strictly True</i>	269
<i>On the Use of social Intercourse between Persons of different Ages and Professions</i>	273
<i>Letter of Advice to a young Academic</i>	278
<i>On Taste</i>	282
<i>Prosperity and Adversity. An Allegory</i>	287
<i>The Value of Life fixed by Hope and Fear. An Eastern Story</i>	291
<i>The Natural History of Ants</i>	296
<i>The same Subject continued</i>	303
<i>Learning a proper Ingredient in the Education of a Woman of Quality or Fortune</i>	308
<i>On Calumny</i>	312
<i>The Active and speculative Parts of Mankind compared</i>	314
<i>On the Pursuit of Fame</i>	320
<i>The same Subject continued</i>	323
<i>The same Subject continued</i>	329
<i>An Allegory on One's self</i>	333
<i>The Shepherd and the Philosopher</i>	337
<i>The Countryman and Jupiter</i>	339
<i>The Pack-Horse and the Carrier</i>	343
<i>The Youth and the Philosopher</i>	345
<i>An Elegy written in a Country Church Yard</i>	347
<i>The Story of Palemon and Lavinia</i>	350
<i>Virgil's Tomb</i>	353
<i>Song for Ranelagh</i>	357

The CONTENTS.

	Page
<i>The final Cause of the Pleasures we receive from the</i>	
<i>Grandeur and Novelty of Objects</i>	358
<i>Pleasure. A Vision</i>	361
<i>Virtue alone constitutes Happiness</i>	365
<i>Remember your Creator, &c.</i>	369
<i>A Song to creating Wisdom</i>	371
<i>Four happy Matches</i>	374
<i>Universal Prayer</i>	375



375	<i>On the Dignity</i>
374	<i>The History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
371	<i>Things which relate to the History of Learning</i>
369	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
365	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
361	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
358	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
354	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
350	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
346	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
342	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
338	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
334	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
330	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
326	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
322	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
318	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
314	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
310	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
306	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
302	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
298	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
294	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
290	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
286	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
282	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
278	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
274	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
270	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
266	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
262	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
258	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
254	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
250	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
246	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
242	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
238	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
234	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
230	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
226	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
222	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
218	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
214	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
210	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
206	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
202	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
198	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
194	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
190	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
186	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
182	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
178	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
174	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
170	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
166	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
162	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
158	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
154	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
150	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
146	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
142	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
138	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
134	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
130	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
126	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
122	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
118	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
114	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
110	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
106	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
102	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
98	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
94	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
90	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
86	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
82	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
78	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
74	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
70	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
66	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
62	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
58	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
54	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
50	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
46	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
42	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
38	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
34	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
30	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
26	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
22	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
18	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
14	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
10	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
6	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>
2	<i>On the History of Learning in the Middle Ages</i>

THE MORAL MISCELLANY.

*On the Omniscience and Omnipresence of the Deity,
together with the immensity of his Works.*

[Spect. N^o 565.]

I WAS yesterday about sun-set walking in the open fields, 'till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours, which appeared in the western parts of heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, 'till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the æther was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The *Galaxy* appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty, which *Milton* takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. *David* himself fell into it in that reflection, *When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him!* In the same manner when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the

idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries; which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

WERE the sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed, more than a grain of sand upon the sea shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses, which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. *Huygenius* carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light is not yet travelled down to us, since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the divine

divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures; that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us that his attributes are infinite, but the poorness of our conceptions is such that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and, in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence: his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material, or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from any thing he has created, or from any

part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a being whose centre is every-where, and his circumference no-where.

IN the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence. He cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades: and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty: but the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir *Isaac Newton*, who calls it the *sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *sensoriola*, or little *sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects, that lye contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

WERE the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation, should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in the body he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. *O that I knew where I might find him!* says Job. *Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him.* In short, reason as well as revelation assure us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

IN this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.



*Motives to piety and virtue, drawn from the
Omniscience and Omnipresence of the Deity.*

[Spec. N^o 571]

IN your paper of *Friday* the 9th instant, you had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the God-head, and at the same time, to shew, that as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its existence: or, in other words, that his omniscience and omnipresence are coexistent, and run together through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I shall consider it in a light wherein I have not seen it placed by others.

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty being which passes through it. The heavens and the earth, the stars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective qualities. The several instincts, in the brute creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his holy spirit, and is unattentive to his presence, receives none of these advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and necessary to his well-being. The divinity is with him, and in him, and every-where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impossible for an infinite Being to remove himself from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his essence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and consolations of it. His presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our existence; but he may leave this our existence to itself, with regard to its happiness or misery. For, in this sense, he may cast us away from his presence, and take his holy spirit from us. This single consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our hearts to all those infusions of joy and gladness which are so near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider, *secondly*, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being who feels no other effects from his Maker's presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

WE may assure ourselves, that the great author of nature will not always be as one, who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Those who will not feel him in his love will be sure at length to feel him in his displeasure.

sure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only sensible of the being of his Creator by what he suffers from him! He is as essentially present in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of those accursed places behold him only in his wrath, and shrink within the flames to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incensed.

BUT I shall only consider the wretchedness of an intellectual being, who, in this life, lyes under the displeasure of him, that at all times, and in all places is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the soul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest comforts of life from refreshing us, and give an edge to every one of its slightest calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an out-cast from his presence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that exposition of *Job*, when, for the real trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable condition! *Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am become a burden to myself?* But *thirdly*, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving kindness!

THE blessed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as sensible of his presence as we are of the presence of any person whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtless a faculty in spirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our senses do material objects; and there is no question but our souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of space they reside, be always sensible of the divine presence. We, who have this veil of flesh standing between us and the world of spirits, must be content to know the spirit of God is present with us, by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may however taste and see how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by those virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret comforts and

refresh-

refreshments which he conveys into our souls, and by those ravishing joys and inward satisfactions which are perpetually springing up, and diffusing themselves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very essence, and is as a soul within the soul to irradiate its understanding, rectify its will, purify its passions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own soul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and support within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midst of all those horrors which encompass him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing else can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whispers better things within his soul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepest solitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greatest of beings; and perceives within himself such real sensations of his presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the conversation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he considers the pains of his dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that partition, which stands betwixt his soul, and the sight of that being, who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in fullness of joy.

IF we would be thus happy, and thus sensible of our Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and goodness, we must keep such a watch over all our thoughts, that in the language of the scripture, his soul may have pleasure in us. We must take care not to grieve his holy spirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct *Seneca* to his doctrine, in a very remarkable passage among his epistles;

THE MORAL MISCELLANY.

epistles; *Sacer inest in nobis spiritus, bonorum malorumque custos et observator; et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.* 'There is a holy spirit residing in us, who watches and observes both good and evil men, and will treat us after the same manner that we treat him.' But I shall conclude this discourse with those more emphatical words in divine revelation. *If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.*



Reflections on the Third Heaven. [Spect. N^o 580]

I CONSIDERED in my two last lettres that awful and tremendous subject, the ubiquity or omnipresence of the divine Being. I have shewn that he is equally present in all places throughout the whole extent of infinite space. This doctrine is so agreeable to reason, that we meet with it in the writings of the enlightened heathens, as I might shew at large, were it not already done by other hands. But tho' the Deity be thus essentially present through all the immensity of space, there is one part of it in which he discovers himself in a most transcendent and visible glory. This is that place which is marked out in scripture under the different appellations of *Paradise, the third heaven, the throne of God, and the habitation of his glory.* It is here where the glorified body of our Saviour resides, and where all the celestial hierarchies, and the innumerable hosts of angels, are represented as perpetually surrounding the seat of God with hallelujahs and hymns of praise. This is that presence of God which some of the divines call his glorious, and others his majestic presence. He is indeed as essentially present in all other places as in this; but it is here where he resides in a sensible magnificence, and in the midst of all those splendors which can affect the imagination of created beings.

'It is very remarkable that this opinion of God Almighty's presence in heaven, whether discovered

by the light of nature, or by a general tradition from our first parents, prevails among all the nations of the world, whatsoever different notions they entertain of the God-head. If you look into *Homer*, that is, the most antient of the *Greek* writers, you see the supreme power seated in the heavens, and encompassed with inferior deities, among whom the muses are represented as singing incessantly about his throne. Who does not here see the main strokes and outlines of this great truth we are speaking of? The same doctrine is shadowed out in many other heathen authors, tho' at the same time, like several other revealed truths, dashed and adulterated with a mixture of fables and human inventions. But to pass over the notions of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, those more enlightened parts of the pagan world, we find there is scarce a people among the late discovered nations who are not trained up in an opinion that heaven is the habitation of the divinity whom they worship.

As in *Salomon's* temple there was the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, in which a visible glory appeared among the figures of the cherubims, and into which none but the high-priest himself was permitted to enter, after having made an atonement for the sins of the people; so if we consider this whole creation as one great temple, there is in it the Holy of Holies, into which the high-priest of our salvation entered, and took his place among angels and archangels, after having made a propitiation for the sins of mankind.

With how much skill must the throne of God be erected? With what glorious designs is that habitation beautified, which is contrived and built by him who inspired *Hiram* with wisdom? How great must be the majesty of that place, where the whole art of creation has been employed, and where God has chosen to shew himself in the most magnificent manner? What must be the architecture of infinite power under the direction of infinite wisdom? A spirit cannot but be transported after an ineffable manner with the sight of those objects, which were made to affect him by that Being who knows the inward frame of a soul, and how

• how to please and ravish it in all its most secret powers and faculties. It is to this majestic presence of God, • we may apply those beautiful expressions in holy writ: *Behold even to the moon, and it shineth not; yea* • *the stars are not pure in his sight.* The light of the sun, • and all the glories of the world in which we live, are • but as weak and sickly glimmerings, or rather darkness itself, in comparison of those splendors which • encompass the throne of God.

• As the glory of this place is transcendent beyond • imagination, so probably is the extent of it. There • is light behind light, and glory within glory. How • far that space may reach, in which God thus appears • in perfect majesty, we cannot possibly conceive. Tho' • it is not infinite, it may be indefinite; and tho' not • immeasurable in itself, it may be so with regard to any • created eye, or imagination. If he has made these • lower regions of matter so inconceivably wide and • magnificent for the habitation of mortal and perishable beings, how great may we suppose the courts of his • house to be, where he makes his residence in a more • especial manner, and displays himself in the fulness • of his glory, among an innumerable company of angels, and spirits of just men made perfect!

• THIS is certain, that our imaginations cannot • be raised too high, when we think on a place where • omnipotence and omniscience have so signally exerted themselves, because that they are able to produce • a scene infinitely more great and glorious than what • we are able to imagine. It is not impossible but at • the consummation of all things, these outward apartments of nature, which are now suited to those beings • who inhabit them, may be taken in and added to that • glorious place of which I am here speaking; and by • that means made a proper habitation for beings who • are exempt from mortality, and cleared of their imperfections: for so the scripture seems to intimate • when it speaks of new heavens and of a new earth, • wherein dwelleth righteousness.

• I HAVE only considered this glorious place with • regard to the sight and imagination, though it is • highly

' highly probable that our other senses may here like-
 ' wise enjoy their highest gratifications. There is no-
 ' thing which more ravishes and transports the soul,
 ' than harmony; and we have great reason to believe,
 ' from the descriptions of this place in holy Scripture,
 ' that this is one of the entertainments of it. And if
 ' the soul of man can be so wonderfully affected with
 ' those strains of music, which human art is capable
 ' of producing, how much more will it be raised and
 ' elevated by those, in which is exerted the whole power
 ' of harmony! The senses are faculties of the human
 ' soul, though they cannot be employed, during this
 ' our vital union, without proper instruments in the
 ' body. Why therefore should we exclude the satisf-
 ' faction of these faculties, which we find by experi-
 ' ence are inlets of great pleasure to the soul, from
 ' among those entertainments which are to make up our
 ' happiness hereafter? Why should we suppose that our
 ' hearing and seeing will not be gratified with those
 ' objects which are most agreeable to them, and which
 ' they cannot meet with in these lower regions of nature;
 ' objects, *which neither eye hath seen, nor ear heard,*
 ' *nor can it enter into the heart of man to conceive? I knew*
 ' *a man in Christ* (says St. Paul. speaking of himself)
 ' *above fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I cannot*
 ' *tell, or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God*
 ' *knoweth) such a one caught up to the third heaven.*
 ' *And I knew such a man, (whether in the body or out of*
 ' *the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth) how that he was*
 ' *caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words,*
 ' *which it is not possible for a man to utter.* By this
 ' is meant that what he heard was so infinitely different
 ' from any thing which he had heard in this world,
 ' that it was impossible to express it in such words as
 ' might convey a notion of it to his hearers.

' It is very natural for us to take delight in in-
 ' quiries concerning any foreign country, where we
 ' are some time or other to make our abode; and as
 ' we all hope to be admitted into this glorious place,
 ' it is both a laudable and useful curiosity, to get what
 ' informations we can of it, while we make use of re-
 ' velation

• revelation for our guide. When these everlasting
 • doors shall be opened to us, we may be sure that
 • the pleasures and beauties of this place will infinitely
 • transcend our present hopes and expectations, and
 • that the glorious appearance of the throne of God
 • will rise infinitely beyond whatever we are able to
 • conceive of it. We might here entertain ourselves
 • with many other speculations on this subject, from
 • those several hints which we find of it in the holy
 • scriptures; as whether there may not be different
 • mansions and apartments of glory, to beings of dif-
 • ferent natures; whether as they excel one another
 • in perfection, they are not admitted nearer to the
 • throne of the Almighty, and enjoy greater mani-
 • festations of his presence; whether there are not
 • solemn times and occasions, when all the multi-
 • tude of heaven celebrate the presence of their Ma-
 • ker, in more extraordinary forms of praise and ado-
 • ration; as *Adam*, tho' he had continued in a state
 • of innocence, would, in the opinion of our divines,
 • have kept holy the *Sabbath-day*, in a more parti-
 • cular manner than any other of the seven. These,
 • and the like speculations, we may very innocently
 • indulge, so long as we make use of them to inspire
 • us with a desire of becoming inhabitants of this
 • delightful place.

• I HAVE in this, and in two foregoing letters, treat-
 • ed on the most serious subject that can employ the
 • mind of man, the omnipresence of the Deity; a
 • subject which, if possible, should never depart from
 • our meditations. We have considered the divine
 • Being, as he inhabits infinitude, as he dwells a-
 • mong his works, as he is present to the mind of
 • man, and as he discovers himself in a more glo-
 • rious manner among the regions of the blest. Such
 • a consideration should be kept awake in us at all
 • times, and in all places, and possess our minds with
 • a perpetual awe and reverence. It should be in-
 • terwoven with all our thoughts and perceptions, and
 • become one with the consciousness of our own being.
 • It is not to be reflected on in the coldness of philo-
 • sophy,

ment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

BUT how great would be his astonishment, when he learnt that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years; and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age? How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life which scarce deserves the name of existence, when, I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that, which after many myriads of years will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may after all prove unsuccessful; whereas if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

THE following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a singly grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years. Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or supposing

posing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years: which of these two cases would you make your choice?

IT must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, tho' in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unite does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so overfet by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration, which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will chuse to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten, nay perhaps of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity; or on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity; what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice?

HERE put the case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life: but if we suppose (as it generally happens) that virtue will make us more happy even in this life than a contrary course of vice; how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice?

EVERY wise man therefore will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.

On the Immortality of the Soul. [Spect. N^o III.]

I WAS yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs drawn.

FIRST, from the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

SECONDLY, from its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

THIRDLY, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom and veracity are all concerned in this point.

BUT among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a very great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments,

were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

A MAN, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

Harres

Harredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.

HOR. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 175.

Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood
Wave urges wave.

CREECH.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and

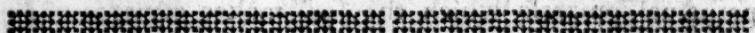
and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity.

THERE is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength; to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

METHINKS this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

WITH what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touch-

ing it: and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness!



On the Animal World, and the Scale of Beings.

[Spect. N^o 519.]

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that system of bodies, into which nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations which those bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprising in contemplations on the world of life, by which I mean all those animals with which every part of the universe is furnished. The material world is only the shell of the universe: the world of life are its inhabitants.

IF we consider those parts of the material world which lye the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our observations and inquiries, it is amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which it is stocked. Every part of matter is peopled: every green leaf swarms with inhabitants. There is scarce a single humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures. The surface of animals is also covered with other animals, which are in the same manner the basis of other animals that live upon it; nay, we find in the most solid bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells and cavities that are crowded with such imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes and rivers, teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures: we find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts, and every part of matter affording proper necessities and conveniencies

veniencies for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

THE author of the *Plurality of worlds* draws a very good argument from this consideration, for the *peopling* of every planet; as indeed it seems very probable from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter, which we are acquainted with, lyes waste and uselefs, those great bodies, which are at such a distance from us, should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with beings adapted to their respective situation.

EXISTENCE is a blessing to those beings only which are endowed with perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any farther than as it is subservient to beings which are conscious of their existence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lye under our observation, that matter is only made as the basis and support of animals, and that there is no more of the one, than what is necessary for the existence of the other.

INFINITE goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of existence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a speculation; which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the scale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

THERE are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter. To mention only that species of shell-fish, which are form'd in the fashion of a cone, that grow to the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon their being sever'd from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense besides that of feeling and taste. Others have still an additional one of hearing; others of smell, and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is form'd that is complete in all its senses; and even among these there is such a different degree of perfection in the sense

which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, though the sense in different animals be distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature. If after this we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

THE exuberant and overflowing goodness of the Supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little matter, at least what falls within our knowledge, that does not swarm with life: nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity, than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence; he has, therefore, *specified* in his creation every degree of life, every capacity of being. The whole chasm of nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with divers kinds of creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another are almost insensible. This intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of perception which does not appear in some one part of the world of life. Is the goodness, or wisdom of the Divine Being, more manifested in this his proceeding.

THERE is a consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of beings rises by such a regular progress, so high as man, we may by a parity of reason suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superior nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different degrees of perfection, between

tween the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the most despicable insect. The consequence of so great a variety of beings which are superior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. Locke; in a passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite room between man and his Maker for the creative power to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite gap or distance between the highest created being, and the power which produced him.

THAT there should be more species of intelligent creatures above us, than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence; that in all the visible corporeal world, we see no chasms, or no gaps. All quite down from us, the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of things, that in each remove differ very little one from the other. There are fishes that have wings, and are not strangers to the airy region: and there are some birds, that are inhabitants of the water; whose blood is cold as fishes, and their flesh so like in taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them on fish days. There are animals so near of kin both to birds and beasts, that they are in the middle between both: amphibious animals link the terrestrial and aquatic together: seals live at land and at sea, and porpoises have the warm blood and entrails of a hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of mermaids or sea-men. There are some brutes, that seem to have as much knowledge and reason, as some that are called men; and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are so nearly join'd, that if you will take the lowest of one, and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great difference between them: and so on 'till we come to the lowest and the most inorganical parts of matter, we shall find every where that the several species are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees. And when we consider the infinite power and wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of the universe, and the great design and infinite goodness of the Architect, that the species of creatures should also, by gentle degrees, ascend upward from us toward his

infinite perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downward: which if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded, that there are far more species of creatures above us, than there are beneath; we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite Being of God, than we are from the lowest state of being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct species, we have no clear distinct ideas.

IN this system of being, there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention, as man, who fills up the middle space between the animal and intellectual nature; the visible and invisible world, and is that link in the chain of beings which has been often termed the *Nexus utriusque mundi*. So that he who in one respect is associated with angels and arch-angels; may look upon a Being of infinite perfection as his father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren; may in another respect say to corruption, *thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister.*

Providence proved from Animal instinct.

[Spect. N^o 120.]

IMUST confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country-life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting, upon this occasion, the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation; the arguments for providence drawn from the natural history of animals being, in my opinion, demonstrative.

THE make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the least turn in the muscles or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's

nimal's way of life than any other cast or texture of them would have been.

THE most violent appetites in all creatures are *lust* and *hunger*: the first is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter to preserve themselves.

IT is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as insects and several kinds of fish; others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposite them in, and there leave them; as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich: others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, till it is able to shift for itself.

WHAT can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and direct all of the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be *imitation*; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be *reason*; for were animals indued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniencies that they would propose to themselves.

IS it not remarkable, that the same temper of weather, which raises this general warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

IS it not wonderful, that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

THE violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment; which I shall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author, and hope my readers will pardon the mentioning such an instance of cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually shew

the strength of that principle in animals of which I am here speaking. "A person who was well skilled in dissections opened a bitch, and as she lay in the most exquisite tortures, offered her one of her young puppies, which she immediately fell a licking; and for the time seemed insensible of her own pain: on the removal, she kept her eye fixed on it, and began a wailing sort of a cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the loss of her young one, than the sense of her own torments.

BUT notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves: and what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it; as we may see in birds that drive away their young, as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

THIS natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species: nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downwards; for in all family affection, we find protection granted and favours bestowed, are greater motives to love and tenderness, than safety, benefits, or life received.

ONE would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty.

REASON shews itself in all occurrences of life: where-as the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preservation, or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are

are wiser than the sons of men; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lyes in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation.

WITH what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance? When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth? When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal? In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms; and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison? Not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; not to mention her forsaking the nest, if after the usual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A chymical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is seen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that shew an infinitely greater sagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

BUT at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity, (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species) considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner: she is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays: she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances, which do not
carry

carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

T H E R E is not, in my opinion, any thing more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but, according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate impresson from the first mover, and the divine energy acting in the creatures.



The Atheist inexcusable in endeavouring to make Converts [Spect. N^o 186]

A BELIEVER may be excused by the most hardened atheist for endeavouring to make him a convert, because he does it with an eye to both their interests. The atheist is inexcusable who tries to gain over a believer, because he does not propose the doing himself or the believer any good by such a conversion.

T H E prospect of a future state is the secret comfort and refreshment of my soul; it is that which makes nature look gay about me; it doubles all my pleasures, and supports me under all my afflictions. I can look at disappointments and misfortunes, pain and sickness, death itself, and what is worse than death, the loss of those who are dearest to me, with indifference, so long as I keep in view the pleasures of eternity, and the state of being in which there will be no fears nor apprehensions, pains nor sorrows, sickness nor separation. Why will any man be so impertinently officious as to tell me all this is only fancy and delusion?

lusion? Is there any merit in being the messenger of ill news? if it is a dream, let me enjoy it, since it makes me both the happier and better man.

I MUST confess I do not know how to trust a man who believes neither heaven nor hell, or, in other words, a future state of rewards and punishments. Not only natural self-love, but reason directs us to promote our own interest above all things. It can never be for the interest of a believer to do me a mischief, because he is sure, upon the balance of accounts, to find himself a loser by it. On the contrary, if he considers his own welfare in his behaviour towards me, it will lead him to do me all the good he can, and at the same time restrain him from doing me any injury. An unbeliever does not act like a reasonable creature, if he favours me contrary to his present interest, or does not distress me when it turns to his present advantage. Honour and good-nature may indeed tie up his hands; but as these would be very much strengthened by reason and principle, so without them they are only instincts, or wavering unsettled notions, which rest on no foundation.

INFIDELITY has been attacked with so good success of late years, that it is driven out of all its works. The atheist has not found his post tenable, and is therefore retired into deism, and a disbelief of revealed religion only. But the truth of it is, the greatest number of this set of men, are those who, for want of a virtuous education, or examining the grounds of religion, know so very little of the matter in question, that their infidelity is but another term for their ignorance.

As folly and inconsiderateness are the foundations of infidelity, the great pillars and supports of it are either a vanity of appearing wiser than the rest of mankind, or an ostentation of courage in despising the terrors of another world, which have so great an influence on what they call weaker minds; or an aversion to a belief that must cut them off from many of those pleasures they propose to themselves, and fill them

them with remorse for many of those they have already tasted.

THE great received articles of the Christian religion have been so clearly proved, from the authority of that divine revelation in which they are delivered, that it is impossible for those who have ears to hear, and eyes to see, not to be convinced of them. But were it possible for any thing in the Christian faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill consequences in adhering to it. The great points of the incarnation and sufferings of our Saviour, produce naturally such habits of virtue in the mind of man, that, I say, supposing it were possible for us to be mistaken in them, the infidel himself must at least allow that no other system of religion could so effectually contribute to the heightening of morality. They give us great ideas of the dignity of human nature, and of the love which the supreme Being bears to his creatures, and consequently engage us in the highest acts of duty towards our Creator, our neighbour, and ourselves. How many noble arguments has Saint *Paul* raised from the chief articles of our religion, for the advancing of morality in its three great branches? To give a single example in each kind: what can be a stronger motive to a firm trust and reliance on the mercies of our Maker, than the giving us his Son to suffer for us? What can make us love and esteem even the most inconsiderable of mankind, more than the thought that Christ died for him? Or what dispose us to set a stricter guard upon the purity of our own hearts, than our being members of Christ, and a part of the society of which that immaculate person is the head? But these are only a specimen of those admirable enforcements of morality, which the apostle has drawn from the history of our blessed Saviour.

If our modern infidels considered these matters with that candour and seriousness which they deserve, we should not see them act with such a spirit of bitterness, arrogance, and malice; they would not be raising such insignificant cavils, doubts, and scruples, as may be started against every thing that is not capable
of

of mathematical demonstration; in order to unsettle
 the minds of the ignorant, disturb the public peace,
 subvert morality, and throw all things into confusion
 and disorder. If none of these reflexions can have
 any influence on them, there is one that perhaps may,
 because it is adapted to their vanity, by which they
 seem to be guided much more than by their reason.
 I would therefore have them consider, that the wisest
 and best of men, in all ages of the world, have been
 those who lived up to the religion of their country,
 when they saw nothing in it opposite to morality, and
 to the best lights they had of the divine nature. *Pythagoras*'s first rule directs us to worship the gods as
 it is ordained by law, for that is the most natural in-
 terpretation of the precept. *Socrates*, who was the
 most renowned among the heathens both for wisdom
 and virtue, in his last moments desires his friends to
 offer a cock to *Æsculapius*; doubtless out of a sub-
 missive deference to the established worship of his coun-
 try. *Xenophon* tells us, that his prince (whom he
 sets forth as a pattern of perfection) when he found
 his death approaching, offered sacrifices on the moun-
 tains to the *Persian Jupiter*, and the Sun, accord-
 ing to the custom of the *Persians*; for these are the
 words of the historian. Nay, the *Epicureans* and
 atomical philosophers shewed a very remarkable mo-
 desty in this particular; for though the being of a
 God was entirely repugnant to their schemes of na-
 tural philosophy, they contented themselves with the
 denial of a Providence, asserting at the same time the
 existence of gods in general; because they would not
 shock the common belief of mankind, and the religion
 of their country.

On CHEARFULNESS. [Spect. N^o 381.]

I HAVE always preferred chearfulness to mirth. The
 latter, I consider as an act, the former as a habit of
 the mind. Mirth is short and transient, chearfulness
 fixed

fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy: on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

MEN of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the sacred person who was the great pattern of perfection, was never seen to laugh.

CHEARFULNESS of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

IF we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of the soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed: his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

IF we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good will towards

towards him. A chearful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the chearfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sun-shine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

WHEN I consider this chearful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward chearfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

THERE are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this chearfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Chearfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

ATHEISM, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this chearfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil: it is

indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his intire existence, and dropping into nothing?

THE vicious man and Atheist have therefore no pretence to chearfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good humour; and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

AFTER having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of chearfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with chearfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A MAN, who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of chearfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness? The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

THE second source of chearfulness to a good mind, is, its consideration of that being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

SUCH considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and chearful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we were made to please.



On the Advantages of a chearful Temper.

[Spect. N^o 387.]

CHEARFULNESS is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret murmurs of heart give so imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions, which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such, who (to use our *English* phrase) *wear well*, that

had not at least a certain indolence in their humour; if not a more than ordinary gaiety and chearfulness of heart. The truth of it is, health and chearfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain chearfulness, but very often see chearfulness where there is no great degree of health.

CHEARFULNESS bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body: it banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But, having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice, that the world, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use; but if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessaries of life, has a particular influence in chearing the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

THOSE several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreshing to the imagination, as to the soil through which they pass.

THERE are writers of great distinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason, several painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher accounts for it in the following manner: all colours that are more luminous,
overpower

overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight: on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas, the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and, by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reason, the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of *cheerful*.

To consider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are, at the same time, both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman, after the same manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landscape, and making every thing smile about him, whilst, in reality, he thinks of nothing but of the harvest, and increase which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this cheerfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque parts of nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher by observing, that, if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities, as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheered and delighted with agreeable sensations?

In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

THE reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a chearful temper, as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently shew us, that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this chearfulness of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our island, and often conveys herself to us in an easterly wind. A celebrated French novelist, in opposition to those who begin their romances with the flowery season of the year, enters on his story thus: *In the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate lover walked out into the fields, &c.*

EVERY one ought to fence against the temper of his climate or constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully against those little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of them, will produce a satiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happiness.

AT the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that chearfulness of temper

temper which I have been recommending. This inter-
 spection of evil with good, and pain with pleasure, in
 the works of nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. *Locke*
 in his *Essay on human understanding*, to a moral reason,
 in the following words:

BETOND all this, we may find another reason why
 God hath scattered up and down several degrees of plea-
 sure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect
 us, and blended them together, in almost all that our
 thoughts and senses have to do with; that we finding im-
 perfection, dissatisfaction, and want of compleat happi-
 ness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford
 us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of him, with
 whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand
 are pleasures for evermore.

*On Cruelty to Brutes, with an Elegy on a
 Black-bird.* [Advent. N^o 37.]

THOUGH it be generally allowed, that to com-
 municate happiness is the characteristic of vir-
 tue, yet this happiness is seldom considered as extend-
 ing beyond our own species; and no man is thought to
 become vicious, by sacrificing the life of an animal to
 the pleasure of hitting a mark. It is, however, cer-
 tain, that by this act more happiness is destroyed than
 produced; except it be supposed, that happiness should
 be estimated, not in proportion to its degree only, but
 to the rank of the being by whom it is enjoyed: but
 this is a supposition, which perhaps cannot easily be
 supported. *REASON*, from which alone man derives
 his superiority, should, in the present question, be con-
 sidered only as *SENSIBILITY*; a blow produces
 more pain to a man, than to a brute; because to a man
 it is aggravated by a sense of indignity, and is felt as
 often as it is remembered; in the brute it produces
 only corporal pain, which in a short time ceases for
 ever. But it may be justly asserted, that the same de-

gree of pain in both subjects, is in the same degree an evil; and that it cannot be wantonly inflicted, without equal violation of right. Neither does it follow from the contrary positions, that man should abstain from animal food; for by him that kills merely to eat, life is sacrificed only to life; and if man had lived upon fruits and herbs, the greater part of those animals which die to furnish his table, would never have lived; instead of increasing the breed as a pledge of plenty, he would have been compelled to destroy them to prevent a famine.

THERE is great difference between killing for food, and for sport. To take pleasure in that by which pain is inflicted, if it is not vicious, is dangerous; and every practice which, if not criminal in itself, yet wears out the sympathizing sensibility of a tender mind, must render human nature proportionably less fit for society. In my pursuit of this train of thought, I considered the inequality with which happiness appears to be distributed among the brute creation, as different animals are in a different degree exposed to the capricious cruelty of mankind; and in the fervour of my imagination, I began to think it possible that they might participate in a future retribution; especially, as mere matter and motion approach no nearer to sensibility, than to thought: and he, who will not venture to deny that brutes have sensibility, should not hastily pronounce, that they have only a material existence. While my mind was thus busied, the evening stole imperceptibly away; and at length morning succeeded to midnight: my attention was remitted by degrees, and I fell asleep in my chair.

THOUGH the labours of memory and judgment were now at an end, yet fancy was still busy: by this roving wanton I was conducted through a dark avenue, which, after many windings, terminated in a place which she told me was the elysium of birds and beasts. Here I beheld a great variety of animals, whom I perceived to be endowed with reason and speech: this prodigy, however, did not raise astonishment, but curiosity. I was impatient to learn, what were the topics

of

of discourse in such an assembly; and hoped to gain a valuable addition to my remarks upon human life. For this purpose I approached a Horse and an Ass, who seemed to be engaged in serious conversation; but I approached with great caution and humility: for I now considered them as in a state superior to mortality; and I feared to incur the contempt and indignation, which naturally rise at the sight of a tyrant who is divested of his power. My caution was, however, unnecessary; for they seemed wholly to disregard me, and by degrees I came near enough to overhear them.

"If I had perished," said the Ass, "when I was dismissed from the earth, I think I should have been a loser by my existence; for during my whole life, there was scarce an interval of an hour, in which I did not suffer the accumulated misery of blows, hunger, and fatigue. When I was a colt, I was stolen by a Gypsie, who placed two children upon my back in a pair of paniers, before I had perfectly acquired the habit of carrying my own weight with steadiness and dexterity. By hard fare and ill treatment, I quickly became blind; and when the family, to which I belonged, went into their winter quarters in Norwood, I was staked as a bet against a couple of geese, which had been found by a fellow who came by; driving before him two of my brethren whom he had overloaded with bags of sand: a halfpenny was thrown up; and to the inexpressible increase of my calamity, the dealer in sand was the winner.

"When I came to town I was harnessed with my two wretched associates to a cart, in which my new master had piled up his commodity till it would hold no more. The load was so disproportionate to our strength, that it was with the utmost difficulty and labour dragged very slowly over the rugged pavement of the streets, in which every stone was an almost insuperable obstacle to our progress. One morning very early, as we were toiling up Snowhill with repeated efforts of strength, that was stimulated, even to agony, by the incessant strokes of a whip, which had already laid our loins bare even to the bone; it hap-

"pened, that being placed in the shafts, and the weight
 "pressing hard upon me, I fell down. Our driver re-
 "garded my misfortune, not with pity but rage; and
 "the moment he turned about he threw a stick with
 "such violence at my head, that it forced out my eye,
 "and passing through the socket into the brain, I was
 "instantly dismissed from that misery, the comparison
 "of which with my present state constitutes great part
 "of its felicity. But you, surely, if I may judge by
 "your stature, and the elegance of your make, was
 "among the favorites of mankind; you was placed in a
 "higher and a happier station; you was not the slave
 "of indigence, but the pride of greatness; your labour
 "was sport, and your reward was triumph, ease, plenty
 "and attendance."

"It is true," replied the STEEB, "I was a favo-
 "rite: but what avails it to be the favorite of caprice,
 "avarice and barbarity? My tyrant was a wretch who
 "had gained a considerable fortune by play, particu-
 "larly by racing. I had won him many large sums;
 "but being at length excepted out of every match, as
 "having no equal, he regarded even my excellence
 "with malignity, when it was no longer subservient to
 "his interest. Yet I still lived in ease and plenty; and
 "as he was able to sell even my pleasures, though my
 "labour was become useless, I had a seraglio in which
 "there was a perpetual succession of new beauties.
 "At last, however, another competitor appeared:
 "I enjoyed a new triumph by anticipation; I rushed
 "into the field, panting for the conquest; and the first
 "heat I put my master in possession of the stakes, which
 "amounted to ten thousand pounds. The proprietor
 "of the mare that I had distanced, notwithstanding
 "this disgrace, declared with great zeal, that she
 "should run the next day against any gelding in the
 "world for double the sum: my master immediately
 "accepted the challenge, and told him, that he would
 "the next day produce a gelding that should beat her:
 "but what was my astonishment and indignation, when
 "I discovered that he most cruelly and fraudulently
 "intended to qualify me for this match upon the
 "spot;

"spot; and to sacrifice my life at the very moment,
 "in which every nerve should be strained in his
 "service."

"As I knew it would be in vain to resist, I suffered
 "myself to be bound: the operation was performed,
 "and I was instantly mounted and spurred on to the
 "goal. Injured as I was, the love of glory was still
 "superior to the desire of revenge: I determined to
 "die as I had lived, without an equal; and having
 "again won the race, I sunk down at the post in an
 "agony, which soon after put an end to my life."

"When I had heard this narrative, which indeed I remembered to be true, I turned about in honest confusion, and blushed that I was a man. But my reflections were interrupted by the notes of a BLACKBIRD, who was singing the story of his own fate with a melody that irresistibly compelled my attention. By this gentle and harmonious being, I was not treated with equal contempt; he perceived that I listened with curiosity, and interrupting his song, "Stranger," says he, "though I am, as thou seest, in the fields of Elysium, yet my happiness is not complete; my mate is still exposed to the miseries of mortality, and I am still vulnerable in her. O! stranger, to bribe thy friendship, if per-adventure it may reach my love, I will gratify the curiosity with which thy looks enquire after me. I fell by the unprovoked enmity of man, in that season when the dictates of nature are love. But let not my censure be universal; for as the elegy which I sing, was written by a human being, every human being is not destitute of compassion, nor deaf to the language in which our joys and fears are expressed." He then, after a sweet though short prelude, made the grove again eccho with his song.

The sun had chac'd the winter's snow,
 And kindly loos'd the frost-bound soil;
 The melting streams began to flow,
 And plow-men urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas

'Twas then amidst the vernal throng,
 Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,
 A BLACKBIRD rais'd his amorous song,
 And thus it echo'd through the grove:
 "O! fairest of the feather'd train,
 "For whom I sing, for whom I burn;
 "Attend with pity to my strain,
 "And grant my love a kind return.
 "See, see, the winter's storms are flown,
 "And Zephyrs gently fan the air;
 "Let us the genial influence own,
 "Let us the vernal pastime share.
 "The Raven plumes his jetty wing,
 "To please his croaking paramour;
 "The Larks responsive love- tales sing,
 "And tell their passion as they soar;
 "But trust me, love, the Raven's wing
 "Is not to be compar'd with mine;
 "Nor can the Lark so sweetly sing
 "As I, who strength with sweetness join.
 "With thee I'll prove the sweets of love,
 "With thee divide the cares of life;
 "No fonder husband in the grove,
 "Nor none than thee a happier wife.
 "I'll lead thee to the cleared rill,
 "Whose streams among the pebbles stray;
 "There will we sit and sip our fill,
 "Or on the flow'ry border play.
 "I'll guide thee to the thickest brake,
 "Impervious to the school-boy's eye;
 "For thee the plaister'd nest I'll make,
 "And on thy downy pinions lie.
 "To get thee food I'll range the fields,
 "And cull the best of ev'ry kind;
 "Whatever nature's bounty yields,
 "Or love's assiduous care can find.
 "And when my lovely mate would stray
 "To taste the summer's sweet at large,
 "At home I'll wait the live-long day,
 "And tend at home our infant charge.

"When

"When prompted by a mother's care
 "Thy warmth shall from th' imprison'd young,
 "With thee the task I'll fondly share,
 "Or cheer thy labours with my song."
 He ceas'd his song. The melting dame
 With tender pity heard his strain;
 She felt, she own'd a mutual flame,
 And hasten'd to relieve his pain.
 He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
 And nestled closely to her side,
 The happiest bridegroom in that hour,
 And she the most enamour'd bride.
 Next morn he wak'd her with a song —
 "Arise! behold the new-born day!
 "The Lark his morn'g peal has rung;
 "Arise my love and come away!"
 Together through the fields they stray'd,
 And to the verdant riv'let's side,
 Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
 With honest joy and decent pride,
 But O! my muse with pain relates
 The mournful sequel of my tale;
 Sent by an order of the Fates,
 A gunner met them in the vale.
 Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, "My dear,
 "Haste, haste away; from danger fly!
 "Here, gunner, turn thy vengeance, here!
 "O! spare my love, and let me die."
 At him the gunner took his aim;
 The aim he took was much too true;
 O! had he chose some other game,
 Or shot as he had us'd to do! *
 Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
 While I with tears your fate rehearse:
 I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
 And save the lover in my verse.

The emotions which this song produced in my bosom,
 awak'd me; and I immediately recollected, that, while
 I slept, my imagination had repeated "an elegy oc-
 casioned

* Never having killed any thing before or since.

caſioned by ſhooting a BLACKBIRD on Valentine's day, which had a few days before been communicated to me by a gentleman, who is not only eminent for taſte, literature and virtue, but for his zeal in defence of that religion, which moſt ſtrongly inculcates compaſſion to inferior natures, by the example of its DIVINE AUTHOR, who gave the moſt ſtupendous proof of his compaſſion for ours.

A parallel between ALEXANDER and a Highway-man. [Advent. N^o 47.]

MAN, though as a rational being he has thought fit to ſtile himſelf the lord of the creation, is yet frequently the voluntary ſlave of prejudice and cuſtom; the moſt general opinions are often abſurd, and the prevailing principles of action ridiculous.

It may, however, be allowed, that if in theſe inſtances reaſon always appeared to be overborne by the importunity of appetite; if the future was ſacrificed to the preſent, and hope renounced only for poſſeſſion; there would not be much cauſe for wonder: but that man ſhould draw abſurd concluſions, contrary to his immediate intereſt; that he ſhould even at the riſque of life, gratify thoſe vices in ſome, which in others he puniſhes with a gibbet or a wheel, is in the higheſt degree aſtoniſhing; and is ſuch an inſtance of the weakneſs of our reaſon, and the fallibility of our judgment, as ſhould incline us to accept with gratitude of that guidance which is from ABOVE.

BUT if it is ſtrange, that one man has been immortalized as a God, and another put to death as a felon, for actions which have the ſame motive and the ſame tendency, merely becauſe they were circumſtantially different; it is yet more ſtrange, that this difference has always been ſuch as increaſes the abſurdity; and that the action which expoſes a man to infamy and death, wants only greater aggravation of guilt, and

more extensive and pernicious effects, to render him the object of veneration and applause.

BAGSHOT, the robber, having lost the booty of a week among his associates at hazard, loaded his pistols, mounted his horse, and took the Kentish road, with a resolution not to return till he had recruited his purse. Within a few miles of London, just as he heard a village clock strike nine, he met two gentlemen in a post-chaise which he stopped. One of the gentlemen immediately presented a pistol, and at the same time a servant rode up armed with a blunderbuss. The robber, perceiving that he should be vigorously opposed, turned off from the chaise and discharged a pistol at the servant, who instantly fell dead from his horse. The gentlemen had now leaped from the chaise: but the foremost receiving a blow on his head with the stock of the pistol that had been just fired, reeled back a few paces: the other having fired at the murderer without success, attempted to dismount him and succeeded; but while they were grappling with each other, the villain drew a knife, and stabbed his antagonist to the heart. He then, with the calm intrepidity of a hero who is familiar with danger, proceeded to rifle the pockets of the dead; and the survivor having recovered from the blow, and being imperiously commanded to deliver, was now obliged to comply. When the victor had thus obtained the pecuniary reward of his prowess, he determined to lose no part of the glory which as conqueror was now in his power: turning, therefore, to the unhappy gentleman, whom he had plundered, he condescended to insult him with the applause of conscious superiority; he told him, that he had never robbed any persons who behaved better; and as a tribute due to the merit of the dead, and a token of his esteem for the living, he generously threw him back a shilling to prevent his being stopped at the turnpike.

He now remounted his horse, and set off towards London: but at the turnpike, a coach that was paying the toll obstructed his way; and by the light of the flambeau that was behind it, he discovered that his

coat was much stained with blood: this discovery threw him into such confusion, that he attempted to rush by; he was however prevented; and his appearance giving great reason to suspect his motive, he was seized and detained,

IN the coach were two ladies, and a little boy about five years old. The ladies were greatly alarmed, when they heard that a person was taken who was supposed to have just committed a robbery and a murder: they asked many questions with great eagerness, but their enquiries were little regarded, till a gentleman rode up, who seeing their distress, offered his assistance. The elder of the two ladies acquainted him, that her husband **SIR HARRY FREEMAN** was upon the road in his return from Gravesend, where he had been to receive an only son upon his arrival from India, after an absence of near six years; that herself and her daughter-in-law were come out to meet them, but were terrified with the apprehension that they might have been stopped by the man who had just been taken into custody. Their attention was now suddenly called to the other side of the coach by the child, who cried out in a transport of joy, "There is my grand papa." This was indeed the survivor of the three who had been attacked by **BAGSHOT**: he was mounted on his servant's horse, and rode slowly by the side of the chaise in which he had just placed the body of his son, whose countenance was disfigured with blood, and whose features were still impressed with the agonies of death. Who can express the grief, horror, and despair, with which a father exhibited this spectacle to a mother and a wife, who expected a son and a husband, with all the tenderness and ardour of conjugal and parental affection; who had long regretted his absence, who had anticipated the joy of his return, and were impatient to put into his arms a pledge of his love which he had never seen.

I WILL not attempt to describe that distress, which tears would not have suffered me to behold: let it suffice, that such was its effect upon those who were present, that the murderer was not without difficulty conducted

conducted alive to the prison; and I am confident, that few who read this story, would have heard with regret that he was torn to pieces by the way.

BUT before they congratulate themselves upon a sense, which always distinguishes right and wrong by spontaneous approbation and censure; let them tell me, with what sentiments they read of a youthful monarch, who at the head of an army in which every man became a hero by his example, passed over mountains and deserts, in search of new territories to invade, and new potentates to conquer; who routed armies which could scarce be numbered, and took cities which were deemed impregnable. Do they not follow him in the path of slaughter with horrid complacency? and when they see him deluge the peaceful fields of industrious simplicity with blood, and leave them desolate to the widow and the orphan of the possessor, do they not grow frantic in his praise, and concur to deify the mortal who could conquer only for glory, and return the kingdoms that he won?

TO these questions, I am confident the greater part of mankind must answer in the affirmative; and yet nothing can be more absurd than their different apprehensions of the HERO and the THIEF.

THE conduct of BAGSHOT and ALEXANDER had in general the same motives, and the same tendency; they both sought a private gratification at the expence of others; and every circumstance in which they differ, is greatly in favour of BAGSHOT.

BAGSHOT, when he had lost his last shilling, had lost the power of gratifying every appetite whether criminal or innocent; and the recovery of this power, was the object of his expedition.

ALEXANDER, when he set out to conquer the world, possessed all that BAGSHOT hoped to acquire, and more; all his appetites and passions were gratified, as far as the gratification of them was possible; and as the force of temptation is always supposed proportionably to extenuate guilt, ALEXANDER'S guilt was evidently greater than BAGSHOT'S, because it cannot be pretended that his temptation was equal.

BUT though ALEXANDER could not equally increase the means of his own happiness, yet he produced much more dreadful and extensive evil to society in the attempt. BAGSHOT killed two men; and I have related the murder and its consequences, with such particulars as usually rouse that sensibility, which often lies torpid during narratives of general calamity. ALEXANDER, perhaps, destroyed a million; and whoever reflects, that each individual of this number had some tender attachments which were broken by his death; some parent or wife, with whom he mingled tears in the parting embrace, and who longed with fond solicitude for his return; or, perhaps, some infant whom his labour was to feed, and his vigilance protect; will see, that ALEXANDER was more the pest of society than BAGSHOT; and more deserved a gibbet in the proportion of a million to one. I may, perhaps, be thought absurd, to enquire into the virtues of BAGSHOT's character; and yet virtue has never been thought incompatible with that of ALEXANDER. ALEXANDER, we are told, gave proof of his greatness of mind, by his contempt of danger; but as BAGSHOT's danger was equally voluntary and imminent, there ought to be no doubt but that his mind was equally great. ALEXANDER, indeed, gave back the kingdoms that he won; but after the conquest of a kingdom, what remained for ALEXANDER to give? To a prince, whose country he had invaded with unprovoked hostility, and from whom he had violently wrested the blessings of peace, he gave a dominion over the widows and orphans of those he had slain, the tinsel of dependent greatness, and the badge of royal subjection. And does not BAGSHOT deserve equal honour, for throwing back a shilling to the man, whose person he had insulted, and whose son he had stabbed to the heart? ALEXANDER did not ravish or massacre the women whom he found in the tent of Darius; neither did honest BAGSHOT kill the gentleman whom he had plundered, when he was no longer able to resist.

IF BAGSHOT, then, is justly dragged to prison, amidst the tumult of rage, menaces, and execrations; let ALEXANDER, whom the lords of reason have extolled for ages, be no longer thought worthy of a triumph.

As the acquisition of honour is frequently a motive to the risque of life, it is of great importance to confer it only upon virtue; and as honour is conferred by the public voice, it is of equal moment to strip those vices of their disguise which have been mistaken for virtue. The wretches who compose the army of a tyrant, are associated by folly in the service of rapine and murder; and that man should imagine they were deserving honour by the massacre of each other, merely to flatter ambition with a new title, is, perhaps, as inscrutable a mystery as any that has perplexed reason, and as gross an absurdity as any that has disgraced it. It is not, indeed, so much to punish vice, as to prevent misery, that I wish to see it always branded with infamy: for even the successes of vice terminate in the anguish of disappointment. To ALEXANDER, the fruit of all his conquests was tears; and whoever goes about to gratify intemperate wishes, will labour to as little purpose, as he who should attempt to fill a sieve with water.

I WAS accidentally led to pursue my subject in this train; by the sight of an historical chart, in which the rise, the progress, the declension, and duration of empire, are represented by the arrangement of different colours; and in which, not only extent, but duration is rendered a sensible object. The Grecian empire, which is distinguished by a deep red, is a long but narrow line; because, though ALEXANDER marked the world with his colour from Macedonia to Egypt, yet the colours peculiar to the hereditary potentates whom he dispossessed, again took place upon his death: and indeed, the question, whose name shall be connected with a particular country as its king, is, to those who hazard life in the decision, as trifling, as whether a small spot in a chart shall be stained with red or yellow. That man should be permitted to decide such questions by means so dreadful, is a reflection under

which he only can rejoice, who believes that GOD ONLY REIGNS; and can appropriate the promise, that ALL THINGS SHALL WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD.

On CHASTITY. [Guardian, N^o 45.]

I DON'T know that I have been more intimately moved with pity in my whole life, than when I was reading a letter from a young woman, not yet nineteen, in which there are these lamentable words, "Alas, "whither shall I fly? he has deceived, ruined, and "left me." The circumstances of her story are only those ordinary ones, that her lover was a man of greater fortune than she could expect would address to her upon honourable terms; but she said to herself, "She "had wit and beauty, and such charms as often captivate so far as to make men forget those meaner considerations, and innocent freedoms were not to be denied: A gentleman of condition is not to be shunned purely for being such; and they who took notice "of it, did it only out of malice; because they were "not used by him with the same distinction." But I would have young women, who are orphans, or unguarded with powerful alliances, consider with horror the insolence of wealth: Fortune does in a great measure denominate what is vice and virtue; or if it does not go so far, innocence is helpless, and oppression unpunished without its assistance; for this reason it is, that I would strictly recommend to my young females not to dally with men whose circumstances can support them against their falshood, and have the fashion of a base self-interested world on their side, which instead of avenging the cause of an abused woman, will proclaim her dishonour; while the person injured is shunned like a pestilence; he who did the wrong sees no difference in the reception he meets with, nor is he the less welcome to the rest of the sex, who are still within the pale of honour and innocence.

WHAT

WHAT makes this circumstance the more lamentable, is, that it frequently falls upon those who have greatest merit and understanding. Gentleness of disposition and taste of polite conversation, I have often known snares toward vice in some, whilst sullenness and disrelish of any thing that was agreeable have been the only defences of virtue in others. I have my unhappy correspondent's letter before me; and she says she is sure he is so much a gentleman, and he has that natural softness, that if he reads any thing moving on this subject in my paper, it will certainly make him think. Poor girl! "Cæsar ashamed! Has not seen Pharsalia?" Does the poor creature imagine that a scrip of paper, a collection of sentences, and an old man's talk of pleasures which he is past, will have an effect upon him who could go on in a series of falsehood; let drop ambiguous sentences in her absence, to give her false hope from the repetition of them by some friend that heard them; that could pass as much time in the pursuit of her, as would have attained some useful art or science; and that only to attain a short revel of his senses under a stupor of faith, honour and conscience? No; the destruction of a well-educated young woman is not accomplished by the criminal, who is guilty of it, in a sudden start of desire; he is not surprised into it by frailty; but arrives at it by care, skill and meditation. It is no small aggravation of the guilt, that it is a thousand times conquered and resisted, even while it is prosecuted. He that waits for fairer occasions, for riper wishes, for the removal of a particular objection, or the conquest of any certain scruple, has it in his power to obey his conscience, which often calls him, during the intrigue, a villain and a destroyer. There can be nothing said for such an evil; but that the restraints of shame and ignominy are broken down by the prevalence of custom. I don't, indeed, expect that my precautions will have any great weight with men of mode; but I know not but they may be some way efficacious on those who have not yet taken their party as to vice and virtue for life; but I know not how it is, but our sex has usurped a certain authority to exclude chastity out of the catalogue

of masculine virtues, by which means females adventure all against those who have nothing to lose; and they have nothing but empty sighs, tears and reproaches against those who reduced them to real sorrow and infamy. But as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recommend chastity as the noblest male qualification.

It is methinks very unreasonable that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits is what makes them honourable, but in this case the very attempt is become ridiculous. But in spite of all the raillery of the world, truth is still truth, and will have beauties inseparable from it. I should upon this occasion bring examples of heroic chastity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modish part of the town, who go no farther, at best, than the mere absence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praiseworthy: In this particular, a gentleman, in the court of Cyrus, reported to his majesty the charms and beauty of Panthea, and ended his panegyrick by telling him, that since he was at leisure he would carry him to visit her, but that prince, who is a very great man to this day, answered the pimp, because he was a man of quality, without roughness, and said with a smile, "If I should visit her upon your introduction now I have leisure, I don't know but I might go again upon her own invitation, when I ought to be better employed." But when I cast about all the instances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one so generous, so honest, and so noble as that of Joseph in holy writ: When his master had trusted him so unreservedly, (to speak it in the emphatical manner of the scripture) "He knew not ought he had save the bread which he did eat," he was so unhappy as to appear irresistibly beautiful to his mistress; but when this shameless woman proceeds to solicit him, how gallant is his answer? "Behold my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and hath committed all that he hath to my hand, there is none greater in the house than I, neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, because thou art his wife." The same argument, which

which a base mind would have made to its self for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greatest motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity; the malice and falshood of the disappointed woman naturally arose on that occasion, and there is but a short step from the practice of virtue to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth serious consideration in both sexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to ask themselves whether they would change lightness of heart, indolence of mind, chearful meals, untroubled slumbers, and gentle dispositions, for a constant pruriency which shuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with insensibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their species.

A LOOSE behaviour, and an inattention to every thing that is serious, flowing from some degree of this petulancy, is observable in the generality of the youth of both sexes in this age. It is the one common face of most publick meetings, and breaks in upon the sobriety, I won't say severity, that we ought to exercise in churches. The pert boys and flippant girls are but faint followers of those in the same inclinations at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my protest that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraitures which I would propose, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only answer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occasion, when a young fellow, just come from the play of Cleomenes, told him in raillery against the continency of his principal character, If I had been alone with a lady I should not have passed my time like your Spartan; "That may be," answered the bard with a very grave face; "but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no hero."

On natural and fantastical Pleasures.[Guardian, N^o 49.]

IT is of great use to consider the pleasures which constitute human happiness, as they are distinguished into natural and fantastical. Natural pleasures I call those, which not depending on the fashion and caprice of any particular age or nation, are suited to human nature in general, and were intended by providence as rewards for the using our faculties agreeably to the ends for which they were given us. Fantastical pleasures are those which having no natural fitness to delight our minds, presuppose some particular whim or taste accidentally prevailing in a set of people to which it is owing that they please.

Now I take it, that the tranquillity and cheerfulness with which I have passed my life, are the effect of having, ever since I came to years of discretion, continued my inclinations to the former sort of pleasures. But as my experience can be a rule only to my own actions, it may probably be a stronger motive to induce others to the same scheme of life, if they would consider that we are prompted to natural pleasures by an instinct impressed on our minds by the author of our nature, who best understands our frames, and consequently best knows what those pleasures are, which will give us the least uneasiness in the pursuit, and the greatest satisfaction in the enjoyment of them. Hence it follows, that the objects of our natural desires are cheap or easy to be obtained; it being a maxim that holds throughout the whole system of created beings, "that nothing is made in vain," much less the instincts and appetites of animals, which the benevolence as well as wisdom of the Deity, is concerned to provide for. Nor is the fruition of those objects less pleasing, than the acquisition is easy; and the pleasure is heightened by the sense of having answered some natural end, and the consciousness of acting in concert with the supreme governor of the universe.

UNDER

UNDER natural pleasures I comprehend those which are universally suited, as well to the rational as the sensual part of our nature. And of the pleasures which affect our senses, those only are to be esteemed natural that are contained within the rules of reason, which is allowed to be as necessary an ingredient of human nature as sense. And, indeed, excesses of any kind are hardly to be esteemed pleasures, much less natural pleasures.

It is evident, that a desire terminated in money is fantastical; so is the desire of outward distinctions, which bring no delight of sense, nor recommend us as useful to mankind; and the desire of things merely because they are new or foreign. Men, who are indisposed to a due exertion of their higher parts, are driven to such pursuits as these from the restlessness of the mind, and the sensitive appetites being easily satisfied. It is, in some sort, owing to the bounty of Providence, that disdaining a cheap and vulgar happiness, they frame to themselves imaginary goods in which there is nothing can raise desire, but the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus men become the contrivers of their own misery, as a punishment on themselves for departing from the measures of nature. Having by an habitual reflection on these truths made them familiar, the effect is, that I, among a number of persons who have debauched their natural taste, see things in a peculiar light, which I have arrived at, not by any uncommon force of genius or acquired knowledge, but only by unlearning the false notions instilled by custom and education.

THE various objects that compose the world were by nature formed to delight our senses; and as it is this alone that makes them desirable to an uncorrupted taste, a man may be said naturally to possess them, when he possesseth those enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence it is usual with me to consider myself as having a natural property in every object that administers pleasure to me. When I am in the country, all the fine seats near the place of my residence, and to which I have access, I regard as mine. The same I think of the groves and fields where I

walk, and muse on the folly of the civil landlord in London, who has the fantastical pleasure of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a stranger to fresh air and rural enjoyments. By these principles I am possessed of half a dozen of the finest seats in England, which in the eye of the law belong to certain of my acquaintance, who being men of business choose to live near to court.

IN some great families, where I choose to pass my time, a stranger would be apt to rank me with the other domesticks; but in my own thoughts, and natural judgment, I am master of the house, and he who goes by that name is my steward, who eases me of the care of providing for myself the conveniencies and pleasures of life.

WHEN I walk the streets, I use the foregoing natural maxim, (viz. That he is the true possessor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns in without the enjoyment of it) to convince myself that I have a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amusements designed to delight my eyes, and the imagination of those kind people who sit in them gaily attired only to please me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary pleasure from their exterior embellishments. Upon the same principle, I have discovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the crosses, stars, brocades, and embroidered clothes, which I see at a play or birth-night, as giving more natural delight to the spectator than to those that wear them. And I look on the beaux and ladies as so many paraquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, designed purely for my diversion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet or library that I have free access to, I think my own. In a world, all that I desire is the use of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim I am grown one of the richest men in Great Britain; with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others.

THE same principles I find of great use in my private oeconomy. As I cannot go to the price of history-painting.

painting, I have purchased at easy rates several beautifully designed pieces of landskip and perspective which are much more pleasing to a natural taste than unknown faces or Dutch gambols, tho' done by the best masters: my couches, beds, and window-curtains are of Irish stuff, which those of that nation work very fine, and with a delightful mixture of colours. There is not a piece of China in my house; but I have glasses of all sorts, and some tinged with the finest colours, which are not the less pleasing, because they are domestick, and cheaper than foreign toys. Every thing is neat, entire and clean, and fitted to the taste of one who had rather be happy than he thought rich.

EVERY day, numberless innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow creatures labouring in a toilsome and absurd pursuit of trifles; one, that he may be called by a particular appellation; another, that he may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of ribband that has an agreeable effect on my sight, but is so far from supplying the place of merit where it is not, that it serves only to make the want of it more conspicuous. Fair weather is the joy of my soul; about noon I behold a blue sky with rapture, and receive great consolation from the rosy dashes of light which adorn the clouds of the morning and evening. When I am lost among green trees, I do not envy a great man with a great croud at his levée. And I often lay aside thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the silent pleasure of walking by moon-light, or viewing the stars sparkle in their azure ground; which I look upon as part of my possessions, not without a secret indignation at the tastelessness of mortal men, who in their race through life, overlook the real enjoyments of it.

BUT the pleasure which naturally affects a human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, I take to be the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here, with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls. This is a perpetual spring of gladness in the mind. This lessens

lessens our calamities, and doubles our joys. Without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise. What unnatural wretches then are those who can be so stupid as to imagine a merit, in endeavouring to rob virtue of her support, and a man of his present as well as future bliss? But as I have frequently taken occasion to animadvert on that species of mortals, so I propose to repeat my animadversions on them, till I see some symptoms of amendment.

The Observance of Sunday recommended. An Allegory. [Rambler, N^o 30.]

THERE are few tasks more ungrateful, than for persons of modesty to speak their own praises. In some cases, however, this must be done for the general good, and a generous spirit will on such occasions assert its merit, and vindicate itself with becoming warmth.

My circumstances, sir, are very hard and peculiar. Could the world be brought to treat me as I deserve, it would be a publick benefit. This makes me apply to you, that my case being fairly stated in a paper so generally esteemed, I may suffer no longer from ignorant and childish prejudices.

My elder brother was a Jew. A very respectable person, but somewhat austere in his manner: highly and deservedly valued by his near relations and intimates, but utterly unfit for mixing in a larger society, or gaining a general acquaintance among mankind. In a venerable old age he retired from the world, and I in the bloom of youth came into it, succeeding him in all his dignities, and formed, as I might reasonably flatter myself, to be the object of universal love and esteem. Joy and gladness were born with me; cheerfulness, good humour and benevolence always attended and endeared my infancy. That time is long past. So long that idle imaginations are apt to fancy me wrinkled,

wrinkled, old, and disagreeable; but, unless my looking-glass deceives me, I have not yet lost one charm, one beauty of my earliest years. However, thus far is too certain, I am to every body just what they chuse to think me; so that to very few I appear in my right shape; and though naturally I am the friend of human-kind, to few, very few comparatively, am I useful or agreeable.

THIS is the more grievous, as it is utterly impossible for me to avoid being in all sorts of places and companies; and I am therefore liable to meet with perpetual affronts and injuries. Though I have as natural an antipathy to cards and dice, as some people have to a cat, many and many an assembly am I forced to endure; and though rest and composure are my peculiar joy, am worn out, and harrassed to death with journies by men and women of quality, who never take one, but when I can be of the party. Some, on a contrary extreme, will never receive me but in bed, where they spend at least half of the time I have to stay with them; and others are so monstrously ill-bred as to take physick on purpose when they have reason to expect me. Those who keep upon terms of more politeness with me, are generally so cold and constrained in their behaviour, that I cannot but perceive myself an unwelcome guest; and even among persons deserving of esteem, and who certainly have a value for me, it is too evident that generally whenever I come I throw a dulness over the whole company, that I am entertained with a formal stiff civility, and that they are glad when I am fairly gone.

How bitter must this kind of reception be to one formed to inspire delight, admiration and love! To one capable of answering and rewarding the greatest warmth and delicacy of sentiments!

I WAS bred up among a set of excellent people, who affectionately loved me, and treated me with the utmost honour and respect. It would be tedious to relate the variety of my adventures, and strange vicissitudes of my fortune in many different countries. Here in *England* there was a time when I lived according to my

heart's

heart's desire. Whenever I appeared, publick assemblies appointed for my reception were crowded with persons of quality and fashion, early dress'd as for a court, to pay me their devoirs. Cheerful hospitality every where crowned my board, and I was looked upon in every country parish as a kind of social bond between the squire, the parson, and the tenants. The laborious poor every where blest my appearance: they do so still, and keep their best clothes to do me honour; though as much as I delight in the honest country folks, they do now and then throw a pot of ale at my head, and sometimes an unlucky boy will drive his cricket-ball full in my face.

EVEN in these my best days there were persons who thought me too demure and grave. I must forsooth by all means be instructed by foreign masters, and taught to dance and play. This method of education was so contrary to my genius, formed for much nobler entertainments, that it did not succeed at all.

I FELL next into the hands of a very different set. They were so excessively scandalized at the gaiety of my appearance, as not only to despoil me of the foreign fopperies, the paint and the patches that I had been tricked out with by my last misjudging tutors, but they robbed me of every innocent ornament I had from my infancy been used to gather in the fields and gardens; nay they blacked my face, and covered me all over with a habit of mourning, and that too very coarse and awkward. I was now obliged to spend my whole life in hearing sermons; nor permitted so much as to smile upon any occasion.

IN this melancholy disguise I became a perfect bugbear to all children and young folks. Wherever I came there was a general hush, an immediate stop to all pleasantness of look or discourse; and not being permitted to talk with them in my own language at that time, they took such a disgust to me in those tedious hours of yawning, that having transmitted it to their children, I cannot now be heard, though 'tis long since I have recovered my natural form, and pleasing tone of voice. Would they but receive my visits kindly, and listen to what I could tell them — let me say it without vanity — how charming a companion should I be! to every

every one could I talk on the subjects most interesting and most pleasing. With the great and ambitious, I would discourse of honours and advancements, of distinctions to which the whole world should be witness, of unenvied dignities and durable preferments. To the rich I would tell of inexhaustible treasures, and the sure method to attain them. I would teach them to put out their money on the best interest, and instruct the lovers of pleasure how to secure and improve it to the highest degree. The beauty should learn of me how to preserve an everlasting bloom. To the afflicted I would administer comfort, and relaxation to the busy.

As I dare promise myself you will attest the truth of all I have advanced, there is no doubt but many will be desirous of improving their acquaintance with me; and that I may not be thought too difficult, I will tell you, in short, how I wish to be received.

You must know I equally hate lazy idleness and hurry. I would every where be welcomed at a tolerably early hour with decent good-humour and gratitude. I must be attended in the great halls peculiarly appropriated to me with respect; but I do not insist upon finery: propriety of appearance, and perfect neatness is all I require. I must at dinner be treated with a temperate, but a chearful social meal; both the neighbours, and the poor should be the better for me. Some time I must have tete a tete with my kind entertainers, and the rest of my visit should be spent in pleasant walks and airings among sets of agreeable people, in such discourse as I shall naturally dictate, or in reading some few selected out of those numberless books that are dedicated to me, and go by my name. A name that, alas! as the world stands at present, makes them oftner thrown aside than taken up. As those conversations and books should be both well chosen, to give some advice on that head may possibly furnish you with a future paper; and any thing you shall offer on my behalf will be of great service to.

Good Mr. RAMBLER,

Your Faithful Friend and Servant, SUNDAY.

Religion and Superstition. A Vision.

[Rambler, N^o 44.]

IHAD lately a very remarkable dream, which made so strong an impression on me, that I remember it every word; and if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it as follows.

METHOUGHT I was in the midst of a very entertaining set of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively conversation, when on a sudden I perceived one of the most shocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was drest in black, her skin was contracted into a thousand wrinkles, her eyes deep sunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting severity, and her hands armed with whips and scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, she bid me follow her. I obeyed, and she led me through rugged paths, beset with briars and thorns, into a deep solitary valley. Wherever she passed the fading verdure withered beneath her steps; her pestilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obscured the lustre of the sun, and involved the fair face of heaven in universal gloom. Dismal howlings resounded through the forest, from every baleful tree the night-raven uttered his dreadful note, and the prospect was filled with desolation and horror. In the midst of this tremendous scene my execrable guide addressed me in the following manner.

“**RETIRE** with me. O rash unthinking mortal, from the vain allurements of a deceitful world, and learn that pleasure was not designed the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched; this is the condition of all below the stars, and who ever endeavours to oppose it acts in contradiction to the will of heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchant-
ments

ments of youth and social delight, and here consecrate thy solitary hours to lamentation and woe. Misery is the duty of all sublunary beings, and every enjoyment is an offence to the Deity, who is to be worshipped only by the mortification of every sense of pleasure, and the everlasting exercise of sighs and tears."

THIS melancholy picture of life quite sunk my spirits, and seemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted yeugh, where the winds blew cold and dismal round my head, and dreadful apprehensions chilled my heart. Here I resolved to lie till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an end to the miseries of a life so deplorably wretched. In this sad situation I spied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whose heavy waves rolled on in slow sullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge, and was just upon the brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surprised by the sight of the loveliest object I had ever beheld. The most engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories sparkled in her eyes, and their awful splendours were softened by the gentlest looks of compassion and peace. At her approach, the frightful spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the horrors she had caused. The gloomy clouds brightened into chearful sun-shine, the graves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to glad my thoughts, when, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions.

My name is RELIGION. I am the offspring of TRUTH and LOVE, and the parent of BENEVOLENCE, HOPE and JOY. That monster from whose power I have freed you is called SUPERSTITION, she is the child of DISCONTENT, and her followers are FEAR and SORROW. Thus different as we are, she has often the insolence to assume my name and character, and seduces unhappy mortals to think

“us the same, till she, at length, drives them to the
 “ borders of DESPAIR, that dreadful abyfs into which
 “ you were just going to sink.”

“ Look round and survey the various beauties of
 “ this globe, which heaven has destined for the seat of
 “ human race, and consider whether a world thus ex-
 “ quisitely framed could be meant for the abode of mi-
 “ sery and pain. For what end has the lavish hand of
 “ providence diffused such innumerable objects of de-
 “ light, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of
 “ existence, and be filled with gratitude to the bene-
 “ ficent author of it? Thus to enjoy the blessings he has
 “ sent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject them
 “ merely as means of pleasure, is pitiable ignorance, or
 “ absurd perverseness. Infinite goodness is the source
 “ of created existence; the proper tendency of every
 “ rational being, from the highest order of raptured
 “ seraphs, to the meanest rank of men, is to rise in-
 “ cessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher.
 “ They have each faculties assigned them for various
 “ orders of delights.”

“ WHAT, cried I, is this the language of RELI-
 “ GION? Does she lead her votaries through flowery
 “ paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious life? Where
 “ are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of pe-
 “ nitents, the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes?”

“ THE true enjoyments of a reasonable being,” an-
 “ swered she mildly, “ do not consist in unbounded indul-
 “ gence, or luxurious ease, in the tumult of passions,
 “ the languor of indolence, or the flutter of light amuse-
 “ ments. Yielding to immoral pleasure corrupts the
 “ mind, living to animal and trifling ones debases it;
 “ both in their degree disqualify it for its genuine good,
 “ and consign it over to wretchedness. Whoever would
 “ be really happy must make the diligent and regular
 “ exercise of his superior powers his chief attention,
 “ adoring the perfections of his Maker, expressing good-
 “ will to his fellow creatures, cultivating inward recti-
 “ tude. To his lower faculties he must allow such gra-
 “ tifications as will, by refreshing him, invigorate his
 “ nobler pursuits. In the regions inhabited by angelic
 “ natures,

" natures, unmingled felicity for ever blooms, joy flows
 " there, with a perpetual and abundant stream, nor needs
 " there any mound to check its course. Beings conscious
 " of a frame of mind originally diseased, as all the hu-
 " man race has cause to be, must use the regimen of a
 " stricter self government. Whoever has been guilty of
 " voluntary excesses must patiently submit both to the
 " painful workings of nature, and needful severities of
 " medicine in order to his cure. Still he is entitled to
 " a moderate share of whatever alleviating accommoda-
 " tions this fair mansion of his merciful parent affords;
 " consistent with his recovery. And in proportion as
 " this recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring
 " from his secret sense of an amended and improving
 " heart. — So far from the horrors of despair is the con-
 " dition even of the guilty. — Shudder, poor mortal, at
 " the thought of that gulph into which thou wast but
 " now going to plunge.

" WHILE the most faulty have every encouragement
 " to amend, the more innocent soul will be supported
 " with still sweeter consolations under all its experience
 " of human infirmities; supported by the gladdening
 " assurances that every sincere endeavour to out-grow
 " them, shall be assisted, accepted and rewarded. To
 " such a one the lowliest self-abasement is but a deep-
 " laid foundation for the most elevated hopes; since
 " they who faithfully examine and acknowledge what
 " they are, shall be enabled under my conduct to be-
 " come what they desire. The christian and the heroe
 " are inseparable; and to the aspirings of unassuming
 " trust, and filial confidence, are set no bounds. To him
 " who is animated with a view of obtaining approba-
 " tion from the soveraign of the universe, no difficulty
 " is insurmountable. Secure in this pursuit of every
 " needful aid, his conflict with the severest pains and
 " trials, is little more than the vigorous exercises of a
 " mind in health. His patient dependence on that pro-
 " vidence which looks through all eternity, his silent
 " resignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts
 " and behaviour to its inscrutable ways, is at once the
 " most excellent sort of self-denial, and a source of

“the most exalted transports. Society is the true sphere
 “of human virtue. In social active life, difficulties
 “will perpetually be met with; restraints of many
 “kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave right
 “in respect of these is a discipline of the human heart,
 “useful to others, and improving to itself. Suffering
 “is no duty but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or
 “to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it
 “strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens
 “the generous activity of virtue. The happiness al-
 “lotted to man in his present state, is indeed faint and
 “low, compared with his immortal prospects, and noble
 “capacities; but yet whatever portion of it the distri-
 “buting hand of heaven offers to each individual, is
 “a needful support and refreshment for the present
 “moment, so far as it may not hinder the attaining
 “his final destination.

“RETURN then with me from continual misery
 “to moderate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity. Re-
 “turn from the contracted views of solitude to the pro-
 “per duties of a relative and dependent being. Reli-
 “gion is not confined to cells and closets, nor restrained
 “to sullen retirement. These are the gloomy doctrines
 “of SUPERSTITION, by which she endeavours
 “to break those chains of benevolence and social affec-
 “tion, that link the welfare of every particular with
 “that of the whole. Remember that the greatest ho-
 “nour you can pay to the author of your being is by
 “such a cheerful behaviour, as discovers a mind satis-
 “fied with his dispensations.”

“HERE my preceptress paused, and I was going to
 “express my acknowledgment for her discourse, when a
 “ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and a new-
 “risen sun darting his beams through my windows, a-
 “waked me.

On Lying. [Advent. N^o 50.]

WHEN *Aristotle* was once asked, what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods; he replied; "not to be credited when he shall tell the truth."

THE character of a liar is at once so hateful and contemptible, that even of those who have lost their virtue it might be expected, that from the violation of truth they should be restrained by their pride. Almost every other vice that disgraces human nature, may be kept in countenance by applause and association: the corrupter of virgin innocence sees himself envied by the men, and at least not detested by the women: the drunkard may easily unite with beings, devoted like himself to noisy merriments or silent insensibility, who will celebrate his victories over the novices of intemperance, boast themselves the companions of his prowesses, and tell with rapture of the multitudes whom unsuccessful emulation has hurried to the grave: even the robber and the cutthroat have their followers, who admire their address and intrepidity, their stratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang.

THE liar and only the liar, is invariably and universally despised, abandoned, and disowned: he has no domestic consolations, which he can oppose to the censure of mankind; he can retire to no fraternity, where his crimes may stand in the place of virtues; but is given up to the hisses of the multitude, without friend and without apologist. It is the peculiar condition of falsehood, to be equally detested by the good and bad: "The devils," says *Sir Thomas Brown*, "do not tell lies to one another; for truth is necessary to all societies; nor can the society of hell subsist without it."

It is natural to expect, that a crime thus generally detested, should be generally avoided; at least that none should expose himself to unabated and unpitied infamy, without an adequate temptation: and that to guilt so easily detected, and so severely punished, an adequate temptation would not readily be found.

YET so it is, that in defiance of censure and contempt, truth is frequently violated; and scarcely the most vigilant and unremitted circumspection will secure him that mixes with mankind, from being hourly deceived by men of whom it can scarcely be imagined, that they mean any injury to him or profit to themselves; even where the subject of conversation could not have been expected to put the passions in motion, or to have excited either hope or fear, or zeal or malignity, sufficient to induce any man to put his reputation in hazard, however little he might value it, or to overpower the love of truth, however weak might be its influence.

THE casuists have very diligently distinguished lyes into their several classes, according to their various degrees of malignity: but they have, I think, generally omitted that which is most common, and, perhaps, not least mischievous; which since the moralists have not given it a name, I shall distinguish as the **LYE** of **VANITY**.

To vanity may justly be imputed most of the falsehoods, which every man perceives hourly playing upon his ear, and, perhaps, most of those that are propagated with success. To the lye of commerce, and the lye of malice, the motive is so apparent, that they are seldom negligently or implicitly received: suspicion is always watchful over the practices of interest; and whatever the hope of gain, or desire of mischief, can prompt one man to assert, another is by reasons equally cogent incited to refute. But vanity pleases herself with such slight gratifications, and looks forward to pleasure so remotely consequential, that her practices raise no alarm, and her stratagems are not easily discovered.

VANITY is, indeed, often suffered to pass unpunished by suspicion; because he that would watch her motions, can never be at rest; fraud and malice are bounded their influence; some opportunity of time and place is necessary to their agency; but scarce any man is abstracted one moment from his vanity; and he, to whom truth affords no gratifications, is generally inclined to seek them in falsehoods.

It is remarked by Sir *Kenelm Digby*, "that every man has a desire to appear superior to others, though it were only in having seen what they have not seen." Such an accidental advantage, since it neither implies merit, nor confers dignity, one would think should not be desired so much as to be counterfeited: yet even this vanity, trifling as it is, produces innumerable narratives, all equally false; but more or less credible, in proportion to the skill or confidence of the relater. How many may a man of diffusive conversation count among his acquaintances, whose lives have been signalized by numberless escapes; who never cross the river but in a storm, or take a journey into the country without more adventures than beset the knight-errants of antient times in pathless forests or enchanted castles! How many must he know, to whom portents and prodigies are of daily occurrence; and for whom nature is hourly working wonders invisible to every other eye, only to supply them with subjects of conversation!

OTHERS there are that amuse themselves with the dissemination of falsehood, at greater hazard of defecation and disgrace; men marked out by some lucky planet for universal confidence and friendship, who have been consulted in every difficulty, entrusted with every secret and summoned to every transaction: it is the supreme felicity of these men, to stun all companies with noisy information; to still doubt, and overbear opposition, with certain knowledge or authentic intelligence. A liar of this kind, with a strong memory or brisk imagination, is often the oracle of an obscure club, and, till time discovers his impostures, dictates to his hearers with uncontrouled authority; for if a public question be started, he was present at the debate; if a new fashion be mentioned, he was at court the first day of its appearance; if a new performance of literature draws the attention of the public, he has patronised the author, and seen his work in manuscript; if a criminal of eminence be condemned to die, he often predicted his fate, and endeavoured his reformation; and who that lives at a distance from the scene of action, will dare to contradict a man, who reports from his own eyes and ears,

and to whom all persons and affairs are thus intimately known?

THIS kind of falsehood is generally successful for a time, because it is practised at first with timidity and caution; but the prosperity of the liar is of short duration; the reception of one story, is always an incitement to the forgery of another less probable; and he goes on to triumph over tacit credulity, till pride or reason rises up against him, and his companions will no longer endure to see him wiser than themselves.

It is apparent, that the inventors of all these fictions intend some exaltation of themselves, and are led off by the pursuit of honour from their attendance upon truth; their narratives always imply some consequence in favour of their courage, their sagacity, or their activity, their familiarity with the learned, or their reception among the great; they are always bribed by the present pleasure of seeing themselves superior to those that surround them, and receiving the homage of silent attention and envious admiration.

BUT vanity is sometimes excited to fiction by less visible gratifications; the present age abounds with a race of liars who are content with the consciousness of falsehood, and whose pride is to deceive others without any gain or glory to themselves. Of this tribe it is the supreme pleasure to remark a lady in the playhouse or the park, and to publish, under the character of a man suddenly enamoured, an advertisement in the news of the next day, containing a minute description of her person and her dress. From this artifice, however, no other effect can be expected, than perturbations which the writer can never see, and conjectures of which he can never be informed: some mischief, however, he hopes he has done; and to have done mischief, is of some importance. He sets his invention to work again, and produces a narrative of a robbery, or a murder, with all the circumstances of time and place accurately adjusted. This is a jest of greater effect and longer duration: if he fixes his scene at a proper distance, he may for several days keep a wife in terror for her husband, or a mother for her son; and please himself with reflecting,

flecting, that by his abilities and address some addition is made to the miseries of life.

THERE is, I think, an antient law in *Scotland*, by which LEASING-MAKING was capitally punished. I am, indeed, far from desiring to increase in this kingdom the number of executions: yet I cannot but think, that they who destroy the confidence of society, weaken the credit of intelligence, and interrupt the security of life; harrass the delicate with shame, and perplex the timorous with alarms; might very properly be awakened to a sense of their crimes, by denunciations of a whipping post or pillory; since many are so insensible of right and wrong, that they have no standard of action but the law; nor feel guilt, but as they dread punishment.



How far the precept to love our Enemies is practicable. [Advent, N^o 48.]

TO LOVE AN ENEMY, is the distinguishing characteristic of a religion, which is not of man but of GOD. It could be delivered as a precept only by HIM, who lived and died to establish it by his example.

AT the close of that season, in which human frailty has commemorated sufferings which it could not sustain, a season in which the most zealous devotion can only substitute a change of food for a total abstinence of forty days; it cannot, surely, be incongruous to consider, what approaches we can make to that divine love which these sufferings expressed, and how far man, in imitation of his SAVIOUR, can bless those who curse him, and return good for evil.

WE cannot, indeed, behold the example but at a distance; nor consider it without being struck with a sense of our own debility: every man who compares his life with this divine rule, instead of exulting in his

own excellence, will smite his breast like the publican, and cry out, "GOD be merciful to me a sinner!" Thus to acquaint us with ourselves, may, perhaps, be one use of the precept; but the precept cannot, surely, be considered as having no other.

I know it will be said, that our passions are not in our power; and that, therefore, a precept, to love or to hate, is impossible; for if the gratification of all our wishes was offered us to love a stranger as we love a child, we could not fulfill the condition, however we might desire the reward.

BUT admitting this to be true, and that we cannot love an enemy as we love a friend; it is yet equally certain, that we may perform those actions which are produced by love from a higher principle: we may, perhaps, derive moral excellence from natural defects, and exert our reason instead of indulging a passion. If our enemy hungers we may feed him, and if he thirsts we may give him drink: this, if we could love him, would be our conduct; and this may still be our conduct, though to love him is impossible. The CHRISTIAN will be prompted to relieve the necessities of his enemy, by his love to GOD: he will rejoice in an opportunity to express the zeal of his gratitude and the alacrity of his obedience, at the same time that he appropriates the promises and anticipates his reward.

BUT though he who is beneficent upon these principles, may in the scripture sense be said to love his enemy; yet something more may still be effected: the passion itself in some degree is in our power; we may rise to a yet nearer emulation of divine forgiveness, we may think as well as act with kindness, and be sanctified as well in heart as in life.

THOUGH love and hatred are necessarily produced in the human breast, when the proper objects of these passions occur, as the colour of material substances is necessarily perceived by an eye before which they are exhibited; yet it is in our power to change the passion, and to cause either love or hatred to be excited, by placing the same object in different circumstances; as a chan-

changeable silk of blue and yellow may be held so as to excite the idea either of yellow or blue.

No act is deemed more injurious, or resented with greater acrimony, than the marriage of a child, especially of a daughter, without the consent of a parent: it is frequently considered as a breach of the strongest and tenderest obligations; as folly and ingratitude, treachery and rebellion. By the imputation of these vices, a child becomes the object of indignation and resentment: indignation and resentment in the breast, therefore, of the parent are necessarily excited; and there can be no doubt, but that these are species of hatred. But if the child is considered as still retaining the endearing softness of filial affection, as still longing for reconciliation, and profaning the rites of marriage with tears; as having been driven from the path of duty, only by the violence of passions which none have always resisted, and which many have indulged with much greater turpitude; the same object that before excited indignation and resentment, will now be regarded with pity, and pity is a species of love.

Those, indeed, who resent this breach of filial duty with implacability, though perhaps it is the only one of which the offender has been guilty, demonstrate that they are without natural affection; and that they would have prostituted their offspring, if not to lust, yet to affections which are equally vile and fardid, the thirst of gold, or the cravings of ambition: for he can never be thought to be sincerely interested in the felicity of his child, who when some of the means of happiness are lost by indiscretion, suffers his resentment to take away the rest.

Among friends, sallies of quick resentment are extremely frequent. Friendship is a constant reciprocation of benefits, to which the sacrifice of private interest is sometimes necessary: it is common for each to set too much value upon those which he bestows, and too little upon those which he receives; this mutual mistake in so important an estimation, produces mutual charges of unkindness and ingratitude; each, perhaps, professes himself ready, to forgive, but neither will condescend

to

to be forgiven. Pride, therefore, still increases the enmity which it began; the friend is considered as selfish, assuming, injurious and revengeful; he consequently becomes an object of hatred; and while he is thus considered, to love him is impossible. But thus to consider him, is at once a folly and a fault: each ought to reflect, that he is, at least in the opinion of the other, incurring the crimes that he imputes; that the foundation of their enmity is no more than a mistake; and that this mistake is the effect of weakness or vanity, which is common to all mankind: the character of both would then assume a very different aspect, love would again be excited by the return of its object, and each would be impatient to exchange acknowledgements, and recover the felicity which was so near being lost.

BUT if after we have admitted an acquaintance to our bosom as a friend, it should appear that we had mistaken his character; if he should betray our confidence, and use the knowledge of our affairs, which perhaps he obtained by offers of service, to effect our ruin; if he defames us to the world, and adds perjury to falsehood; if he violates the chastity of a wife, or seduces a daughter to prostitution; we may still consider him in such circumstances as will incline us to fulfill the precept, and to regard him without the rancour of hatred or the fury of revenge.

EVERY character, however it may deserve punishment, excites hatred only in proportion as it appears to be malicious; and pure malice has never been imputed to human beings. The wretch, who has thus deceived and injured us, should be considered as having ultimately intended, not evil to us, but good to himself. It should also be remembered, that he has mistaken the means; that he has forfeited the friendship of HIM whose favour is better than life, by the same conduct which forfeited ours; and that to whatever view he sacrificed our temporal interest, to that also he sacrificed his own hope of immortality; that he is now seeking felicity which he can never find, and incurring punishment that will last for ever. And how much better then this wretch is he, in whom the contemplation of his

his condition can excite no pity! Surely, if such an enemy hungers, we may, without suppressing any passion, give him food; for who that sees a criminal dragged to execution, for whatever crime, would refuse him a cup of cold water?

ON the contrary, he, whom GOD has forgiven, must necessarily become amiable to man: to consider his character without prejudice or partiality, after it has been changed by repentance, is to love him; and impartially to consider it, is not only our duty but our interest.

THUS may we love our enemies, and add a dignity to our nature of which pagan virtue had no conception. But if to love our enemies is the glory of a CHRISTIAN, to treat others with coldness, neglect and malignity, is rather the reproach of a fiend than a man. Unprovoked enmity, the frown of unkindness, and the menaces of oppression, should be far from those who profess themselves to be followers of HIM who in his life went about doing good; who instantly healed a wound that was given in his defence; and who, when he was fainting in his last agony, and treated with mockery and derision, conceived at once a prayer and an apology for his murderers; FATHER FORGIVE THEM, THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.

Rules for Conversation. [Guard. N^o 24.]

THE faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we express by the word Conversation, has always been represented by moral writers as one of the noblest privileges of reason, and which more particularly sets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

THOUGH nothing so much gains upon the affections as this extempore eloquence, which we have constantly occasion for, and are obliged to practise every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

THE conversation of most men is disagreeable, not so much for want of wit and learning, as of good-breeding and discretion.

If you resolve to please, never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own, but always with a design either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of these, is always easy in his discourse. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, because he considers that those who hear him are the best judges whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

A MODEST person seldom fails to gain the goodwill of those he converses with, because no body envies a man, who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

We should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed what can we say? It would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domestick affairs are no less improper to be introduced in conversation. What does it concern the company how many horses you keep in your stables? Or whether your servant is more knave or fool?

A MAN may equally affront the company he is in, by engrossing all the talk, or observing a contemptuous silence.

BEFORE you tell a story it may be generally not amiss to draw a short character, and give the company a true idea of the principal persons concerned in it. The beauty of most things consisting not so much in their being said or done, as in their being said or done by such particular person, or on such a particular occasion.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the advantages of youth, few young people please in conversation; the reason is, that want of experience makes them positive, and what they say is rather with a design to please themselves than any one else.

It is certain that age itself shall make many things pass well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

NOTHING, however, is more insupportable to men of sense, than an empty formal man who speaks in proverbs, and decides all controversies with a short sentence. This piece of stupidity is the more insufferable, as it puts on the air of wisdom.

A PRUDENT

A PRUDENT man will avoid talking much of any particular science, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not methinks an handsomer thing said of Mr. Cowley in his whole life, than that none but his intimate friends ever discovered he was a great poet by his discourse; besides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to lose. I might add, that he who is sometimes silent on a subject where every one is satisfied he could speak well, will often be thought no less knowing in other matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

WOMEN are frightened at the name of argument, and are sooner convinced by an happy turn, or witty expression, than by demonstration,

WHENEVER you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants and admiration of fools.

RALLERY is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is pleased with it. I would least of all be understood to except the person rallied.

THOUGH good-humour, sense and discretion can seldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy sometimes to prepare yourself in a particular manner for conversation, by looking a little farther than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning subject. If our armies are besieging a place of importance abroad, or our House of Commons debating a bill of consequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleasure, if you have nicely informed yourself of the strength, situation, and history of the first, or of the reasons for and against the latter. It will have the same effect if when any single person begins to make a noise in the world, you can learn some of the smallest accidents in his life or conversation, which, though they are too fine for the observation of the vulgar, give more satisfaction to men of sense, (as they are the best openings to a real character) than the recital of his most glaring actions. I know but one ill consequence to be feared from this method, namely, that coming full charged

charged into company, you should resolve to unload whether an handsome opportunity offers itself or no.

T H O U G H the asking of questions may plead for itself the specious names of modesty, and a desire of information, it affords little pleasure to the rest of the company who are not troubled with the same doubts; besides which, he who asks a question would do well to consider that he lies wholly at the mercy of another before he receives an answer.

N O T H I N G is more silly than the pleasure some people take in what they call "speaking their minds." A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

I T is not impossible for a man to form to himself as exquisite a pleasure in complying with the humour and sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; since 'tis the certain sign of a superior genius, that can take and become whatever dress it pleases.

I S H A L L only add that besides what I have here said, there is something which can never be learnt but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices, and your own observations added to these, will soon discover what it is that commands attention in one man and makes you tired and displeased with the discourse of another.

The Study of Astronomy recommended.

[Guard. N^o 169.]

I N fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature, I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, moon and stars, the fruits also, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions, or their aspects, exhibit

exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding, as well as to the eye.

THUNDER and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre. And the sable hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and rich colours in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

WHEN I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those phenomena that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of their Creator, is an affront to providence, of the same kind, (I hope it is not impious to make such a simile) as it would be to a good poet, to fit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it.

AND yet how few are there, who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable machines. whereby the passions of a philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprize?

How many fox-hunters, and rural squires are to be found in Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have all this while lived on a planet; that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and that there are other worlds within our view greater and more glorious than our own. Ay, but says some illiterate fellow, I enjoy the world, and leave others to contemplate it. Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it, that is, you enjoy it as a brute; but to enjoy it as a rational being, is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by these reflections to obtain just sentiments of the Almighty mind that framed it.

THE man who, unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attends to the flux of things in heaven, and things on earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convenient seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that pas-

les on the stage of nature, while those about him are, some fast asleep, and others struggling for the highest places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by providence, to play at push pin with one another.

WITHIN this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profusion of good things that distinguish the seasons, yield a prospect which annihilates all human grandeur. But when we have seen frequent returns of the same things, when we have often viewed the heaven and the earth in all their various array, our attention flags and our admiration ceases. All the art and magnificence in nature could not make us pleased with the same entertainment, presented a hundred years successively to our view.

I AM led into this way of thinking by a question started the other night, viz. Whether it were possible that a man should be weary of a fortunate and healthy course of life? My opinion was, that the bare repetition of the same objects, abstracted from all other inconveniencies, was sufficient to create in our minds a distaste of the world; and that the abhorrence old man have of death, proceeds rather from a distrust of what may follow, than from the prospect of losing any present enjoyments. For (as an antient author somewhere expresses it) when a man has seen the vicissitudes of night and day, winter and summer, spring and autumn, the returning faces of the several parts of nature, what is there further to detain his fancy here below?

THE spectacle indeed is glorious, and may bear viewing several times. But in a very few scenes of revolving years, we feel a satiety of the same images; the mind grows impatient to see the curtain drawn, and behold new scenes disclosed; and the imagination is in this life filled with a confused idea of the next.

DEATH, considered in this light, is no more than passing from one entertainment to another. If the present objects are grown tiresome and distasteful, it is in order to prepare our minds for a more exquisite relish

of

of those which are fresh and new. If the good things we have hitherto enjoyed are transient, they will be succeeded by those which the inexhaustible power of the Deity will supply to eternal ages. If the pleasures of our present state are blended with pain and uneasiness, our future will consist of sincere unmixed delights. Blessed hope! the thought whereof turns the very imperfections of our nature into occasions of comfort and joy.

BUT what consolation is left to the man who hath no hope or prospect of these things? View him in that part of life when the natural decay of his faculties concurs with the frequency of the same objects to make him weary of this world, when like a man who hangs upon a precipice, his present situation is uneasy, and the moment that he quits his hold, he is sure of sinking into hell or annihilation.

THERE is not any character so hateful as his who invents racks and tortures for mankind. The free thinkers make it their business to introduce doubts, perplexities and despair into the minds of men, and according to the poet's rule, are most justly punished by their own schemes.



The Voyage of Life. An Allegory.

[Rambler. N^o 102.]

"**L**IFE," says *Seneca*, "is a voyage, in the progress of which, we are perpetually changing our scenes; we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age." The perusal of this passage, having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of

alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion, I was told that they were launching out into the *ocean of life*; that we had already passed the streights of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence, of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security, than the care of the pilot; whom it was always in our power to choose among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I THEN looked round with anxious eagerness: and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

BEFORE me, and each other side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

THE current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger

danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his comforts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed; nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those, who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly, by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels, in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage; so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their

inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement for the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with **H O P E**, who was the constant associate of the voyage of life.

Y E T all that **H O P E** ventured to promise; even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. **H O P E**, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they, whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

I N the midst of the current of life was the *gulph of* **I N T E M P E R A N C E**, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which **E A S E** spread couches of repose, and with shades where **P L E A S U R E** warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass. **R E A S O N**, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow out-let by which they might escape; but very few could, by her intreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of **P L E A S U R E**, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

R E A S O N was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of **I N T E M P E R A N C E**, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles

with

with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom REASON was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of PLEASURE, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach to the gulph of INTemperance.

THERE were artists, who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of PLEASURE. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

THE only advantage, which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the streights of infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of PLEASURE, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labours that scarce HOPE herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown Power, "Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and seeing the gulph of INTemperance before me, started and awaked.

On the Desire of Gain.

[Rambler, N^o 131.]

TH E R E is scarcely any sentiment in which, amidst the innumerable varieties of inclination that nature or accident have scattered in the world, we find greater numbers concurring than in the wish for riches; a wish indeed so prevalent that it may be considered as universal and transcendental, as the desire in which all other desires are included, and of which the various purposes which actuate mankind are only subordinate species and different modifications.

WE A L T H is indeed the general center of inclination, the point to which all minds preserve an invariable tendency, and from which they afterwards diverge in numberless directions. Whatever is the remote or ultimate design, the immediate care is to be rich, and in whatever enjoyment we intend finally to acquiesce, we seldom consider it as attainable but by the means of money. Of wealth therefore all unanimously confess the value, nor is there any disagreement but about the use.

No desire can be formed which riches do not assist us to gratify. He that places his happiness in splendid equipage or numerous dependents, in refined praise or popular acclamations, in the accumulation of curiosities or the revels of luxury, in splendid edifices or wide plantations, must still either by birth or acquisition possess riches. They may be considered as the elemental principles of pleasure, which may be combined with endless diversity; as the essential and necessary substance, of which only the form is left to be adjusted by choice.

TH E necessity of riches being thus apparent, it is not wonderful that almost every mind has been employed in endeavours to acquire them; that multitudes have vied with each other in arts by which life is furnished

nished with accommodations, and which therefore mankind may reasonably be expected to reward.

It had indeed been happy, if this predominant appetite had operated only in concurrence with virtue, by influencing none but those who were zealous to deserve what they were eager to possess, and had abilities to improve their own fortunes by contributing to the ease or happiness of others. To have riches and to have merit would then have been the same, and success might reasonably have been considered as a proof of excellence.

BUT we do not find that any of the wishes of men keep a stated proportion to their powers of attainment. Many envy and desire wealth, who can never procure it by honest industry or useful knowledge. They therefore turn their eyes about to examine what other methods can be found of gaining that which none, however impotent or worthless, will be content to want.

A LITTLE enquiry will discover that there are nearer ways to profit than through the intricacies of art, or up the steep of labour; that what wisdom and virtue scarcely receive at the close of life, as the recompence of long toil and repeated efforts, is brought within the reach of subtilty and dishonesty by more expeditious and compendious measures: that the wealth of credulity is an open prey to falsehood; and that the possessions of ignorance and imbecillity are easily stolen away by the conveyances of secret artifice, or seized by the gripe of unresisted violence.

It is likewise not hard to discover, that riches always procure protection for themselves, that they dazzle the eyes of enquiry, divert the celerity of pursuit, or appease the ferocity of vengeance. When any man is incontestably known to have large possessions, very few think it requisite to enquire by what practices they were obtained; the resentment of mankind rages only against the struggles of feeble and timorous corruption, but when it has surmounted the first opposition, it is afterwards supported by favour, and animated by applause.

THE prospect of gaining speedily what is ardently desired, and the certainty of obtaining by every accession of advantage an addition of security, have so far prevailed upon the passions of mankind, that the peace of life is destroyed by a general and incessant struggle for riches. It is observed of gold, by an old epigrammatist, that *to have it is to be in fear, and to want it is to be in sorrow*. There is no condition which is not disquieted either with the care of gaining or of keeping money; and the race of man may be divided in a political estimate between those who are practising fraud, and those who are repelling it.

If we consider the present state of the world, it will be found, that all confidence is lost among mankind, that no man ventures to act where money can be endangered, upon the faith of another. It is impossible to see the long scrolls in which every contract is included, with all their appendages of seals and attestation, without wondering at the depravity of those beings, who must be restrained from violation of promise by such formal and public evidences, and precluded from equivocation and subterfuge by such punctilious minuteness. Among all the satires to which folly and wickedness have given occasion, none is equally severe with a bond or a settlement.

Of the various arts by which riches may be obtained, the greater part are at the first view irreconcilable with the laws of virtue; some are openly flagitious, and practised not only in neglect, but in defiance of faith and justice; and the rest are on every side so entangled with dubious tendencies, and so beset with perpetual temptations, that very few, even of those who are not yet abandoned, are able to preserve their innocence, or can produce any other claim to pardon than that they have deviated from the right less than others, and have sooner and more diligently endeavoured to return.

One of the chief characteristicks of the golden age, of the age in which neither care nor danger had intruded on mankind, is the community of possessions: strife and fraud were totally excluded, and every turbulent

bulent passion was stilled, by plenty and equality. Such were indeed happy times; but such times can return no more. Community of possession must always include spontaneity of production; for what is only to be obtained by labour, must be of right the property of him by whose labour it is gained. And while a rightful claim to pleasure or to affluence must be procured either by flow industry or uncertain hazard, there will always be multitudes whom cowardice or impatience will incite to more safe and more speedy methods, who will strive to pluck the fruit without cultivating the tree, and to share the advantages of victory without partaking the danger off the battle.

IN later ages, the conviction of danger to which virtue is exposed while the mind continues open to the influence of riches, has determined many to vows of perpetual poverty; they have suppressed desire by cutting off the possibility of gratification, and secured their peace by destroying the enemy whom they had no hope of reducing to quiet subjection. But by debarring themselves from evil, they have rescinded many opportunities of good; they have too often sunk into inactivity and uselessness; and though they have forbore to injure society, have not fully paid their contributions to its happiness.

WHICH riches are so necessary to present convenience, and so much more easily obtained by crimes than virtues, the mind can only be secured from yielding to the continual impulse of covetousness by the preponderation of unchangeable and eternal motives. Gold will generally turn the intellectual balance, when weighed only against reputation; but will be light and ineffectual when the opposite scale is charged with justice, veracity, and piety.

Politeness a necessary Auxiliary to Knowledge and Virtue.

[Advent. N^o 87.]

THESE are many accomplishments which, though they are comparatively trivial, and may be acquired

quised by small abilities, are yet of great importance in our common intercourse with men. Of this kind is that general courtesy, which is called **GOOD BREEDING**; a name, by which, as an artificial excellence, it is at once characterised and recommended.

Good Breeding, as it is generally employed in the gratification of vanity, a passion almost universally predominant, is more highly prized by the majority than any other; and he who wants it, though he may be preserved from contempt by incontestible superiority either of virtue or of parts, will yet be regarded with malevolence, and avoided as an enemy with whom it is dangerous to combat.

In some instances, indeed, the enmity of others cannot be avoided without the participation of guilt; but then it is the enmity of those, with whom neither virtue nor wisdom can desire to associate: and good breeding may generally be practised upon more easy and more honourable terms, than acquiescence in the detraction of malice or the adulation of servility, the obscenity of a lecher or the blasphemy of an infidel. Disagreeable truths may be suppressed; and when they can be suppressed without guilt, they cannot innocently be uttered; the boast of vanity may be suffered without severe reprehension, and the prattle of absurdity may be heard without expressions of contempt.

It happens, indeed, somewhat unfortunately, that the practice of good breeding, however necessary, is obstructed by the possession of more valuable talents; and that great integrity, delicacy, sensibility, and spirit, exalted genius, and extensive learning, frequently render even ill-breeding

PETRARCH relates, that his admirable friend and contemporary, *Dante Aligheri*, one of the most exalted and original geniuses that ever appeared, being banished his country, and having retired to the court of a prince which was then the sanctuary of the unfortunate, was held at first in great esteem; but became daily less acceptable to his patron, by the severity of his manners and the freedom of his speech. There were at the same court many players and buffoons, gamesters and de-

bauchees,

bauchees, one of whom, distinguished for his impudence, ribaldry, and obscenity, was greatly caressed by the rest; which the prince suspecting *Dante* not to be pleased with, ordered the man to be brought before him, and having highly extolled him, turned to *Dante* and said, "I wonder that this person, who is by some deemed a fool; and by others a madman, should yet be so generally pleasing, and so generally beloved; when you, who are celebrated for wisdom, are yet heard without pleasure and commended without friendship." "You would cease to wonder," replied *Dante*, "if you considered, that a conformity of character is the source of friendship." This sarcasm, which had all the force of truth, and all the keenness of wit, was intolerable; and *Dante* was immediately disgraced and banished.

BUT by this answer, though the indignation which produced it was founded in virtue, *Dante* probably gratified his own vanity, as much as he mortified that of others: it was the petulant reproach of resentment and pride, which is always retorted with rage; and not the still voice of REASON, which is heard with complacency and reverence: if *Dante* intended reformation, his answer was not wise; if he did not intend reformation, his answer was not good.

GREAT delicacy, sensibility, and penetration, do not less obstruct the practice of good breeding than integrity. Persons thus qualified, not only discover proportionably more faults and failings in the characters which they examine, but are more disgusted with the faults and failings which they discover: the common topics of conversation are too trivial to engage their attention; the various turns of fortune that have lately happened at a game at whist, the history of a ball at *Tunbridge* or *Bath*, a description of lady *Fanny's* jewels and lady *Kitty's* vapours, the journals of a horse-race or a cock-match, and disquisitions on the game-act or the scarcity of partridges, are subjects upon which men of delicate taste do not always chuse to declaim, and on which they cannot patiently hear the declamation of others. But they should remember, that their impatience is

the

the impotence of reason and the prevalence of vanity; that if they sit silent and reserved, wrapped up in the contemplation of their own dignity, they will in their turn be despised and hated by those whom they hate and despise; and with better reason, for perverted power ought to be more odious than debility. To hear with patience, and to answer with civility, seems to comprehend all the good breeding of conversation; and in proportion as this is easy, silence and inattention are without excuse.

He, who does not practise good breeding, will not find himself considered as the object of good breeding by others. There is, however, a species of rusticity, which it is not less absurd than injurious to treat with contempt: this species of ill breeding is become almost proverbially the characteristic of a scholar; nor should it be expected, that he who is deeply attentive to an abstruse science, or who employs any of the three great faculties of the soul, the memory, the imagination, or the judgment, in the close pursuit of their several objects, should have studied punctilios of form and ceremony, and be equally able to shine at a rout and in the schools. That the bow of a chronologer, and the compliment of an astronomer, should be improper or uncouth, cannot be thought strange to those, who duly consider the narrowness of our faculties, and the impossibility of attaining universal excellence.

EQUALLY excusable, for the same reasons, are that absence of mind, and that forgetfulness of place and person, to which scholars are so frequently subject. When *Lew's XIV.* was one day lamenting the death of an old comedian whom he highly extolled, "Yes," replied *Boileau*, in the presence of madam *Maintenon*, "he performed tolerably well in the despicable pieces of *Scarron*, which are now deservedly forgotten even in the provinces."

As every condition of life, and every turn of mind, has some peculiar temptation and propensity to evil, let not the man of uprightness and honesty be morose and surly in his practice of virtue; let not him, whose delicacy and penetration discern with disgust those imperfections

perfections in others from which he himself is not free; indulge perpetual peevishness and discontent; nor let learning and knowledge be pleaded as an excuse for not condescending to the common offices and duties of civil life: for as no man should be WELL-BRED, at the expence of his VIRTUE; no man should practise virtue, so as to deter others from IMITATION.

Idleness incapable of Felicity. Story of

NED FROTH.

[Advent. No 94.]

YOU have somewhere discouraged the hope of idleness by shewing, that whoever compares the number of those who have possessed fortuitous advantages, and of those who have been disappointed in their expectations, will have little reason to register himself in the lucky catalogue.

BUT as we have seen thousands subscribe to a raffle, of which one only could obtain the prize; so idleness will still presume to hope, if the advantages, however improbable, are admitted to lie within the bounds of possibility. Let the drone, therefore, be told, that if by the error of fortune he obtains the stores of the bee, he cannot enjoy the felicity; that the honey which is not gathered by industry, will be eaten without relish, if it is not wasted in riot; and that all who become possessed of the immediate object of their hope without any efforts of their own, will be disappointed of enjoyment.

NO life can be happy, but that which is spent in the prosecution of some purpose to which our powers are equal, and which we, therefore, prosecute with success: for this reason it is absurd to dread business, upon pretence that it will leave few intervals to pleasure. Business

ness is that by which industry pursues its purpose, and the purpose of industry is seldom disappointed; he who endeavours to arrive at a certain point, which he perceives himself perpetually to approach, enjoys all the happiness which nature has allotted to those hours, that are not spent in the immediate gratification of appetites by which our own wants are indicated, or of affections by which we are prompted to supply the wants of others. The end proposed by the busy, is various as their temper, constitution, habits, and circumstances: but in the labour itself is the enjoyment, whether it be pursued to supply the necessaries or the conveniences of life, whether to cultivate a farm to decorate a palace; for when the palace is decorated, and the barn filled, the pleasure is at an end, till the object of desire is again placed at a distance, and our powers are again employed to obtain it with apparent success. Nor is the value of life less, than if our enjoyment did not thus consist in anticipation; for by anticipation, the pleasure which would otherwise be contracted within an hour, is diffused through a week; and if the dread which exaggerates future evil, is confessed to be an increase of misery, the hope which magnifies future good, cannot be denied to be an accession of happiness.

THE most numerous class of those who presume to hope for miraculous advantages, is, that of gamesters. But by gamesters, I do not mean the gentlemen who stake an estate, against the cunning of those who have none; for I leave the cure of lunatics to the professors of physic: I mean the dissolute and indigent, who in the common phrase put themselves in fortune's way, and expect from her bounty that which they eagerly desire, and yet believe to be too dearly purchased by diligence and industry; tradesmen who neglect their business, to squander in fashionable follies more than it can produce; and swaggerers who rank themselves with gentlemen, merely because they have no business to pursue.

THE

THE gamester of this class will appear to be equally wretched, whether his hope be fulfilled or disappointed; the object of it depends upon a contingency, over which he has no influence; he pursues no purpose with gradual and perceptible success, and, therefore, cannot enjoy the pleasure which arises from the anticipation of its accomplishment; his mind is perpetually on the rack; he is anxious in proportion to the eagerness of his desire, and his inability to effect it; to the pangs of suspense, succeed those of disappointment; and a momentary gain only embitters the loss that follows. Such is the life of him, who shuns business, because he would secure leisure for enjoyment; except it happens against the odds of a million to one, that a run of success puts him into the possession of a sum sufficient to subsist him in idleness the remainder of his life: and in this case, the idleness which made him wretched while he waited for the bounty of fortune, will necessarily keep him wretched after it is bestowed; he will find that in the gratification of his appetites he can fill but a small portion of his time, and that these appetites themselves are weakened by every attempt to increase the enjoyment, which they were intended to supply; he will, therefore, either doze away life in a kind of listless indolence which he despairs to exalt into felicity, or he will imagine that the good he wants is to be obtained by an increase of his wealth, by a larger house, a more splendid equipage, and a more numerous retinue. If with this notion he has again recourse to the altar of fortune, he will neither be undeceived by a new series of success, or he will be reduced to his original indigence by the loss of that which he knew not how to enjoy: if this happens, of which there is the highest degree of probability, he will instantly become more wretched in proportion as he was rich; though, while he was rich, he was not more happy in proportion as he had been poor. Whatever is won, is reduced by experiment to its intrinsic value; whatever is lost, is heightened by imagination to more. Wealth is no sooner dissipated, than its inanity is forgotten, and it is regretted as the means of happiness which it was not found to afford. The gamester, there-

fore, of whatever class, plays against manifest odds; since that which he wins he discovers to be brass, and that which he loses he values as gold. And it should also be remarked, that in this estimate of his life, I have not supposed him to loose a single stake which he had not first won.

BUT though gaming in general is wisely prohibited by the legislature, as productive not only of private but of public evil; yet there is one species to which all are sometimes invited, which equally encourages the hope of idleness, and relaxes the vigour of industry.

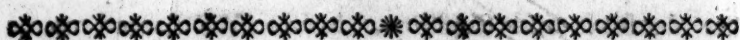
NED FROTH, who had been several years butler in a family of distinction, having saved about four hundred pounds, took a little house in the suburbs, and laid in a stock of liquors for which he paid ready money, and which were, therefore, the best of the kind. Ned perceived his trade increase; he pursued it with fresh alacrity, he exulted in his success, and the joy of his heart sparkled in his countenance. But it happened that Ned, in the midst of his happiness and prosperity, was prevailed upon to buy a lottery ticket. The moment his hope was fixed upon an object which industry could not obtain, he determined to be industrious no longer: to draw drink for a dirty and boisterous rabble, was a slavery to which he now submitted with reluctance, and he longed for the moment in which he should be free: instead of telling his story, and cracking his joke for the entertainment of his customers, he received them with indifference; was observed to be silent and sullen, and amused himself by going three or four times a day to search the register of fortune for the success of his ticket.

IN this disposition Ned was sitting one morning in the corner of a bench by his fire-side, wholly abstracted in the contemplation of his future fortune; indulging this moment the hope of a mere possibility, and the next shuddering with the dread of losing the felicity which his fancy had combined with the possession of ten thousand pounds. A man well dressed entered hastily, and enquired for him of his guest, who many times called him aloud by his name, and cursing him for

his

his deafness and stupidity, before *Ned* started up as from a dream, and asked with a fretful impatience what they wanted. An affected confidence of being well received, and an air of forced jocularity in the stranger, gave *Ned* some offence; but the next moment he caught him in his arms in a transport of joy, upon receiving his congratulation as proprietor of the fortunate ticket, which had that morning been drawn a prize of the first class.

It was not, however, long, before *Ned* discovered that ten thousand pounds did not bring the felicity which he expected; a discovery, which generally produces the dissipation of sudden affluence by prodigality. *Ned* drank, and whored, and hired fidlers, and bought fine cloaths; he bred riots at *Vauxhall*, treated flatterers, and damned plays. But something was still wanting; and he resolved to strike a bold stroke, and attempt to double the remainder of his prize at play, that he might live in a palace and keep an equipage: but in the execution of this project, he lost the whole produce of his lottery ticket, except five hundred pounds in Bank notes, which when he would have staked he could not find. This sum was more than that which had established him in the trade he had left; and yet, with the power of returning to a station that was once the utmost of his ambition, and of renewing that pursuit which alone had made him happy, such was the pungency of his regret, that in the despair of recovering the money which he knew had produced nothing but riot, disease, and vexation, he threw himself from the bridge into the Thames.



Fortitude founded upon the fear of God.

[Guardian, N^o 117.]

LOOKING over the late edition of Monsieur Boileau's works, I was very much pleased with the article which he has added to his notes on the translation of *Longinus*. He there tells us, that the sublime in writing rises either from the nobleness of the thought, magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phrase, and that the perfect sublime arises from all these three in conjunction together. He produces an instance of this perfect sublime in four verses from the *Athalie* of Monsieur Racine. When *Abner*, one of the chief officers of the court, represents to *Joad* the high-priest, that the queen was incensed against him, the high-priest, not in the least terrified at the news, returns this answer.

Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçait aussi des méchans arrêter les complots.
Soumis avec respect à sa volonté sainte.
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, & n'ai point d'autre crainte.

"He who ruleth the raging of the sea, knows also how to check the designs of the ungodly. I submit myself with reverence to his holy will. O *Abner*, I fear my God, and I fear none but him." Such a thought gives no less a sublimity to human nature, than it does to good writing. This religious fear, when it is produced by just apprehensions of a divine power, naturally overlooks all human greatness that stands in competition with it, and extinguishes every other terror that can settle itself in the heart of man; it lessens and contracts the figure of the most exalted person: it disarms the tyrant and executioner, and represents to our minds the most enraged and the most powerful as altogether harmless and impotent.

THERE is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear, as there is no other principle of so settled

settled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from constitution very often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it; and when it is only a kind of instinct in the soul, breaks out on all occasions without judgment or discretion. That courage which proceeds from the sense of our duty, and from the fear of offending him that made us, acts always in an uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reason.

WHAT can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to please a Being that is omnipotent? A Being who is able to crush all his adversaries? A Being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any such misfortune to his advantage? The person who lives with this constant and habitual regard to the great superintendant of the world, is indeed sure that no real evil can come into his lot. Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments, but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may rest satisfied that they will either not reach him, or that, if they do, they will be the instruments of good to him. In short, he may look upon all crosses and accidents, sufferings and afflictions, as means which are made use of to bring him to happiness. This is even the worst of that man's condition whose mind is possessed with the habitual fear of which I am now speaking. But it very often happens, that those which appear evils in our own eyes, appear also as such to him who has human nature under his care, in which case they are certainly averted from the person who has made himself, by this virtue, an object of divine favour. Histories are full of instances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary escapes out of such dangers as have inclosed them, and which have seemed inevitable.

THERE is no example of this kind in pagan history which more pleases me than that which is recorded in the life of *Timoleon*. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his successes to providence. *Cornelius Nepos* acquaints us that he had in his house a private chapel in which he used to pay his devotions to the goddess who represented providence among the heathens.

thens. I think no man was ever more distinguished, by the Deity whom he blindly worshipped, than the great person I am speaking of in several occurrences of his life, but particularly in the following one which I shall relate out of *Plutarch*.

Three persons had entered into a conspiracy to assassinate *Timoleon* as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it they took their several stands in the most convenient places for their purpose. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their design in execution, a stranger having observed one of the conspirators, fell upon him and slew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been discovered, threw themselves at *Timoleon's* feet, and confessed the whole matter. This stranger upon examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended assassination, but having several years before had a brother killed by the conspirator, whom he here put to death, and having till now sought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himself there for the above-mentioned purpose. *Plutarch* cannot forbear on this occasion, speaking with a kind of rapture on the schemes of providence, which, in this particular, had so contrived it, that the stranger should, for so great a space of time, be debarred the means of doing justice to his brother, till, by the same blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preserved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of *Timoleon's* religion should have his intrepidity and firmness of mind, or that he should be distinguished by such a deliverance as I have here related.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of *Timoleon's* religion should have his intrepidity and firmness of mind, or that he should be distinguished by such a deliverance as I have here related.

Adversity

Adversity useful to the Acquisition of Knowledge.

[Rambler, N^o 110.]

AS daily experience makes it evident that misfortunes are unavoidably incident to human life, that calamity will neither be repelled by fortitude, nor escaped by flight, neither awed by greatness, nor eluded by obscurity; philosophers have endeavoured to reconcile us to that condition which they cannot teach us to mend, by persuading us that most of our evils are made afflictive only by ignorance or perverseness, and that nature has annexed to every vicissitude of external circumstances, some advantage sufficient to overbalance all its inconveniencies.

THIS attempt may perhaps be justly suspected of resemblance to the practice of physicians, who when they cannot mitigate pain destroy sensibility, and endeavour to conceal by opiates the inefficacy of their other medicines. The panegyrists of calamity have more frequently gained applause to their wit, than acquiescence to their arguments; nor has it appeared that the most musical oratory or subtle ratiocination has been able long to overpower the anguish of oppression, the tediousness of languor, or the longings of want.

YET it may be generally remarked that, where much has been attempted, something has been performed; though the discoveries or acquisitions of man are not always adequate to the expectations of his pride, they are at least sufficient to animate his industry. The antidotes with which philosophy has medicated the cup of life, though they cannot give it salubrity and sweetness, have at least allayed its bitterness, and tempered its malignity; the balm which she drops upon the wounds of the mind, abates their pain though it cannot heal them.

By suffering willingly what we cannot avoid, we secure ourselves from vain and immoderate disquiet; we preserve for better purposes that strength which would be unprofitably wasted in wild efforts of desperation, and

maintain that circumspection which may enable us to seize every support, and improve every alleviation. This calmness will be more easily obtained, as the attention is more powerfully withdrawn from the contemplation of unmingled unabated evil, and diverted to those accidental benefits which prudence may confer on every state.

SENECA has attempted not only to pacify us in misfortune, but almost to allure us to it, by representing it as necessary to the pleasures of the mind. *He that never was acquainted with adversity*, says he, *has seen the world but on one side, and is ignorant of half the scenes of nature.* He invites his pupil to calamity, as the Syrens allured the passenger to their coasts, by promising that he shall return with increase of knowledge, with enlarged views, and multiplied ideas.

CURIOSITY is, in great and generous minds, the first passion and the last; and perhaps always predominates in proportion to the strength of the contemplative faculties. He who easily comprehends all that is before him, and soon exhausts any single subject, is always eager for new enquiries, and in proportion as the intellectual eye takes in a wider prospect, it must be gratified with variety by more rapid flights, and bolder excursions; nor perhaps can there be proposed to those who have been accustomed to the pleasures of thought, a more powerful incitement to any undertaking, than the hope of filling their imagination with new images, of clearing their doubts, and enlightening their reason.

WHEN *Jason*, in *Valerius Flaccus*, would incline the young prince *Acastus* to accompany him in the first essay of navigation, he disperses his apprehensions of danger by representations of the new tracts of earth and heaven which the expedition would spread before their eyes; and tells him with what grief he will hear at their return, of the countries which they shall have seen, and the toils which they have surmounted.

*O quantum terra, quantum cognoscere coeli
Permissum est! pelagus quantos aperimus in usus!
Nunc forsan grave reris opus: sed lata recurret*

Cum

*Cum ratis, & caram cum jam mihi reddet Jolcon;
Quis pudor heu nostros tibi tunc audire labores!*

Acastus was soon prevailed upon by this curiosity to set rocks and hardships at defiance, and commit his life to the winds; and the same motives have in all ages had the same effect upon those whom the desire of fame or wisdom has distinguished from the lower orders of mankind.

It therefore it can be proved that distress is necessary to the attainment of knowledge, and that a happy situation hides from us so large a part of the field of meditation, the envy of many who repine at the sight of affluence and splendor will be much diminished; for such is the delight of mental superiority, that none on whom nature or study have conferred it, would purchase the gifts of fortune by its loss.

It is certain, that however the rhetoric of *Seneca* may have adressed adversity with extrinsic ornaments, he has justly represented it as affording some opportunities of observation, which cannot be found in continual success; he has truly asserted, that to escape misfortune is to want instruction, and that to live at ease is to live in ignorance.

As no man can enjoy happiness without thinking that he enjoys it, the experience of calamity is necessary to a just sense of better fortune; for the good of our present state is merely comparative, and the evil which every man feels will be sufficient to disturb and harass him if he does not know how much he escapes. The lustre of diamonds is invigorated by the interposition of darker bodies; the lights of a picture are heightened by the shades. The highest pleasure which nature has indulged to sensitive perception, is that of rest after fatigue; yet that state which labour heightens into delight is without it only ease, and is incapable of satisfying the mind without the superaddition of diversified amusements.

PROSPERITY, as is truly asserted by *Seneca*, very much obstructs the knowledge of ourselves. No man can form a just estimate of his own powers by unactive speculation. That fortitude which has encountered

tered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can at best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which therefore the true value cannot be assigned. *He that traverses the lists without an adversary, may receive, says the philosopher, the reward of victory, but he has no pretensions to the honour.* If it be the highest happiness of man to contemplate himself with satisfaction, and to receive the congratulations of his own conscience, he whose courage has made way amidst the turbulence of opposition, and whose vigour has broken through the snares of distress, has many advantages over these that have slept in the shades of indolence, and whose retrospect of time can entertain them with nothing but day rising upon day, and year gliding after year.

EQUALLY necessary is some variety of fortune to a nearer inspection of the manners, principles and affections of mankind. Princes, when they would know the opinions or grievances of their subjects, find it necessary to steal away from the grandeur of guards and attendants, and mingle on equal terms among the people. To him who is known to have the power of doing good or harm; nothing is shown in its natural form. The behaviour of all that approach him is regulated by his humour, their narratives are adapted to his inclination, and their reasonings determined by his opinions, whatever can alarm suspicion, or excite resentment is carefully suppressed, and nothing appears but uniformity of sentiments and ardor of affection. It may be observed, that the unvaried complaisance which ladies have the right of exacting, keeps them generally unskilled in human nature; prosperity will always enjoy the female prerogatives, and therefore must be always in danger of female ignorance. Truth is scarcely to be heard but by those from whom it can serve no interest to conceal it, and the true motives of conduct will be only shewn when the mind acts in its natural state without any impediment from hope or fear.

The

The prohibition of Revenge justifiable by Reason.

[Rambler, N^o 185.]

NO vitious dispositions of the mind more obstinately resist both the counsels of philosophy, and the injunctions of religion, than those which are complicated with an opinion of dignity; and which we cannot dismiss without leaving in the hands of opposition some advantage iniquitously obtained, or suffering from our own prejudices some imputation of pusillanimity.

FOR this reason scarcely any law of our redeemer is more openly transgressed, or more industriously evaded, than that by which he commands his followers to forgive injuries, and prohibits under the sanction of eternal misery the gratification of the desire which every man feels to return pain upon him that inflicts it. Many who could have conquered their anger, are unable to combat against pride, and pursue offences to extremity of vengeance, lest they should be insulted by the triumph of an enemy.

BUT certainly no precept could better become him, at whose birth *peace* was proclaimed to the earth. For what could so soon destroy all the order of society, and deform life with violence and ravage, as a permission to every one to judge his own cause, and to apportion his own recompence for imagined injuries.

IT is difficult for a man of the strictest justice not to favour himself too much in the calmest moments of solitary meditation. Every one wishes for the distinctions for which thousands are wishing at the same time, in their own opinion, with better claims. He that, when his reason operates in its full force, can thus, by the mere prevalence of self love, prefer himself to his fellow beings, is very unlikely to judge equitably when his passions are agitated by a sense of wrong, and his attention wholly engrossed by pain, interest, or danger. Whoever arrogates to himself the right of vengeance shows how little he is qualified to decide his own claims, since
he

he certainly demands what he would think unfit to be granted to another.

NO T H I N G is more apparent than that, however injured or however provoked, some must at last be contented to forgive. For it can never be hoped, that he who first commits an injury, will contentedly acquiesce in the penalty required; the same haughtiness of contempt, and vehemence of desire, that prompt the act of injustice, will more strongly incite its justification: and resentment can never so exactly balance the punishment with the fault, but there will remain an overplus of vengeance which even he who condemns his first action will think myself entitled to retaliate. What then can ensue but a continual exacerbation of hatred, an unextinguishable feud, an incessant reciprocation of mischief, a mutual vigilance to entrap, and eagerness to destroy.

SI N C E then the imaginary right of vengeance must be at last remitted, because it is impossible to live in perpetual hostility, and equally impossible that of two enemies, either should first think himself obliged by justice to submission, it is surely eligible to forgive early. Every passion is more easily subdued before it has been long accustomed to possession of the heart; every idea is obliterated with less difficulty as it has been more slightly impressed, and less frequently renewed. He who has often brooded over his wrongs, pleased himself with schemes of malignity, and glutted his pride with the fancied supplications of humbled enmity, will not easily open his bosom to amity and reconciliation, or indulge the gentle sentiments of benevolence and peace.

IT is easiest to forgive, while there is yet little to be forgiven. A single injury may be soon dismissed from the memory; but a long succession of ill offices by degrees associates itself with every idea, a long contest involves so many circumstances, that every place and action will recal it to the mind, and fresh remembrance of vexation must still enkindle rage, and irritate revenge.

A W I S E man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up
his

his days and nights to the gloom of malice, and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity, a combination of a passion which all endeavour to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage; whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin; whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity, nor the calm of innocence.

WHOEVER considers the weakness both of himself and others will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

FROM this pacific and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestick tranquillity and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary or despised by the world.

It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal axiom, that, "all pride is abject and mean." It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but insensibility of our wants.

NOTHING can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the

the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to any thing but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice, or overpower our resolves; is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

THE utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive, is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue, without regard to present dangers or advantage; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; an habitual appeal to everlasting justice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain. But that pride which many who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men, of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they never have examined; and whose sentence is therefore of no weight till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

HE that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence; he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal sovereign, has little reason to congratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind; whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

OF him that hopes to be forgiven it is indispensibly required, that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended, and to him that refuses to practise it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the SAVIOUR of the world has been born in vain.

The Pleasures and Advantages of Industry.

[Advent. N^o III.]

THE evils inseparably annexed to the present condition of man, are so numerous and afflictive, that it has been, from age to age, the task of some to bewail, and of others to solace them: and he therefore, will be in danger of seeming a common enemy, who shall attempt to depreciate the few pleasures and felicities which nature has allowed us.

YET I will confess, that I have sometimes employed my thoughts in examining the pretensions that are made to happiness, by the splendid and envied conditions of life; and have not thought the hour unprofitably spent, when I have detected the imposture of counterfeit advantages, and found disquiet lurking under false appearances of gaiety and greatness.

IT is asserted by a tragic poet, that "est miser ne-
 "mo nisi comparatus," "no man is miserable, but as
 "he is compared with others happier than himself:" this position is not strictly and philosophically true. He might have said, with rigorous propriety, that no man is happy, but as he is compared with the miserable; for such is the state of this world, that we find in it absolute misery, but happiness only comparative; we may incur as much pain as we can possibly endure, though we can never obtain as much happiness as we might possibly enjoy.

YET it is certain likewise, that many of our miseries are merely comparative: we are often made unhappy, not by the presence of any real evil, but by the absence of some fictitious good; of something which is not required by any real want of nature, which has not in itself any power of gratification, and which neither reason nor fancy would have prompted us to wish, did we not see it in the possession of others.

FOR

For a mind diseased with vain longings after unattainable advantages, no medicine can be prescribed, but an impartial enquiry into the real worth of that which is so ardently desired. It is well known, how much the mind, as well as the eye, is deceived by distance; and, perhaps, it will be found, that of many imagined blessings it may be doubted, whether he that wants or possesses them has more reason to be satisfied with his lot.

THE dignity of high birth and long extraction, no man, to whom nature has denied it, can confer upon himself; and, therefore, it deserves to be considered, whether the want of that which can never be gained, may not easily be endured. It is true, that if we consider the triumph and delight with which most of those recount their ancestors who have ancestors to recount, and the artifices by which some who have risen to unexpected fortune endeavour to insert themselves into an honourable stem, we shall be inclined to fancy, that wisdom or virtue may be had by inheritance, or that all excellencies of a line of progenitors are accumulated on their descendant. Reason, indeed, will soon inform us, that our estimation of birth is arbitrary and capricious, and that dead ancestors can have no influence but upon imagination: let it then be examined, whether one dream may not operate in the place of another; whether he that owes nothing to fore-fathers, may not receive equal pleasure from the consciousness of owing all to himself; whether he may not, with a little meditation, find it more honourable to found than to continue a family, and to gain dignity than transmit it; whether, if he receives no dignity from the virtues of his family, he does not likewise escape the danger of being disgraced by their crimes; and whether he that brings a new name into the world, has not the convenience of playing the game of life without a stake, an opportunity of winning much though he has nothing to lose.

THERE is another opinion concerning happiness, which approaches much more nearly to universality, but which may, perhaps, with equal reason, be disputed. The pretensions to ancestral honours many of the sons of earth

earth easily see to be ill-grounded; but all agree to celebrate the advantage of hereditary riches, and to consider those, as the minions of fortune who are wealthy from their cradles, whose estate is "res non parta la bore sed relicta," "the acquisition of another, not of themselves;" and whom a father's industry has dispensed from a laborious attention to arts or commerce, and left at liberty to dispose of life as fancy shall direct them.

If every man were wise and virtuous, capable to discern the best use of time, and resolute to practise it; it might be granted, I think, without hesitation, that total liberty would be a blessing; and that it would be desirable to be left at large to the exercise of religious and social duties, without the interruption of importunate avocations.

But since felicity is relative, and that which is the means of happiness to one man may be to another the cause of misery, we are to consider, what state is best adapted to human nature in its present degeneracy and frailty. And, surely, to far the greater number it is highly expedient, that they should by some settled scheme of duties be rescued from the tyranny of caprice, that they should be driven on by necessity through the paths of life with their attention confined to a stated task, that they may be less at leisure to deviate into mischief at the call of folly.

When we observe the lives of those whom an ample inheritance has let loose to their own direction, what do we discover that can excite our envy? Their time seems not to pass with much applause from others, or satisfaction to themselves: many squander their exuberance of fortune in luxury and debauchery, and have no other use of money than to inflame their passions, and riot in a wider range of licentiousness; others, less criminal indeed, but, surely, not much to be praised, lie down to sleep and rise up to trifle, are employed every morning in finding expedients to rid themselves of the day, chase pleasure through all the places of public resort, fly from London to Bath and from Bath to London, without any other reason for changing place, but that they

go in quest of company as idle and as vagrant as themselves, always endeavouring to raise some new desire that they may have something to pursue, to rekindle some hope which they know will be disappointed, changing one amusement for another which a few months will make equally insipid, or sinking into languor and disease for want of something to actuate their bodies or exhilarate their minds.

WHOEVER has frequented those places, where idlers assemble to escape from solitude, knows that this is generally the state of the wealthy; and from this state it is no great hardship to be debarred. No man can be happy in total idleness: he that should be condemned to lie torpid and motionless, "would fly for recreation," says SOUTH, "to the mines and the galleys;" and it is well, when nature or fortune find employment for those, who would not have known how to procure it for themselves.

HE, whose mind is engaged by the acquisition or improvement of a fortune, not only escapes the insipidity of indifference, and the tediousness of inactivity, but gains enjoyments wholly unknown to those, who live lazily on the toil of others; for life affords no higher pleasure, than that of surmounting difficulties, passing from one step of success to another, forming new wishes and seeing them gratified. He that labours in any great or laudable undertaking, has his fatigues first supported by hope, and afterwards rewarded by joy; he is always moving to a certain end, and when he has attained it, an end more distant invites him to a new pursuit.

IT does not, indeed, always happen, that diligence is fortunate: the wisest schemes are broken by unexpected accidents; the most constant perseverance sometimes toils through life without a recompence; but labour, though unsuccessful, is more eligible than idleness: he that prosecutes a lawful purpose by lawful means, acts always with the approbation of his own reason; he is animated through the course of his endeavours by an expectation which, though not certain, he knows to be just; and is at last comforted in his disappointment, by the consciousness that he has not failed by his own fault.

THAT

THAT kind of life is most happy which affords us most opportunities of gaining our own esteem; and what can any man infer in his own favour from a condition to which, however prosperous, he contributed nothing, and which the vilest and weakest of the species would have obtained by the same right, had he happened to be the son of the same father.

To strive with difficulties, and to conquer them, is the highest human felicity; the next, is to strive, and deserve to conquer: but he whose life has passed without a contest, and who can boast neither success nor merit, can survey himself only as a useless filler of existence; and if he is content with his own character, must owe his satisfaction to insensibility.

THUS it appears that the satyrlist advised rightly, when he directed us to resign ourselves to the hands of HEAVEN, and to leave to superior powers the determination of our lot:

Permittes ipsis expendere Numinibus, quid

Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris:

Carior est illis homo quam sibi.

Intrust thy fortune to the power's above:

Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant

What their unerring wisdom sees thee want.

In goodness as in greatness they excell:

Ah! that we lov'd ourselves but half so well.

DRYDEN.

WHAT state of life admits most happiness is uncertain; but that uncertainty ought to repress the petulance of comparison, and silence the murmurs of discontent.

Danger of Relapse after Purposes of Amendment.

[Advent, No. 139]

IT was said by RALEIGH, when some of his friends lamented his confinement under a sentence of death, which he knew not how soon he might suffer, "that the world itself was only a larger prison, out of which some were every day selected for execution." That there is a time when every man is struck with a sense of this awful truth, I do not doubt; and, perhaps, a hasty speculatist would conclude, that its influence would be stronger in proportion as it more frequently occurred: but upon every mind that is become familiar with calamity, calamity loses its force; and misery grows less by its continuance, because those who have long suffered lose their sensibility.

If he, who lies down at night in the vigour and health of five and twenty, should rise in the morning with the infirmities of four-score, it is not improbable that he would sink under a sense of his condition; regret of enjoyments which could never return, would preclude all that remained; and the last mournful effects of decay would be hastened and aggravated by anticipation. But those who have been enfeebled by degrees, who have been shaken ten years by the palsy, or crippled by the gout, frequently totter about upon their crutches with an air of waggish jocularity, are always ready to entertain their company with a jest, meet their acquaintance with a toothless grin, and are the first to toast a young beauty when they can scarce lift the glass to their lips. Even criminals, who knew that in the morning they were to die, have often slept in the night; though very few of those who have been committed for a capital offence, which they knew would be easily proved, have slept the first night after they were confined. Danger so sudden and so imminent, alarms, confounds and terrifies; but after a time stupor supplies the want

of

of fortitude; and as the evil approaches, it is in effect less terrible, except in the moment when it arrives; and then, indeed, it is common to lament that insensibility, which before perhaps was voluntarily increased by drunkenness or dissipation, by solitary intemperance or tumultuous company.

THERE is some reason to believe, that this "power of the world to come," as it is expressed in the sublimity of Eastern metaphor, is generally felt at the same age. The dread of death has seldom been found to intrude upon the cheerfulness, simplicity and innocence of children; they gaze at a funeral procession with as much vacant curiosity as at any other shew, and see the world change before them without the least sense of their own share in the vicissitude. In youth, when all the appetites are strong, and every gratification is heightened by novelty, the mind resists mournful impressions with a kind of elastic power, by which the signature that is forced upon it is immediately effaced: when this tumult first subsides, while the attachment to life is yet strong, and the mind begins to look forward, and concert measures by which those enjoyments may be secured which it is solicitous to keep, or others obtained to atone for the disappointments that are past, then death starts up like a spectre in all his terrors, the blood is chilled at his appearance, he is perceived to approach with a constant and irresistible pace, retreat is impossible, and resistance is vain.

THE terror and anguish which this image produces whenever it first rushes upon the mind, are always complicated with a sense of guilt and remorse; and generally produce some hasty and zealous purposes of more uniform virtue and more ardent devotion, of something that may secure us, not only from the worm that never dies and the fire that is not quenched, but from total mortality, and admit hope to the regions beyond the grave.

THIS purpose is seldom wholly relinquished, though it is not always executed with vigour and perseverance; the reflection which produced it often recurs, but it still recurs with less force; desire of immediate pleasure be-

comes predominant; appetite is no longer restrained; and either all attempts to secure future happiness are deferred "to a more convenient seasons," or some expedients are sought to render sensuality and virtue compatible, and to obtain every object of hope without lessening the treasures of possession. Thus vice naturally becomes the disciple of infidelity; and the wretch who dares not aspire to the heroic virtue of a CHRISTIAN, listens with eagerness to every objection against the authority of that law by which he is condemned, and labours in vain to establish another that will acquit him; he forms many arguments to justify natural desires; he learns at length to impose upon himself, and assents to principles which yet in his heart he does not believe; he thinks himself convinced, that virtue must be happiness, and then dreams that happiness is virtue. THESE frauds, though they would have been impossible in the hour of conviction and terror: are yet practised with great ease when it is past, and contribute very much to prevent its return. It is, indeed, scarce possible, that it should return with the same force; because the power of novelty is necessarily exhausted in the first onset. Some incidents, however, there are, which renew the terror; and they seldom fail to renew the purpose; upon the death of a friend, a parent, or a wife, the comforts and the confidence of sophistry are at an end; the moment that suspends the influence of temptation, restores the power of conscience, and at once rectifies the understanding. He, who has been labouring to explain away those duties which he had not fortitude to practise, then sees the vanity of the attempt; he regrets the time that is past, and resolves to improve that which remains; but if the first purpose of reformation has been ineffectual, the second is seldom executed; as the sense of danger by which it is produced is not so strong, the motive is less; and as the power of appetite is increased by habitual gratification, the opposition is more; the new conviction wears off; the duties are again neglected as unnecessary which are found to be unpleasant; the lethargy of the soul returns, and as the danger increases she becomes less susceptible of fear.

Thus the dreadful condition of him, "who looks back after having put his hand to the plough," may be resolved into natural causes; and it may be affirmed, upon mere philosophical principles, that there is a call which is repeated no more, and an apostacy from which it is extremely difficult to return.

Let those who still delay that which yet they believe to be of eternal moment, remember, that their motives to effect it will still grow weaker, and the difficulty of the work perpetually increase; to neglect it now, therefore, is a pledge that it will be neglected for ever: and if they are roused by this thought, let them instantly improve its influence; for even this thought when it returns, will return with less power; and though it should rouse them now, will perhaps rouse them no more. But let them not confide in such virtue as can be practised without a struggle, and which interdixts the gratification of no passion but malice; nor adopt principles which could never be believed at the only time when they could be useful; like arguments which men sometimes form when they slumber, and the moment they awake discover to be absurd.

Let those who in the anguish of an awakened mind have regretted the past, and resolved to redeem it in the future, persist invariably to do whatever they then wished to have done. Let this be established as a constant rule of action, and opposed to all the cavils of sophistry and sense; for this wish will inevitably return when it must for ever be ineffectual, at that awful moment, when "the shadow of death shall be stretched over them, and that night commence in which no man can work."

*On the Antiquity of Fables, with the Fable of
 Pleasure and Pain.* [Spect. N^o 183.]

FABLES were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world, and have been still highly valued not only in times of the greatest simplicity, but among the polite ages of mankind. *Sotham's* fable of the trees is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that time. *Nathan's* fable of the poor man and his lamb is likewise more antient than any that is extant, beside the above-mentioned, and had so good an effect, as to convey instruction to the ear of a king without offending it, and to bring the man after God's own heart to a right sense of his guilt and his duty. We find *Aesop* in the most distant ages of *Greece*; and if we look into the very beginnings of the commonwealth of *Rome*, we see a mutiny among the common people appeased by a fable of the belly and the limbs, which was indeed very proper to gain the attention of an incensed rabble; at a time when, perhaps, they would have torn to pieces any man who had preached the same doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As fables took their birth in the very infancy of learning, they never flourished more than when learning was at its greatest height. To justify this assertion, I shall put my reader in mind of *Horace*, the greatest wit and critic in the *Augustan* age; and of *Boileau*, the most correct poet among the moderns: not to mention *La Fontaine*, who, by this way of writing, is come more into vogue than any other author of our times.

THE fables I have here mentioned are raised altogether upon brutes and vegetables, with some of our own species mixt among them, when the moral hath so required. But besides this kind of fable, there is another in which the actors are passions, virtues, vices, and other imaginary persons of the like nature. Some of the antient critics will have it, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of *Homer* are fables of this nature; and that the

the several names of gods and heroes are nothing else but the affections of the mind in a visible shape and character. Thus they tell us, that *Achilles*, in the first *Iliad*, represents anger, or the irascible part of human nature; that upon drawing his sword against his superior in a full assembly, *Pallas* is only another name for reason, which checks and advises him upon that occasion; and at her first appearance touches him upon the head, that part of the man being looked upon as the seat of reason. And thus of the rest of the poem. As for the *Odysssey*, I think it is plain that *Homer* considered it as one of these allegorical fables, by the moral which he has given us of several parts of it. The greatest *Italian* wits have applied themselves to the writing of this latter kind of fables; as *Spenser's Fairy-Queen* is one continued series of them from the beginning to the end of that admirable work. If we look into the finest prose authors of antiquity, such as *Cicero*, *Plato*, *Xenophon*, and many others, we shall find that this was likewise their favourite kind of fable. I shall only farther observe upon it, that the first of this sort that made any considerable figure in the world, was that of *Hercules* meeting with *Pleasure* and *Virtue*; which was invented by *Prodicus*, who lived before *Socrates*, and in the first dawnings of philosophy. He used to travel through *Greece* by the virtue of this fable, which procured him a kind reception in all the market towns, where he never failed telling it as soon as he had gathered an audience about him.

AFTER this short preface, which I have made up of such materials as my memory does at present suggest to me, before I present my reader with a fable of this kind, which I design as the entertainment of the present paper, I must, in a few words, open the occasion of it.

IN the account which *Plato* gives us of the conversation and behaviour of *Socrates*, the morning he was to die, he tells the following circumstance.

WHEN *Socrates* his fetters were knocked off (as was usual to be done on the day that the condemned person was to be executed) being seated in the midst of his disciples, and laying one of his legs over the other,

in a very unconcerned posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the iron; and whether it was to shew the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or, after his usual manner, to take every occasion of philosophizing upon some useful subject, he observed the pleasure of that sensation which now arose in those very parts of his leg, that just before had been so much pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of pleasure and pain in general, and how constantly they succeed one another. To this he added, that if a man of a good genius for a fable were to represent the nature of pleasure and pain in that way of writing, he would probably join them together after such a manner, that it would be impossible for the one to come into any place without being followed by the other. *I* *is* possible, that if *Plato* had thought it proper at such a time to describe *Socrates* launching out into a discourse which was not of a piece with the business of the day, he would have enlarged upon this hint, and have drawn it out into some beautiful allegory or fable. But since he has not done it, I shall attempt to write one myself in the spirit of that divine author.

T *H* *E* *R* *E* were two families which, from the beginning of the world, were as opposite to each other as light and darkness. The one of them lived in heaven, the other in hell. The youngest descendent of the first family was Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the gods. These, as I said before, had their habitation in heaven. The youngest of the opposite family was Pain, who was the son of Misery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in hell.

T *H* *E* middle station of nature between these two opposite extremes was the earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither so virtuous as the one, nor so vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of these two opposite families. Jupiter considering that this species, commonly called man, was too virtuous

to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a distinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngest of the above mentioned families, Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, and Pain, who was the son of Misery, to meet one another upon this part of nature which lay in the half-way between them, having promised to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the division of it, so as to share mankind between them.

PLEASURE and Pain were no sooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that Pleasure should take possession of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part of that species which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had seen, in their old places of residence, there was no person so vicious who had not some good in him, or any person so virtuous who had not in him some evil. The truth of it is, they generally found upon search, that in the most vicious man Pleasure might lay a claim to an hundredth part, and that in the most virtuous man pain might come in for at least two thirds. This they saw would occasion endless disputes between them, unless they could come to some accommodation. To this end there was a marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded: by this means it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant yoke fellows, and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into a heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enter, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

BUT notwithstanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not seem to answer the intention of Jupiter in sending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the consent of each family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the species indifferently; upon the death of every single person, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal regions by a passport from Pain; there to dwell with misery, vice, and the furies:

Or

Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he should be dispatched into heaven by a passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with happiness, virtue, and the gods.

The pursuit of Knowledge recommended to Youth.

[Guard. N^o III.]

I AM very much concerned when I see young gentlemen of fortune and quality so wholly set upon pleasures and diversions, that they neglect all those Improvements in wisdom and knowledge which may make them easy to themselves and useful to the world. The greatest part of our British youth lose their figure and grow out of fashion by that time they are five and twenty. As soon as the natural gaiety and amiableness of the young man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but *lie by* the rest of their lives among the lumber and refuse of the species. It sometimes happens indeed, that for want of applying themselves in due time to the pursuits of knowledge, they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful scholars by that time they are threescore. I must therefore earnestly press my readers, who are in the flower of their youth, to labour at those accomplishments which may set off their persons when their bloom is gone, and to *lay in* timely provisions for manhood and old age. In short, I would advise the youth of fifteen to be dressing up every day the man of fifty or to consider how to make himself venerable at threescore.

Young men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to observe how the greatest men of antiquity made it their ambition to excell all their contemporaries in knowledge. Julius Cæsar and Alexander, the most celebrated instances of human greatness, took a particular care to distinguish themselves by their skill in the arts and sciences. We have still extant several remains

of

of the former, which justify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known saying of his, that he was more obliged to Aristotle who had instructed him, than to Philip who had given him life and empire. There is a letter of his recorded by Plutarch and Aulus Gellius, which he wrote to Aristotle upon hearing that he had published those lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words at a time when he was in the height of his Persian conquests.

ALEXANDER to ARISTOTLE, greeting.

YOU have not done well to publish your books of select knowledge; for what is there now in which I can surpass others, if those things which I have been instructed in are communicated to every body? For my own part I declare to you, I would rather excell others in knowledge than power. Farewel.

WE see by this letter, that the love of conquest was but the second ambition in Alexander's soul. Knowledge is indeed that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another. It finishes one half of the human soul. It makes being pleasant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and administers to it a perpetual series of gratifications. It gives ease to solitude, and gracefulness to retirement. It fills a publick station with suitable abilities, and adds a lustre to those who are in possession of them.

LEARNING, by which I mean all useful knowledge, whether speculative or practical, is in popular and mixt governments the natural source of wealth and honour. If we look into most of the reigns from the conquest, we shall find that the favourites of each reign have been those who have raised themselves. The greatest men are generally the growth of that particular age in which they flourish. A superior capacity for business, and a more extensive knowledge, are the steps by which a new man often mounts to favour, and outshines the rest of his contemporaries. But when men are
actually

actually born to titles, it is almost impossible that they should fail of receiving an additional greatness, if they take care to accomplish themselves for it.

THE story of Solomon's choice does not only instruct us in that point of history, but furnishes out a very fine moral to us, namely, that he who applies his heart to wisdom, does at the same time take the most proper method for gaining long life, riches, and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards, but the effects of wisdom.

As it is very suitable to my present subject, I shall first of all quote this passage in the words of sacred writ, and afterwards mention an allegory, in which this whole passage is represented by a famous French poet: not questioning but it will be very pleasing to such of my readers as have a taste of fine writing.

"IN Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee. And Solomon said, Thou hast shewed unto thy servant David my father great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee, and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day. And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people? And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies, but hast asked for thyself, understanding to discern judgment: Behold I have done according to thy words: so I have given thee a wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both

" riches

"riches and honour; so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways; to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days. And Solomon awoke, and behold, it was a dream."

THE French poet has shadowed this story in an allegory, of which he seems to have taken the hint from the fable of the three goddeffes appearing to Paris, or rather from the vision of Hercules, recorded by Xenophon, where Pleasure and Virtue are represented as real persons making their court to the hero with all their several charms and allurements. Health, Wealth, Victory and Honour are introduced successively in their proper emblems and characters, each of them spreading her temptations, and recommending herself to the young monarch's choice. Wisdom enters the last, and so captivates him with her appearance, that he gives himself up to her. Upon which she informs him, that those who appeared before her were nothing else but her equipage, and that since he had placed his heart upon wisdom, Health, Wealth, Victory and Honour should always wait on her as her handmaids.

The Importance of Punctuality.

[Rambler, N^o 201.]

IT is observed in the writings of Boyle, that the excellency of manufactures, and facility of labour, would be much promoted, if the various expedients and contrivances which lie concealed in private hands, were by reciprocal communications made generally known; for there are few operations that are not performed by one or other with some peculiar advantages, which though singly of little importance, would by conjunction and concurrence open new inlets to knowledge, and give new powers to diligence.

THESE

THESE are in like manner several moral excellencies distributed among the various classes of mankind, which he that converses in the world should endeavour to assemble in himself. It was said by the learned *Cicero*, that he never read more than one book, by which he was not instructed; and he that shall enquire after virtue with ardour and attention, will seldom find a man by whose example or sentiments he may not be improved.

EVERY profession has some essential and appropriate Virtue, without which there can be no hope of honour or success, and which as it is more or less cultivated, confers within its sphere of activity different degrees of merit and reputation. As the astrologers range the subdivisions of mankind under the planets which they suppose to influence their lives, the moralist may distribute them according to the virtues which they necessarily practise, and consider them as distinguished by prudence or fortitude, diligence or patience.

SO much are the modes of excellence settled by time and place, that men may be heard boasting in one street of that which they would anxiously conceal in another. The grounds of scorn and esteem, tho' topicks of praise and satire are varied according to the several virtues or vices which the course of our lives has disposed us to admire or abhor; but he who is solicitous for his own improvement, must not suffer his endeavours to be limited by local reputation, but select from every tribe of mortals their characteristical virtues, and constellate in himself the scattered graces which shine single in other men.

THE chief praise to which a trader generally aspires is that of punctuality, or an exact and rigorous observance of commercial promises and engagements; nor is there any vice of which he so much dreads the imputation, as of negligence and instability. This is a quality which the interest of mankind requires to be diffused through all the ranks of life, but which, however useful and valuable, many seem content to want; it is considered as a vulgar and ignoble virtue, below the ambition of greatness or attention of wit, scarcely

requisite

requisite among men of gaiety and spirit, and sold at its highest rate when it is sacrificed to a frolick or a jest.

EVERY man has dayly occasion to remark what vexations and inconveniences arise from this privilege of deceiving one another. The active and vivacious have so long disdained the restraints of truth, that promises and appointments have lost their cogency, and both parties neglect their stipulations, because each concludes that they will be broken by the other.

NEGLIGENCE is first admitted in trivial affairs, and strengthened by petty indulgencies. He that is not yet hardened by custom ventures not on the violation of important engagements, but thinks himself bound by his word in cases of property or danger, though he allows himself to forget at what time he is to meet ladies in the park, or at what tavern his friends are expecting him.

THIS laxity of honour would be more tolerable if it could be restrained to the play-house, the ball-room, or the card-table; yet even there it is sufficiently troublesome, and darkens those moments with expectation, suspense, uncertainty, and resentment, which are set aside for the softer pleasures of life, and from which we naturally hope for unmingled enjoyment, and total relaxation. But he that suffers the slightest breach in his morality, can seldom tell what shall enter it, or how wide it shall be made; when a passage is opened, the influx of corruption is every moment wearing down opposition, and by slow degrees deluges the heart.

ALIGER entered the world a youth of lively imagination, extensive views, and untained principles. His curiosity incited him to range from place to place, and try all the varieties of conversation; his elegance of address and fertility of ideas, gained him friends wherever he appeared; or at least he found the general kindness of reception always shown to a young man whose birth and fortune give him a claim to notice, and who has neither by vice or folly destroyed his privileges.

Aliger was pleased with this general smile of mankind, and being naturally gentle and flexible was industrious to preserve it by compliance and officiousness, but did

not suffer his desire of pleasing to vitiate his integrity. It was his established maxim, that a promise is never to be broken; nor was it without long reluctance that he once suffered himself to be drawn away from a festal engagement by the importunity of another company.

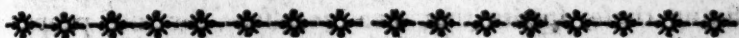
He spent the evening, as is usual in the rudiments of vice, with perturbation and imperfect enjoyment, and met his disappointed friends in the morning, with confusion and excuses. His companions not accustomed to such scrupulous anxiety, laughed at his uneasiness, compounded the offence for a bottle, gave him courage to break his word again, and again levied the penalty. He ventured the same experiment upon another society, and found them equally ready to consider it as a venial fault, always incident to a man of quickness and gaiety; till by degrees, he began to think himself at liberty to follow the last invitation, and was no longer shocked at the turpitude of falsehood. He made no difficulty to promise his presence at distant places, and if listlessness happened to creep upon him, would sit at home with great tranquillity, and has often, while he sunk to sleep in a chair, held ten tables in continual expectations of his entrance.

He found it so pleasant to live in perpetual vacancy, that he soon dismissed his attention as an useless incumbance, and resigned himself to carelessness and dissipation, without any regard to the future or the past, or any other motive of action than the impulse of a sudden desire, or the attraction of immediate pleasure. The absent were immediately forgotten, and the hopes or fears of others, had no influence upon his conduct. He was in speculation compleatly just, but never kept his promise to a creditor; he was benevolent, but always deceived those friends whom he undertook to patronize or assist; he was prudent, but suffered his affairs to be embarrassed for want of settling his accounts at stated times. He courted a young lady, and when the settlements were drawn, took a ramble into the country on the day appointed to sign them. He resolved to travel, and sent his chests on shipboard, but delayed to follow them till he lost his passage. He was summoned

moned as an evidence in a cause of great importance, and loitered in the way till the trial was past. It is said, that when he had with great expence formed an interest in a borough, his opponent contrived by some agents, who knew his temper, to lure him away on the day of election.

HIS benevolence draws him into the commission of a thousand crimes, which others less kind or civil, would escape. His courtesy invites application, his promises produce dependence; he has his pockets filled with petitions, which he intends some time to deliver and enforce, and his table covered with letters of request, with which he purposes to comply; but time slips imperceptibly away, while he is either idle or busy; his friends lose their opportunities, and charge upon him their miscarriages and calamities.

THIS character however contemptible, is not peculiar to *Aliger*. They whose activity of imagination is often shifting the scenes of expectation, are frequently subject to such sallies of caprice as make all their actions fortuitous, destroy the value of their friendship, obstruct the efficacy of their virtues, and set them below the meanest of those that persist in their resolutions, execute what they design, and perform what they have promised.



The great Benefit of bodily Exercise.

[Spect. N^o 115.]

BODILY labour is of two kinds, either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labour for that of exercise, but differs only from ordinary labour as it rises from another motive.

A COUNTRY life abounds in both these kinds of labour, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment

of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

THIS general idea of a human body, without considering it in its niceties of anatomy, let us see how absolutely necessary labour is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labour or exercise ferments the humours, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions, without which the body cannot subsist in its vigour, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

I MIGHT here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen, which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapours to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

HAD not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part, as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might
not

not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered, that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be laboured before it gives its increase, and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use? Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exercise.

My friend Sir *Roger* has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chace, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and shew that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall, is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges. and woodcocks. His stable-doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir *Roger* shewed me one of them that, for distinction sake, has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of

the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse widow, whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes; for Sir *Roger* has told me, that in the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow abated, and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

THERE is no kind of exercise which I would so recommend to my readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Doctor *Sydenham* is very lavish in its praises; and if the *English* reader will see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since, under the title of *Medicina Gymnastica*. For my own part, when I am in town, for want of these opportunities, I exercise myself an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and pleases me the more because it does every thing I require in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours of exercise, that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

WHEN I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a *Latin* treatise of exercises, that is written with great erudition: it is there called the *σκιόμαχία*, or the fighting with a man's own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaded with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing, without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in *this method* of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen, which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves.

To conclude, As I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation.

Temperance the best Preservative of Health.

[Spect. N^o 195.]

THERE is a story in the *Arabian Nights Tales*, of a king who had long languished under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpose. At length, says the fable, a physician cured him by the following method: he took an hollow ball of wood, and filled it with several drugs; after which he closed it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a maul, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which strikes the ball, he inclosed in them several drugs after the same manner as in the ball itself. He then ordered the sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these rightly prepared instruments, till such time as he should sweat: when, as the story goes, the virtue of the medicaments perspiring through the wood, had so good an influence on the sultan's constitution, that they cured him of an indisposition which all the compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This eastern allegory is finely contrived to shew us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exercise is the most effectual physic. I have described in my hundred and fifteenth paper, from the general structure and mechanism of an human body, how absolutely necessary exercise is for its preservation: I shall in this place recommend another great preservative of health, which in many cases produces the same effects as exercise, and may, in some measure, supply its place, where opportunities of exercise are wanting. The

preservative I am speaking of is temperance, which has those particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himself, without interruption to business, expence of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

PHYSIC, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health; but did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy, where they subsist by the chase; and that men lived longest when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering, cupping, bleeding, are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate; as all those inward applications which are so much in practice among us, are, for the most part, nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is said of *Diogenes*, that meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street, and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had he not prevented him. What would that philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal? would not he have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wines, and spices; throw down salads of twenty different

rent herbs, sauces of an hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavours? What unnatural motions and counter-ferments must such a medley of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropries, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

NATURE delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way; not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry, or a mushroom, can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one may be temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own constitutions, so far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my readers as my patient, and to prescribe such a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician. Make your whole repast out of one dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any thing strong, till you have finished your meal; at the same time abstain from all sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple. A man could not be well guilty of gluttony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easy rules. In the first case there would be no variety of tastes to solicit his palate, and occasion excess; nor in the second any artificial provocatives to relieve satiety, and create a false appetite. Were I to prescribe a rule for drinking, it should be formed upon a saying quoted by Sir William Temple; *The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good-humour, and the fourth for mine enemies.* But because it is impossible for one who lives in the world to diet himself always in so philosophical a manner, I think every man should have his days of abstinence, according

ording as his constitution will permit. These are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for struggling with hunger and thirst, whenever any distemper or duty of life may put her upon such difficulties; and at the same time give her an opportunity of extricating herself from her oppressions, and recovering the several tones and springs of her distended vessels. Besides that, abstinence well timed often kills a sickness in embryo, and destroys the first seeds of an indisposition. It is observed by two or three antient authors, that *Socrates*, notwithstanding he lived in *Athens* during that great plague, which has made so much noise through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by such eminent hands; I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring pestilence, he never caught the least infection, which those writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

AND here I cannot but mention an observation which I have often made, upon reading the lives of the philosophers, and comparing them with any series of kings or great men of the same number. If we consider these antient sages, a great part of whose philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious course of life, one would think the life of a philosopher and the life of a man were of two different dates. For we find that the generality of these wise men were nearer a hundred than sixty years of age at the time of their respective deaths. But the most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little book published by *Lewis Cornaro* the *Venetian*; which I the rather mention, because it is of undoubted credit, as the late *Venetian* ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once in conversation, when he resided in *England*. *Cornaro*, who was the author of the little treatise I am mentioning, was of an infirm constitution, till about forty, when by obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health; insomuch that at fourscore he published his book, which has been translated into *English* under the title of *Sure and certain methods*

thods of attaining a long and healthy life. He lived to give a 3d or 4th edition of it, and after having passed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep. The treatise I mention has been taken notice of by several eminent authors, and is written with such spirit of chearfulness, religion and good sense, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and sobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a discredit to it.



Repentance stated and explained.

[Rambler, N^o 110.]

THAT to please the Lord and Father of the universe, is the supreme interest of created and dependent beings, as it is easily proved, has been universally confessed; and since all rational agents are conscious of having neglected or violated those duties which are prescribed to them, the fear of being deserted, rejected, or punished by God, has always burdened and oppressed the human mind. The expiation of crimes, and renovation of the forfeited hopes of divine favour, has therefore constituted a large part of every religion.

THE various methods of propitiation and atonement which fear and folly have dictated, or artifice and interest tolerated in the different parts of the world, however they may sometimes reproach or degrade humanity, at least shew the general consent of all ages and nations in their opinion of the mercy and placability of the divine nature. That God will forgive, may, indeed, be established as the first and fundamental truth of religion; for though the knowledge of his existence is the origin of philosophy, yet, without the belief of his mercy, it would have very little influence upon our moral conduct. There could be no prospect of enjoying the protection or regard of him, whom the least deviation from rectitude made inexorable for ever; and every man would naturally withdraw his thoughts from the con-
tem-

templation of a Creator, whom he must consider as a governor too pure to be pleased, and too severe to be pacified; as an enemy infinitely wise, and infinitely powerful, whom he could neither deceive, escape, nor resist.

WHERE there is no hope, there can be no endeavour. A constant and unfailling obedience is above the reach of terrestrial diligence; and therefore the progress of life could only have been the natural descent of negligent despair from crime to crime, had not the universal persuasion of forgiveness to be obtained by proper means of reconciliation recalled those to the paths of virtue whom their passions had solicited aside; and animated to new attempts, and firmer perseverance, those whom difficulty had discouraged, or negligence surprized.

IN ages and regions so disjoined from each other, that there can scarcely be imagined any communication of sentiments either by commerce or tradition, has prevailed a general and uniform expectation of propitiating God by corporal austerities, of anticipating his vengeance by voluntary inflictions, and appeasing his justice by a speedy and chearful submission to a less penalty when a greater is incurred.

INCORPORATED minds will always feel some inclination towards exterior acts, and ritual observances. Ideas not represented by sensible objects are fleeting, variable, and evanescent. We are not able to judge of the degree of conviction which operated at any particular time upon our own thoughts, but as it is recorded by some certain and definite effect. He that reviews his life in order to determine the probability of his acceptance with God, if he could once establish the necessary proportion between crimes and sufferings, might securely rest upon his performance of the expiation; but while safety remains the reward only of mental purity, he is always afraid lest he should decide too soon in his own favour; lest he should not have felt the pangs of true contrition; lest he should mistake satiety for abhorrence, or imagine that his passions are subdued when they are only sleeping.

FROM

FROM this natural and reasonable diffidence arose, in humble and timorous piety, a disposition to confound penance with repentance, to repose on human determinations, and to receive from some judicial sentence the stated and regular assignment of reconciliatory pain. We are never willing to be without resource; we seek in the knowledge of others a succour for our own ignorance, and are ready to trust any that will undertake to direct us when we have no confidence in ourselves.

THIS desire to ascertain by some outward marks the state of the soul, and this willingness to calm the conscience by some settled method, have produced, as they are diversified in their effects by various tempers and principles, most of the disquisitions and rules, the doubts and solutions, that have embarrassed the doctrine of repentance, and perplexed tender and flexible minds with innumerable scruples concerning the necessary measures of sorrow, and adequate degrees of self-abhorrence; and these rules corrupted by fraud, or debased by credulity, have, by the common resiliency of the mind from one extreme to another, incited others to an open contempt of all subsidiary ordinances, all prudential caution, and the whole discipline of regulated piety.

REPENTANCE, however difficult to be practised, is, if it be explained without superstition, easily understood. *Repentance is the relinquishment of any practice from the conviction that it has offended God.* Sorrow, and fear, and anxiety, are properly not parts, but adjuncts of repentance; yet they are so closely connected with it, that they cannot easily be separated; for they not only mark its sincerity but promote its efficacy.

No man commits any act of negligence or obstinacy, by which his present safety or happiness is endangered, without feeling the pungency of remorse. He who is fully convinced, that he suffers by his own failure, can never forbear to trace back his miscarriage to its first cause, to image to himself a contrary behaviour, and to form involuntary resolutions against the like fault, even when he knows that he shall never again have the power
of

of committing it. No man finds himself in danger without such trepidations of impatience as leave all human means of safety behind them: he that has once caught an alarm of terror, is every moment seized with useless anxieties, always adding one security to another, trembling with sudden doubts, and distracted by the perpetual occurrence of new expedients. If, therefore, he whose crimes have deprived him of the favour of God, can reflect upon his conduct without disturbance, or can at will banish the reflection; if he who considers himself as suspended over the abyss of eternal perdition only by the thread of life, which must soon part by its own weakness, and which the wing of every minute may divide, can cast his eyes round him without shuddering with horror, or panting for security; what can he judge of himself but that he is not yet awaked to sufficient conviction, since every loss is more lamented than the loss of the divine favour, and every danger more dreaded than the danger of final condemnation?

RETIREMENT from the cares and pleasures of the world has been often recommended as useful to repentance. This at least is evident, that every one retires, whenever ratiocination and recollection are required on other occasions: and surely the retrospect of life, the disentanglement of actions complicated with innumerable circumstances, and diffused in various relations, the discovery of the primary movements of the heart, and the extirpation of lusts and appetites deeply rooted, and widely spread, may be allowed to demand some secession from sport and noise, and business and folly. Some suspension of common affairs, some pause of temporal pain and pleasure, is doubtless necessary to him that deliberates for eternity, who is forming the only plan in which miscarriage cannot be repaired, and examining the only question in which mistake cannot be rectified.

AUSTERITIES and mortifications are means by which the mind is invigorated and roused, by which the attractions of pleasure are interrupted, and the chains of sensuality are broken. It is observed by one of the fathers, that *he who restrains himself in the use of things lawful, will never encroach upon things forbidden.* Abstinence,

finence, if nothing more, is, at least, a cautious retreat from the utmost verge of permission, and confers that security which cannot be reasonably hoped by him that dares always to hover over the precipice of destruction, or delights to approach the pleasures which he knows it fatal to partake. Austerity is the proper antidote to indulgence; the diseases of mind as well as body are cured by contraries, and to contraries we should readily have recourse, if we dreaded guilt as we dread pain.

THE completion and sum of repentance is a change of life. That sorrow which dictates no caution, that fear which does not quicken our escape, that austerity which fails to rectify our affections, are vain and unavailing. But sorrow and terror must naturally precede reformation; for what other cause can produce it? He, therefore, that feels himself alarmed by his conscience, anxious for the attainment of a better state, and afflicted by the memory of his past faults, may justly conclude, that the great work of repentance is begun, and hope by retirement and prayer, the natural and religious means of strengthening his conviction, to impress upon his mind such a sense of the divine presence, as may overpower the blandishments of secular delights, and enable him to advance from one degree of holiness to another, till death shall set him free from misery and temptation.

What better can we do, than prostrate fall
Before him reverent; and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Wat'ring the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?



The Duty of Secrecy.

[Ramb. N^o 13.]

IT is related by *Quintus Curtius*, that the *Persians* always conceived a lasting and invincible contempt of a man, who had violated the laws of secrecy; for they thought, that, however he might be deficient in the qualities requisite to actual excellence, the negative virtues at least were always in his power, and though he perhaps could not speak well if he was to try, it was still easy for him not to speak.

IN this opinion of the easiness of secrecy, they seem to have considered it as opposed; not to treachery, but loquacity, and to have conceived the man, whom they thus censured, not frightened by menaces to reveal, or bribed by promises to betray, but incited by the mere pleasure of talking, or some other motive equally trivial, to lay open his heart without reflection, and to let whatever he knew slip from him, only for want of power to retain it. Whether, by their settled and avowed scorn of thoughtless talkers, the *Persians* were able to diffuse to any great extent the virtue of taciturnity, we are hindered by the distance of those times from being able to discover, there being very few memoirs remaining of the court of *Persopolis*, nor any distinct accounts handed down to us of their office clerks, their ladies of the bed-chamber, their attorneys, their chamber-maids or their footmen.

IN these latter ages, though the old animosity against a prattler is still retained, it appears wholly to have lost its effects upon the conduct of mankind; for secrets are so seldom kept, that it may with some reason be doubted, whether the antients were not mistaken in their first postulate, whether the quality of retention be so generally bestowed, and whether a secret has not some subtle volatility, by which it escapes almost imperceptibly at the smallest vent; or some power of fermentation, by which it expands itself so as to burst the heart that will not give it way.

THOSE that study either the body or the mind of man, very often find the most specious and pleasing theory

theory falling under the weight of contrary experience; and instead of gratifying their vanity by inferring effects from causes, they are always reduced at last to conjecture causes from effects. That it is easy to be secret the speculatist can demonstrate in his retreat, and therefore thinks himself justified in placing confidence; the man of the world knows, that, whether difficult or not, it is uncommon, and therefore finds himself rather inclined to search after the reason of this universal failure in one of the most important duties of society.

THE vanity of being known to be trusted with a secret is generally one of the chief motives to disclose it; for however absurd it may be thought to boast an honour, by an act which shews that it was conferred without merit, yet most men seem rather inclined to confess the want of virtue than of importance, and more willingly shew their influence and their power, though at the expence of their probity, than glide through life with no other pleasure than the private consciousness of fidelity; which, while it is preserved, must be without praise, except from the single person who tries and knows it.

THERE are many ways of telling a secret, by which a man exempts himself from the reproaches of his conscience, and gratifies his pride without suffering himself to believe that he impairs his virtue. He tells the private affairs of his patron, or his friend, only to those from whom he would not conceal his own; he tells them to those, who have no temptation to betray their trust, or with a denunciation of a certain forfeiture of his friendship, if he discovers that they become public.

SECRETS are very frequently told in the first ardour of kindness, or of love, for the sake of proving, by so important a sacrifice, the sincerity of professions, or the warmth of tenderness; but with this motive, though it be sometimes strong in itself, vanity generally concurs, since every man naturally desires to be most esteemed by those whom he loves, or with whom he converses, with whom he passes his hours of pleasure, and to whom he retires from business and from care.

K

WHEN

WHEN the discovery of secrets is under consideration, there is always a distinction carefully to be made between our own and those of another, those of which we are fully masters as they affect only our own interest, and those which are reposed with us in trust, and involve the happiness or convenience of such as we have no right to expose to hazard by experiments upon their lives, without their consent. To tell our own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are intrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.

THERE have, indeed, been some enthusiastic and irrational zealots for friendship, who have maintained, and perhaps believed, that one friend has a right to all that is in possession of another; and that therefore it is a violation of kindness to exempt any secret from this boundless confidence: Accordingly a late female minister of state has been shameless enough to inform the world, that she used, when she wanted to extract any thing from her sovereign, to remind her of *Montaigne's* reasoning, who has determined, that to tell a secret to a friend is no breach of fidelity, because the number of persons trusted is not multiplied, a man and his friend being virtually the same,

THAT such a fallacy could be imposed upon any human understanding, or that an author could have been imagined to advance a position so remote from truth and reason, any otherwise than as a declaimer, to shew to what extent he could stretch his imagination, and with what strength he could press his principle, would scarcely have been credible, had not this lady kindly shewn us how far weakness may be deluded, or indolence amused. But since it appears, that even this sophistry has been able, with the help of a strong desire to repose in quiet upon the understanding of another, to mislead honest intentions, and an understanding not contemptible, it may not be superfluous to remark, that those things which are common among friends are only such as either possesses in his own right, and can alienate or destroy without injury to any other person.

Without

Without this limitation, confidence must run on without end; the second person may tell the secret to the third upon the same principle as he received it from the first, and the third may hand it forward to a fourth, till at last it is told in the round of friendship to them from whom it was the first intention chiefly to conceal it.

THE confidence which *Caius* has of the faithfulness of *Titius* is nothing more than an opinion which himself cannot know to be true, and which *Claudius*, who first tells his secret to *Caius* may know, at least may suspect to be false; and therefore the trust is transferred by *Caius*, if he reveal what has been told him, to one from whom the person originally concerned would probably have withheld it; and, whatever may be the event, *Caius* has hazarded the happiness of his friend, without necessity and without permission, and has put that trust in the hand of fortune which was given only to virtue.

ALL the arguments upon which a man who is telling the private affairs of another may ground his confidence of security, he must upon reflection know to be uncertain, because he finds them without effect upon himself. When he is imagining that *Titius* will be cautious from a regard to his interest, his reputation, or his duty, he ought to reflect that he is himself at that instant acting in opposition to all these reasons, and revealing what interest, reputation and duty direct him to conceal.

EVERY one feels that he should consider the man incapable of trust, who believed himself at liberty to tell whatever he knew to the first whom he should conclude deserving of his confidence; therefore *Caius*, in admitting *Titius* to the affairs imparted only to himself, violates his faith, since he acts contrary to the intention of *Claudius*, to whom that faith was given. For promises of friendship are, like all others, useless and vain, unless they are made in some known sense, adjusted and acknowledged by both parties.

I AM not ignorant that many questions may be started relating to the duty of secrecy, where the affairs are of public concern; where subsequent reasons may arise to alter the appearance and nature of the trust; that the manner in which the secret was told may change the

degree of obligation; and that the principles upon which a man is chosen for a confidant may not always equally constrain him. But these scruples, if not too intricate, are of too extensive consideration for my present purpose, nor are they such as generally occur in common life; and though casuistical knowledge be useful in proper hands, yet it ought by no means to be carelessly exposed, since most will use it rather to lull than awaken their own consciences; and the threads of reasoning, on which truth is suspended, are frequently drawn to such subtilty, that common eyes cannot perceive, and common sensibility cannot feel them.

THE whole doctrine as well as practice of secrecy, is so perplexing and dangerous, that, next to him who is compelled to trust, I think him unhappy who is chosen to be trusted; for he is often involved in scruples without the liberty of calling in the help of any other understanding, he is frequently drawn into guilt, under the appearance of friendship and honesty; and sometimes subjected to suspicion by the treachery of others, who are engaged without his knowledge in the same schemes, for he that has one confidant has generally more, and when he is at last betrayed, is in doubt on whom he shall fix the crime.

THE rules therefore that I shall propose concerning secrecy, and from which I think it not safe to deviate, without long and exacted deliberation, are — Never to solicit the knowledge of a secret. Not willingly, nor without many limitations, to accept such confidence when it is offered. When a secret is once admitted, to consider the trust as of a very high nature, important as society, and sacred as truth, and therefore not to be violated for any incidental convenience, or slight appearance of contrary fitness.

On Truth and Sincerity.[Spec^t. N^o 352.]

TRUTH and reality have all the advantages of appearance and many more. If the shew of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation and encouraging those with whom he hath to

do, to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or un-found in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

AND to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words: it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than bye-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever conveniences may be thought to be in falshood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn neither truth nor falshood.

AND I have often thought that God hath in his great wisdom hid from men of false and dishonest minds, the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity, to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs; these men are

so

so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

INDEED, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concerns of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

Rules for the Knowledge of one's self.

[Spect. N^o 399.]

HYPOCRISY at the fashionable end of the town is very different from hypocrisy in the city. The modish hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is, the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the shew of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours, which he is

not guilty of. The latter assumes a face of sanctity and covers a multitude of vices under a seeming religious deportment.

BUT there is another kind of hypocrisy, which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the subject of this paper: I mean that hypocrisy, by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often imposes on himself; that hypocrisy which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or mistake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal hypocrisy and self-deceit, which is taken notice of in these words, *Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.*

IF the open professors of impiety deserve the utmost application and endeavours of moral writers, to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may those lay a claim to their care and compassion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a course of virtue! I shall endeavour therefore to lay down some rules for the discovery of those vices that lurk in the secret corners of the soul; and to shew my reader those methods, by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himself. The usual means prescribed for this purpose, are to examine ourselves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in sacred writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that person who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the standing example, as well as the great guide and instructor, of those who receive his doctrines. Though these two heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I WOULD therefore propose the following methods to the consideration of such as would find out their secret faults, and make a true estimate of themselves.

IN the first place, let them consider well, what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us as much as our own hearts. They either do not see our fault, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their representations,

after

after such a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter search into us, discovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers; and, though his malice may set them in too strong a light, it has generally some ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A wise man should give a just attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the improvement of the one, and the diminution of the other. *Plutarch* has written an essay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies; and among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, that, by the reproaches which it casts upon us, we see the worst side of ourselves, and open our eyes to several blemishes and defects in our lives and conversations, which we should not have observed without the help of such ill-natured monitors.

IN order likewise to come to a true knowledge of ourselves, we should consider on the other hand, how far we may deserve the praises and approbations which the world bestow upon us: whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable, and worthy motives; and how far we are really possessed of the virtues, which gain us applause among those with whom we converse. Such a reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the opinions of others, and to sacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

IN the next place, that we may not deceive ourselves in a point of so much importance, we should not lay too great a stress on any supposed virtues we possess, that are of a doubtful nature: and such we may esteem all those in which multitudes of men dissent from us, who are as good and wise as ourselves. We should always act with great cautiousness and circumspection, in points where it is not impossible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry, and persecution for any party or opinion, how praise-worthy soever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their

own nature; and yet how many persons, eminent for piety, suffer such monstrous and absurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues? For my own part, I must own, I never yet knew any party so just and reasonable, that a man could follow it in his height and violence, and at the same time be innocent.

We should likewise be very apprehensive of those actions, which proceed from natural constitution, favourite passions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly interest or advantage. In these or the like cases, a man's judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. These are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thousand errors and secret faults find admission, without being observed or taken notice of. A wise man will suspect those actions to which he is directed by something besides reason, and always apprehend some concealed evil in every resolution that is of a disputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleasure or his profit.

THERE is nothing of greater importance to us, than thus diligently to sift our thoughts, and examine all these dark recesses of the mind, if we would establish our souls in such a solid and substantial virtue as will turn to account in that great day, when it must stand the test of infinite wisdom and justice.

I SHALL conclude this essay with observing that the two kinds of hypocrisy I have here spoken of, namely that of deceiving the world, and that of imposing on ourselves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred thirty ninth psalm. The folly of the first kind of hypocrisy is there set forth by reflections on God's omniscience and omnipresence, which are celebrated in as noble strains of poetry as any other I ever met with, either sacred or profane. The other kind of hypocrisy, whereby a man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last verses, where the psalmist addresses himself to the great searcher of hearts in that emphatical petition; *Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart;*

prove

prove me and examine my thoughts: look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

The Mercy of Affliction; an Eastern Story.

[Advent. N^o 76.]

BOZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son ABORAM, for whom he had crowded his treasuries with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

BOZALDAB in the distraction of grief and despair refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain: he there rolled himself on the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation that PATIENCE offered him to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the Pyramids. "Can that GOD be benovolent," he cry'd, "who thus wounds the soul as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imans, prate to us no more of the justice and the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving PROVIDENCE! He, whom ye pretend reigns in Heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowrets in the garden of HOPE; and like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest towers of HAPPINESS with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power
" with

"with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined and enabled, to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and woe. — I will continue in it no longer!"

At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which DESPAIR had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished CALIPH, and said with a majestic smile, "Follow me to the top of his mountain."

"Look from hence," said the awful conductor, "I am CALOC, the Angel of PEACE, look from hence into the valley."

BOZALDAB opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale meagre and ghastly figure: it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a single spring in this forlorn uninhabited desert; and begging the protection of heaven against the tigers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use; and crept feeble and trembling to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to give a signal to any ship that might haply approach the island.

"INHABITANT of heaven," cried BOZALDAB, "suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts." "Peace," said the ANGEL, and observe.

He looked again, and behold a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket. No sooner had this pitiless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew and they agreed

agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

"WILL HEAVEN permit such injustice to be practised?" exclaimed BOZALDAB. — "Look again," said the ANGEL, "and behold the very ship in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wistdest the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock: dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the GOVERNOR of the UNIVERSE in his disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became not only abominable but wretched; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of ABERCROMBIE, would gratify every wish and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught not only to despise but abhor: he cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless; he offered part of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious: he has now learnt, that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene."

THE CALIPH instantly beheld a magnificent palace adorned with the statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of GOLCONDA, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the RAJAS of fifty nations, and with ambassadors in various habits and of different complexions; on which sat ABORAM the much lamented son of BOZALDAB, and by his side a princess fairer than a HOURI.

"GRACIOUS ALLAH! — it is my son," cried the CALIPH — "O let me hold him to my heart!" "Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision," replied the ANGEL: "I am now shewing thee what would have been the destiny of thy son, had he continued
"longer

"longer on the earth." "And why," returned Bozaldab, "was he not permitted to continue? Why was I not suffered to be a witness of so much felicity and power?" "Consider the sequel," replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness: it was again animated with disdain; it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror: the palace so lately shining with oriental pomp; changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

"HAPPY," said Caeoc, "is he whom Providence has by the angel of death snatched from guilt! from whom that power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could bring upon others."

"It is enough," cried Bozaldab; "I adore the inscrutable schemes of OMNISCIENCE!—From what dreadful evil has my son been rescued, by a death which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature! a death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies."

"CAST away the dagger," replied the heavenly messenger, "which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart. —Exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down, without giddiness and stupefaction, into the vast abyss of ETERNAL WISDOM? Can a mind that sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing among

“ among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can
 “ the channels, which thou commandest to be cut to
 “ receive the annual inundations of thy N I L E, contain
 “ the waters of the O C E A N? Remember, that perfect
 “ happiness cannot be conferred on a creature; for
 “ perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable
 “ as perfect power and eternity.”

THE ANGEL, while he was speaking thus, stretch-
 ed out his pinions to fly back to the Empyræum; and
 the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a ca-
 taract.

Personal Beauty produced by Moral Sentiment.

[Advent. N^o. 82.]

THOUGH the danger of disappointment is always
 in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I
 this day claim the attention of the ladies, and profess
 to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hither-
 to been deemed the prerogative of a few: an art by
 which their predominant passion may be gratified, and
 their conquests not only extended but secured; “The
 “ art of being P R E T T Y.”

B U T though my subject may interest the ladies; it
 may, perhaps, offend those profound moralists, who
 have long since determined, that B E A U T Y ought rather
 to be despised than desired; that, like strength, it is a
 mere natural excellence, the effect of causes wholly
 out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge
 of happiness or the distinction of merit.

T o these gentlemen I shall remark, that beauty is
 among those qualities, which no effort of human wit
 could ever bring into contempt: it is, therefore, to be
 wished at least, that beauty was in some degree depen-
 dant upon S E N T I M E N T and M A N N E R S, that so
 high a privilege might not be possessed by the unworthy,
 and that human reason might no longer suffer the mor-
 tification of those who are compelled to adore an idol,
 which

which differs from a stone or a log only by the skill of the artificer: and if they cannot themselves behold beauty with indifference, they must, surely, approve an attempt to shew that it merits their regard.

I SHALL, however, principally consider that species of beauty which is expressed in the countenance; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not less complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requisites to perfect BEAUTY, which are wholly produced by external causes, colour and proportion: and it will appear, that even in common estimation these are not the chief; but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without something more.

THE finest features, ranged in the most exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but like that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

AMONG particular graces the dimple has always been allowed the preeminence, and the reason is evident; dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency: so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

THE lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty, by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the shape or disposition of the features, or the colour of the skin: he tells you, that it is something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any part but diffused over the whole; he calls it a sweetness

ness, a softness, a placid sensibility; or gives it some other appellation which connects beauty with SENTIMENT, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, but is perhaps possible to all.

THIS beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient suffering, the tender solicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almost irresistible.

THIS is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmost bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be assumed as a mask to conceal insensibility or malevolence; it must be the genuine effect of corresponding sentiments, or it will impress upon the countenance a new and more disgusting deformity, AFFECTATION; it will produce the grin, the simper, the stare, the languish, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By some, indeed, this species of hypocrisy has been practised with such skill as to deceive superficial observers, though it can deceive even these but for a moment. Looks which do not correspond with the heart, cannot be assumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquish them must, therefore, soon preponderate, and the aspect and apparel of the visit will be laid by together; the smiles and the languishments of art will vanish, and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion.

THE artificial aspect is, indeed, as wretched a substitute for the expression of sentiment, as the smear of paint for the blushes of health: it is not only equally transient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghastly, the passions burst out with more violence after restraint; the features become more distorted, and excite more determined aversion.

BEAUTY,

BEAUTY, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and consequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant passion may generally be discovered in the countenance; because the muscles by which it is expressed, being almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax; so that the expression remains, when the passion is suspended: thus an angry, a disdainful, a subtil, and a suspicious temper, is displayed in characters that are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the pleasing and the softer passions, that they leave their signatures upon the countenance when they cease to act: the prevalence of these passions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aspect, and gives a turn and cast to the features which make a more favourable and forcible impression upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external causes.

NEITHER does the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment, equally endanger the possessor; "It is," to use an eastern metaphor, "like the towers of a city, not only an ornament but a defence:" if it excites desire, it at once controuls and refines it; it represses with awe, it softens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reason and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; because this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer passion, it also more forcibly engages to fidelity: every man finds himself more powerfully restrained from giving pain to goodness than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expression of goodness, is a silent reproach of the first irregular wish; and the purpose immediately appears to be disingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be disappointed, the placid confidence of unsuspecting simplicity abused, and the peace even of virtue endangered, by the most sordid infidelity and the breach of the strongest obligations.

BUT the hope of the hypocrite must perish. When the factitious beauty has laid by her smiles, when the
lustre

lustre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have lost their influence with their novelty; what remains but a tyrant divested of power, who will never be seen without a mixture of indignation and disdain? The only desire which this object could gratify, will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance but with triumph. As resentment will succeed to disappointment, a desire to mortify will succeed to a desire to please; and the husband may be urged to solicit a mistress, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which lasted only till she was known.

LET it, therefore, be remembered, than none can be disciples of the GRACES, but in the school of VIRTUE; and that those who wish to be LOVELY, must learn early to be GOOD.



On OMENS.

[Spect. N^o 7.]

GOING yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamed a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but after having looked upon me a little while, *My dear*, says she, turning to her husband, *you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.* Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go in to join hand on *Thurs/day*. *Thurs/day?* says she; *No, child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day; tell your writing master that Friday will be soon enough.* I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that any body would establish it as a

rule to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife; which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately started, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband, with a sigh, *My dear, misfortunes never come single.* My friend, I found, acted but an underpart at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow: *Do not you remember, child,* says she, *that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?* Yes, says he, *my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.* The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner, as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity; when, to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditional superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies

of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.

I REMEMBER I was once in a mixed assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room; and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found out this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

AN old maid, that is troubled with the vapours, produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt, of a great family, who is one of these antiquated *Sibyls*, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog, that howled in the stable at a time when she lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people not only in impertinent terrors, but in super-numerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The

horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death, or indeed of any future evil, and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care; when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

* * * * *

The Vision of MIRZA. [Spect. N^o 159.]

ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of *Bagdat*, in
order

order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard; they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I HAD been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with that music, who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckened to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, *Mirza*, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies: follow me.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see.

said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling thro' it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life, consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: but tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrances of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

THERE were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I PASSED

I PASSED some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimiters in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro from the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lye in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

THE genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tel me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infect human life,

I HERE fetched a deep sigh, Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good

genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could not discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lye so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sand on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O *Mirzah*, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these
happy

happy
beseech
clouds,
of adam
about
found
vision
stead
happy
of B
the f



A
f

Y

if
pa
ye
pl
P
a
I
v

happy islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lye hid under those dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of *Bagdat*, with oxen, sheep and camels grazing upon the sides of it.



*A Letter to Sir CHARLES EASY in Town,
from the Parson of his Parish in the Country.*

[Beaumont's Moralities, p. 16.]

Dear Sir CHARLES,

YOU will forgive your old friend, who has troubled you, now - and - then, with something like advice, if he should do so once more, now there seems to be particular occasion for it. You say, in your last, that you are two thousand pound the poorer this year, for play. I am sorry to hear it, with all my heart! for we people in the country look upon two thousand pound as a very serious matter; and had I not known you so well, I should have been much surpris'd to find that you could write so gaily, on losing such a vast sum as that is.

I KNOW you gentlemen of the town look on gaming, only as an idle and weak thing, at the worst; but I have long considered it as one of the greatest *sins* I know of. You will forgive an old parson for using a *word*, which they tell me is almost grown out of fashion.

WILL you give me leave to tell you, why I look on gaming as so very a wicked thing? It is, because I think it may make a very bad Man, of a very good one.

I KNOW

I KNOW your temper very well; and am sure, that, naturally, you were much inclined to do good, and very desirous of having a good name in the world. You were of a sweet disposition, from a boy; and I have seen you give six-pence to a poor old man, when you had not two-pence more left in your pocket. How then can you go on to be so fond of a thing, that may in time render you unwise, inglorious, ungenerous, unmerciful, and unjust?

I KNOW you will laugh, and say, I am preaching to you. Well, that you know is my trade; and I hope, I shall never be ashamed of it. But, how does play do all the things I have been talking of? Why, if you please, I will tell you; and that in a few words too, though I am so old a man.

ANY one's manners must be tinged a good deal with the company he keeps: now the groom porter's itself, as I take it, is not a place to learn much wisdom in. The lowest sort of gamesters are as weak men, take them out of cards and dice, as ever I met with; and a man who games much, will be apt, sometimes, to fall in even with these, rather than stand out; and consequently into conversations that are far enough from being improving.

As for reputation, the character of a gamester will certainly be allowed to be one of the worst in the world; and though the world is so bad, there never yet was a man in it, generally esteemed for being a gamester, that I know of. If there has, things are grown worse since I was last in town; which was at King George's coronation.

I BEEG you to recollect, (for I know your good disposition,) how often you have been willing to relieve some worthy person, whom you saw in distress, and could not do it, because the dice had a run against you a night or two before. In each of those instances, it was the dice that made you not generous, where you wanted to have been so with all your heart.

WHEN an income is made too little for any gentleman, by play, his poor tenants in the country must be driven the harder, to pay in their rents when wanted; and

and the
possible
table:
that m

W
come;
debts
value
culati
tinuar
they
and t
of th
than
the c

S
but
so ex
shou
I ha
you
hav
thin
will
the

An

To

T

T

T

T

T

and the rents, in general, must be racked up as high as possible, to supply the annual demands of the gaming-table: and both of these, I fear, often in a manner, that may too fairly be called unmerciful.

WHERE gaming swallows up good part of an income; as gaming debts must be paid first, most other debts will be suffered to stand till too long. The true value of money in trade consists a good deal in the circulation of it; and if tradesmens debts are of long continuance, there must be an injustice somewhere. Either they charge no more than they should to a quick payer, and then you are unjust to them, in keeping them out of their money so long; or they will charge you more than the proper value of the goods, and then you are the occasion of injustice to yourself.

So that all the things that I said, I think, are true: but the point I own which grieves me the most is, that so excellent a turn of mind, as I know to be in you, should be rendered of no effect, by such pitiful means. I have just been computing, what a vast deal of good you might have done, the year last past; all which you have let slip out of your hands, without adding any thing, either to your character, or your happiness. I will just transcribe the account I have been making, and then be your very humble servant.

An Account of what might have been done by Sir CHARLES EASY, for the Benefit and Happiness of Mankind, in the Year 1743.

To 'prenticing out the two sons of a soldier, that fought bravely, and lost his life in the battle of Dettingen. 40

To a poor clergyman, that had bred up a large family, on a living of 15*l.* a year. 105

To portions for five young maids, on the day of their marriage with honest tradesmen. 100

To cloathing and schooling of ten boys. 100

To 'prenticing out fourteen boys, and six girls. 200

To setting up four young men, just out of their time, in their proper trades. 150

Loan

Loan to poor tradesmen, without interest, for 3 years each.	£ 200
To officers children, left in distress.	250
To a gentleman of birth and merit, that was fallen in the world.	300
To a gentlewoman whose father being a gamester left her without any fortune; to buy her 30 l. a year in annuities for her life.	300
To occasional charities; to persons known to be in want, and to deserve help.	255
Sum total 2000	

INSTEAD of this, as I apprehend, in your present account it must stand all under one article; thus:

For the YEAR 1743. £

To cards and dice. 2000

AH! Sir Charles, let me intreat you to compare these two very different accounts together; and to weigh the one against the other! — Had you had the happiness to follow the former, what a pleasure must it have given you, every time you looked it over, to consider how far you had gone in *one year*, toward making so many worthy distressed persons happy for *their whole life*? What have you in the stead of this, but the mortification — I will say no more, but leave you to fill it up yourself. — Think of it a little, if it is possible for you to sit down and think, good Sir Charles! — I have always loved you, as if you were my own son. You gave me my living, and have been ever good to me; and I could, methinks, give it all up again, to have the world speak well of you all round, as they do in most things already. When I hear any thing good of you, it is the comfort of my grey hairs: and when I hear any thing ill, I feel it here, at my heart! If you should happen to send me word, this time twelvemonth, that you had disposed of only the half of the overplus of your

your income, in doing good, instead of sacrificing it all in this wretched way, I very believe it would comfort me so much, that it might add two or three years to the declining life of,

Dear Sir CHARLES;

Your most faithful, and most obliged,

humble Servant to command,

PHILIP DE COVERLEY.

On Female Gamesters. [Guard. N^o 120.]

I SHOULD ill deserve the name of Guardian, did I not caution all my fair wards against a practice which when it runs to excess, is the most shameful, but one, that the female world can fall into. The ill consequences of it are more than can be contained in this paper. However, that I may proceed in method, I shall consider them. First, as they relate to the mind. Secondly as they relate to the body.

COULD we look into the mind of a female gamester, we should see it full of nothing but trumps and mattadores. Her slumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves. The day lies heavy upon her till the play-season returns, when for half a dozen hours together all her faculties are employed in shuffling, cutting, dealing, and sorting out a pack of cards, and no ideas to be discovered in a soul which calls itself rational, excepting little square figures of painted and spotted paper. Was the understanding, that divine part in our composition, for such an use? Is it thus that we improve the greatest talent human nature is endow'd with? What would a superior being think, were he shown this intellectual faculty in a female gamester, and at the same time told, that it was by this she was distinguished from brutes, and allied to angels.

WHEN our women thus fill their imaginations with pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the story I have lately heard of a new-born child that was marked with the five of clubs.

THEIR

THEIR passions suffer no less by this practice than their understandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, sorrow and discontent break out all at once in a fair assembly, upon so noble an occasion as that of turning up a card? Who can consider without a secret indignation that all those affections of the mind which should be consecrated to their children, husbands and parents, are thus vilely prostituted and thrown away upon a hand at Loo? For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I see a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from such trivial motives: When I behold the face of an angel agitated and discomposed by the heart of an fury.

OUR minds are of such a make, that they naturally give themselves up to every diversion which they are much accustomed to, and we always find that play, when followed with assiduity, engrosses the whole woman. She quickly grows uneasy in her own family, takes but little pleasure in all the domestic innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of *Pam*, than of her husband. My friend *Theophrastus*, the best of husbands and of fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his wife's conversation. When she returns to me with joy in her face, it does not arise, says he, from the sight of her husband, but from the good luck she has had at cards. On the contrary, says he, if she has been a looser I am doubly a sufferer by it. She comes home out of humour, is angry with every body, displeased with all I can do or say, and in reality for no other reason, but because she has been throwing away my estate. What charming bed-fellows and companions for life are men likely to meet with that choose their wives out of such women of vogue and fashion? What a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes, must we expect from mothers of this make?

I COME in the next place to consider the ill consequences which gaming has on the bodies of our female adventurers. It is so ordered that almost every thing which corrupts the soul decays the body. The beauties of the face and mind are generally destroyed by the
same

same.
weigh
pleas
of th
fine
ting
haga
dica
not
know
hav
din
and
In
ter
mo
be
ph
m
m
th
o
n

same means. This consideration should have a particular weight with the female world, who were designed to please the eye and attract the regards of the other half of the species. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card-table, and those cutting passions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female gamester. Her morning sleeps are not able to repair her midnight watchings. I have known a woman carried off half dead from Ballette, and have many a time grieved to see a person of quality gliding by me in her chair at two o'clock in the morning, and looking like a spectre amidst a glare of flambeaux. In short, I never knew a thorough-paced female gamester hold her beauty two winters together well or sound.

BUT there is still another case in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play-debts must be paid in specie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income pawns his estate: the woman must find out something else to mortgage, when her pin-money is gone: the husband has his lands to dispose of, the wife her person. Now when the female body is once *dipped*, if the creditor be very importunate, I leave my readers to consider the consequences.

Account of TIM, WILDGOOSE by himself.

[Advent. N^o 98.]

To the ADVENTURER.

DEAR BROTHER,

THE thirst of glory is I think allowed, even by the dull dogs who can sit still long enough to write books, to be a noble appetite.

My ambition is to be thought a man of life and spirit, who could conquer the world if he was to set about it, but who has too much vivacity to give the necessary attention to any scheme of length.

I A M

M

I A M

I AM, in short, one of those heroic Adventurers, who have thought proper to distinguish themselves by the titles of BUCK, BLOOD, and NERVE. When I am in the country I am always on horse-back, and I leap or break every hedge and gate that stands in my way: when I am in town, I am constantly to be seen at some of the public places, at the proper times for making my appearance; as at Vaux-Hall, or Marybone, about ten, very drunk: for though I don't love wine, I am obliged to be consumedly drunk five or six nights in the week; nay sometimes five or six days together, for the sake of my character. Wherever I come, I am sure to make all the confusion, and do all the mischief I can; not for the sake of doing mischief, but only out of frolic you know to shew my vivacity. If there are women near me, I swear like a devil to shew my courage, and talk bawdy to shew my wit. Under the rose, I am a cursed favourite amongst them; and have had "bonne fortune" let me tell you. I do love the little rogues hellishly: but faith I make love for the good of the public: and the town is obliged to me for a dozen or two of the finest wenches that were ever brought into its seraglios. One, indeed, I lost; and, poor fond soul! I pitied her: but it could not be helped — self-preservation obliged me to leave her — I could not tell her what was the matter with her, rot me if I could; and so it got such a head, that the devil himself could not have saved her.

THERE'S one thing vexes me: I have much ado to avoid having that insignificant character, a good natured fellow, fixed upon me; so that I am obliged in my own defence to break the boy's head, and kick my whore down stairs every time I enter a night house: I pick quarrels when I am not offended, break the windows of men I never saw, demolish lamps, bilk hackney coachmen, overturn wheelbarrows, and storm night cellars: I beat the watchman though he bids me good morrow, abuse the constable, and insult the justice: for these feats I am frequently kicked, beaten, pumped, prosecuted and imprisoned; but Tim is no Flincher; and if he does not get fame, blood! he will deserve it.

I AM now writing at a coffee house, where I am just arrived, after a journey of fifty miles which I have rode in four hours. I knocked up my blockhead's horse two hours ago. The dog whipped and spurred at such a rate, that I dare say you may track him half the way by the blood; but all would not do. The devil take the hindmost, is always my way of travelling. The moment I dismounted, down dropt Dido, by, Jove: and hear am I all alive and merry, my old boy!

I LL tell the what; I was a hellish ass t'other day. I shot a damn'd clean mare through the head, for jumping out of the road to avoid runing over an old woman. But the bitch threw me, and I got a cursed slice on the cheek against a flint, which put me in a passion; who could help it you know? Rot me! I would not have lost her for five hundred old women, with all their brats, and the brats of their brats to the third generation. — She was a sweet creature! I would have run her five and twenty miles in an hour, for five hundred pounds. But she's gone! — Poor jade! I did love thee, that I did.

Now what you shall do for me old boy is this, Help to raise my name a little d'ye mind: write something in praise of us sprightly pretty fellows. I assure you we take a great deal of pains for fame, and 'tis hard we should be bilkt. I would not trouble you, my dear! but only I fear I have not much time before me to do my own business; for between you and I, both my constitution and estate are damnably out at elbows. I intend to make them spin out together as evenly as possible; but if my purse should happen to leak fastest, I propose to go with my last half crown to Ranelagh gardens, and there, if you approve the scheme, I'll mount one of the upper alcoves, and repeat with an heroic air,

"I'll boldly venture on the world unknown;

"It cannot use me worse than this has done."

I'll then shoot myself thro' the head; and so good by'tye.

Yours, as you serve me,

TIM. WILDGOOSE.

* * * * *

Gradation from a GREENHORN to a
BLOOD.

[Advent, N^o 100.]

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THOUGH the characters of men have, perhaps, been essentially the same in all ages, yet their external appearance has changed with other peculiarities of time and place, and they have been distinguished by different names as new modes of expression have prevailed: a periodical writer, therefore, who catches the picture of evanescent life, and shews the deformity of follies which in a few years will be so changed as not to be known, should be careful to express the character when he describes the appearance, and to connect it with the name by which it then happens to be called. You have frequently used the terms **BUCK** and **BLOOD**, and have given some account of the characters which are thus denominated; but you have not considered them as the last stages of a regular progression, nor taken any notice of those which precede them. Their dependance upon each other is, indeed, so little known, that many suppose them to be distinct and collateral classes, formed by persons of opposite interests, tastes, capacities, and dispositions: the scale, however, consists of eight degrees; **GREENHORN**, **JEMMY**, **JESSAMY**, **SMART**, **HONEST FELLOW**, **JOYOUS SPIRIT**, **BUCK**, and **BLOOD**. As I have myself passed through the whole series, I shall explain each station by a short account of my life, remarking the periods when my character changed its denomination, and the particular incidents by which the change was produced.

My father was a wealthy farmer in *Yorkshire*; and when I was near eighteen years of age, he brought me to *London* and put me apprentice to a considerable shopkeeper in the city. There was an aukward modest simplicity in my manner, and a reverence of religion
and

and virtue in my conversation. The novelty of the scene that was now placed before me, in which there were innumerable objects that I never conceived to exist, rendered me attentive and credulous; peculiarities, which, without a provincial accent, a slouch in my gait, a long lank head of hair, and a unfashionable suit of drab coloured cloth, would have denominated me a GREEN-HORN, or, in other words, a country put very green.

GREEN, then, I continued even in externals, near two years; and in this state I was the object of universal contempt and derision; but being at length wearied with merriment and insult, I was very sedulous to assume the manners and appearance of those, who in the same station were better treated. I had already improved greatly in my speech; and my father having allowed me thirty pounds a year for apparel and pocket money, the greater part of which I had saved, I bespoke a suit of cloaths of an eminent city taylor, with several waistcoats and breeches, and two frocks for a change: I cut off my hair, and procured a brown hob perriwig of WILDING just of the same colour, with a single row of curls round the bottom, which I wore very nicely combed, and without powder: my hat, which had been cocked with great exactness in an equilateral triangle, I discarded, and purchased one of a more fashionable size, the fore corner of which projected near two inches further than those on each side, and was moulded into the shape of a spout: I also furnished myself with a change of white thread stockings, took care that my pumps were varnished every morning with the new German blacking ball, and when I went out carried in my hand a little switch, which as it has been long appendant to the character that I had just assumed, has taken the same name, and is called a JEMMY.

I soon perceived the advantage of this transformation. My manner had not, indeed, kept pace with my dress, I was still modest and diffident, temperate and sober, and consequently still subject to ridicule: but I was now admitted into company, from which I had before been excluded by the rusticity of my appearance;

I was rallied and encouraged by turns; and I was instructed both by precept and example. Some offers were made of carrying me to a house of private entertainment, which then I absolutely refused; but I soon found the way into the play-house, to see the two last acts and the farce: here I learned that by breaches of chastity no man was thought to incur either guilt or shame; but that on the contrary, they were essentially necessary to the character of a fine gentleman. I soon copied the original, which I found to be universally admired, in my morals, and made some farther approaches to it in my dress: I suffered my hair to grow long enough to comb back over the foretop of my wig, which, when I sallied forth to my evening amusement, I change to a queue; I tied the collar of my shirt with half an ell of black ribbon, which appeared under my neckcloth; the fore corner of my hat was considerably elevated and shortened, so that it no longer resembled a spout, but the corner of a minced pye; my waistcoat was edged with a narrow lace, my stockings were silk, and I never appeared without a pair of clean gloves. My address, from its native masculine plainness, was converted to an excess of softness and civility, especially when I spoke to the ladies. I had before made some progress in learning to swear; I had proceeded by fags, faith, pox, plague, 'pon my life, 'pon my soul, rat it, and zookers, to fauns and the devil. I now advanced to by Jove, fore ged, geds curse it, and demme: but I still uttered these interjections in a tremulous tone, and my pronunciation was feminine and vicious. I was sensible of my defects, and, therefore, applied with great diligence to remove them. I frequently practised alone, but it was a long time before I could swear so much to my own satisfaction in company, as by myself. My labour, however, was not without its reward: it recommended me to the notice of the ladies, and procured me the gentle appellation of JESSAMY.

I now learned among other GROWN GENTLEMEN to dance, which greatly enlarged my acquaintance; I entered into a subscription for country dances once a week at a tavern, where each gentleman engaged to bring

bring a partner: at the same time I made considerable advances in swearing; I could pronounce damme with a tolerable air and accent, give the vowel its full sound, and look with confidence in the face of the person to whom I spoke. About this time my father's elder brother died, and left me an estate of near five hundred pounds per annum. I now bought out the remainder of my time; and this sudden accession of wealth and independence gave me immediately an air of greater confidence and freedom. I laid out near one hundred and fifty pounds in cloaths, though I was obliged to go into mourning: I employed a court taylor to make them up; I exchanged my querie for a bag; I put on a sword which, in appearance at least, was a Toledo; and in proportion as I knew my dress to be elegant, I was less solicitous to be neat. My acquaintance now increased every hour; I was attended, flattered, and caressed; was often invited to entertainments, supped every night at a tavern, and went home in a chair; was taken notice of in public places, and was universally confessed to be improved into a SMART.

THERE were some intervals in which I found it necessary to abstain from wenching; and in these, at whatever risque, I applied myself to the bottle: a habit of drinking came insensibly upon me, and I was soon able to walk home with a bottle and a pint. I had learned a sufficient number of fashionable toasts, and got by heart several toping and several bawdy songs, some of which I ventured to roar out with a friend hanging on my arm as we scoured the street after our nocturnal revel. I now laboured with indefatigable industry to increase these acquisitions: I enlarged my stock of healths; made great progress in singing, joking, and story telling; swore well; could make a company of staunch toppers drunk; always collected the reckoning, and was the last man that departed. My face began to be covered with red pimples, and my eyes to be weak; I became daily more negligent of my dress, and more blunt in my manner; I professed myself a foe to starters and milkops, declared that there was no enjoyment equal to that of a bottle

and a friend, and soon gained the appellation of an HONEST FELLOW.

By this distinction I was animated to attempt yet greater excellence; I learned several feats of mimicry of the under players, could take off known characters, tell a staring story, and humbug with so much skill as sometimes to take in a knowing one. I was so successful in the practice of these arts, to which, indeed, I applied myself with unwearied diligence and assiduity, that I kept my company roaring with applause, till their voices sunk by degrees, and they were no longer able to laugh, because they were no longer able either to hear or to see. I had now ascended another scale in the climax; and was acknowledged by all who knew me, to be a JOVIAL SPIRIT.

AFTER all these topics of merriment were exhausted, and I had repeated my tricks my stories my jokes and my songs till they grew insipid, I became mischievous; and was continually devising and executing FOLLIES, to the unspeakable delight of my companions, and the injury of others. For many of them I was prosecuted, and frequently obliged to pay large damages: but I bore all these losses with an air of jovial indifference, I pushed on in my career, I was more desperate in proportion as I had less to lose; and being deterred from no mischief by the dread of its consequences, I was said to run at all, and complemented with the name of BUCK.

My estate was at length mortgaged for more than it was worth; my creditors were importunate; I became negligent of myself and of others; I made a desperate effort at the gaming table, and lost the last sum that I could raise; my estate was seized by the mortgagee; I learned to pack cards and to cog a die; became a bully to whores; passed my nights in a brothel, the street, or the watch-house; was utterly insensible of shame, and lived upon the town as a beast of prey in a forest. Thus I reached the summit of modern glory, and had just acquired the distinction of a BLOON, when I was arrested for an old debt of three hundred pounds, and thrown into the King's Bench prison.

THESE

THESE characters, Sir, though they are distinct, yet do not all differ, otherwise than as shades of the same colour. And though they are stages of a regular progression, yet the whole progress is not made by every individual: some are so soon initiated in the mysteries of the town, that they are never publicly known in their GREENHORN state; others fix long in the JEMMYHOOD, others are JESSAMYS at fourscore, and some stagnate in each of the higher stages for life. But I request that they may never hereafter be confounded either by you or your correspondents. Of the BLOOD, your brother Adventurer, Mr. WILDCOOSE, though he assumes the character, does not seem to have a just and precise idea as distinct from the BUCK, in which class he should be placed, and will probably die; for he seems determined to shoot himself, just at the time when his circumstances will enable him to assume the higher distinction.

BUT the retrospect upon life, which this letter has made necessary, covers me with confusion, and aggravates despair. I cannot but reflect, that among all these characters, I have never assumed that of a MAN. Man is a REASONABLE BEING, which he ceases to be, who disguises his body with ridiculous fopperies, or degrades his mind by detestable brutality. These thoughts would have been of great use to me, if they had occurred seven years ago. If they are of use to you, I hope you will send me a small gratuity for my labour, to alleviate the misery of hunger and nakedness: but, dear Sir, let your bounty be speedy, lest I perish before it arrive.

I am your humble servant,

Common-side King's Bench,

NOMENTANUS.

Oct. 18, 1753.

On the Force of Habit [Spect. N^o 447.]

THERE is not a common saying which has a better turn of sense in it, than what we often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that custom is a second nature. It is indeed able to form the man anew, and to give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from those he was born with. Dr. Plot, in his history of *Staffordshire*, tells us of an idiot that chancing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck, the clock being spoiled by some accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was intire. Though I dare not vouch for the truth of this story, it is very certain that custom has a mechanical effect upon the body, at the same time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

I SHALL in this paper consider one very remarkable effect which custom has upon human nature; and which, if rightly observed, may lead us into very useful rules of life. What I shall here take notice of in custom, is its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. A person who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at first, by degrees contracts so strong an inclination towards it, and gives himself up so intirely to it, that it seems the only end of his being. The love of a retired or busy life will grow upon a man insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has been for some time disused. Nay, a man may smoke, or drink, or take snuff, till he is unable to pass away his time without it; not to mention how our delight in any particular study, art, or science, rises and improves in proportion to the application which we bestow upon it. Thus what was at first an exercise, becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into our diversions.

The

The mind grows fond of those actions she is accustomed to, and is drawn with reluctance from those paths in which she has been used to walk.

Not only such actions as were at first indifferent to us, but even such as were painful, will by custom and practice become pleasant. Sir *Francis Bacon* observes in his natural philosophy, that our taste is never pleased better than with those things which at first created a disgust in it. He gives particular instances of claret, coffee, and other liquors, which the palate seldom approves upon the first taste; but when it has once got a relish of them, generally retains it for life. The mind is constituted after the same manner, and after having habituated herself to any particular exercise or employment, not only loses her first aversion towards it, but conceives a certain fondness and affection for it. I have heard one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced, who had been trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, assure me, upon his being obliged to search into several rolls and records, that notwithstanding such an employment was at first very dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of *Virgil* or *Cicero*. The reader will observe, that I have not here considered custom as it makes things easy, but as it renders them delightful; and though others have often made the same reflections, it is possible they may not have drawn those uses from it, with which I intend to fill the remaining part of this paper.

If we consider attentively this property of human nature, it may instruct us in very fine moralities. In the first place, I would have no man discouraged with that kind of life or series of action, in which the choice of others, or his own necessities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very disagreeable to him at first but use and application will certainly render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

In the second place I would recommend to every one that admirable precept which *Pythagoras* is said to have given to his disciples, and which that philosopher must have drawn from the observation I have enlarged upon

upon. *Optimum vita genus eligito, nam consuetudo faciet iucundissimum.* Pitch upon that course of life, which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful. Men, whose circumstances will permit them to choose their own way of life, are excusable if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable. The voice of reason is more to be regarded than the bent of any present inclination, since, by the rule above-mentioned, inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.

IN the third place, this observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious man, to overlook those hardships and difficulties, which are apt to discourage him from the prosecution of a virtuous life. *The gods, said Hesiod, have placed labour before virtue; the way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and easy the farther you advance in it.* The man who proceeds in it, with steadiness and resolution, will in a little time find that *her ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace.*

To enforce this consideration, we may further observe, that the practice of religion will not only be attended with that pleasure, which naturally accompanies those actions to which we are habituated, but with those supernumerary joys of heart, that rise from the consciousness of such a pleasure, from the satisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reason, and from the prospect of an happy immortality.

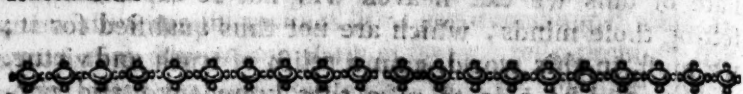
IN the fourth place, we may learn from this observation which we made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we are once settled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in any the most innocent diversions and entertainments, since the mind may insensibly fall off from the relish of virtuous actions, and, by degrees, exchange that pleasure which it takes in the performance of its duty, for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

THE last use which I shall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with those
actions

actions to which it is accustomed, is to shew how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the next. The state of bliss we call heaven will not be capable of affecting those minds, which are not thus qualified for it; we must, in this world, gain a relish of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection, which are to make us happy in the next. The seeds of those spiritual joys and raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity, must be planted in her, during this her present state of probation. In short, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect of a religious life.

ON the other hand, those evil spirits, who by long custom, have contracted in the body habits of lust and sensuality, malice and revenge, an aversion to every thing that is good, just or laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for pain and misery. Their torments have already taken root in them; they cannot be happy when divested of the body, unless we may suppose, that providence will, in a manner, create them anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. They may, indeed, taste a kind of malignant pleasure in those actions to which they are accustomed, whilst in this life; but when they are removed from all those objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own tormentors, and cherish in themselves those painful habits of mind which are called, in scripture phrase, the worm which never dies. This notion of heaven and hell is so very conformable to the light of nature, that it was discovered by several of the most exalted heathens. It has been finely improved by many eminent divines of the last age, as in particular by Archbishop Tillotson and Dr. Sherlock: but there is none who has raised such noble speculations upon it as Dr. Scot in the first book of his Christian life, which is one of the finest and most rational schemes of divinity that is written in our tongue, or in any other. That excellent author has shewn how every particular custom and habit of virtue will, in its own nature, produce the
heaven,

heaven, or a state of happiness, in him who shall hereafter practise it: as on the contrary, how every custom or habit of vice will be the natural hell of him in whom it subsists.



Directions how to spend our Time.

[Spectator, N^o. 93.]

WE all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith *Seneca*, and yet have much more than we know what do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

I OFTEN consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lyes between the present moment and next quarter day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting.

meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad in most parts of our lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay, we wish away whole years; and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes; which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we may divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not however include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow.

THE first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper and find a man in business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

THERE is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with

with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence, keeps up a perpetual chearfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lyes heavy upon him: it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most unactive: he no sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its existence.

I HAVE here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lye beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

WHEN a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lye dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? but because the mind cannot be always in its fervour; nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

THE next method therefore that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen together in

in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of his species complaining that life is short?

THE stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

BUT the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

NEXT to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse, which are qualifications that seldom go asunder.

THERE are many other useful amusements of life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all occasions have recourse to something rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A MAN that has a taste in music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the gardner, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

Singularity censured.

[Advent. N^o 131.]

FONTENELLE, in his panegyric on Sir Isaac Newton, closes a long enumeration of the great philosopher's virtues and attainments, with an observa-

N

tion

tion; that "he was not distinguished from other men, " by any singularity either natural or affected."

It is an eminent instance of *Newton's* superiority to the rest of mankind, that he was able to separate knowledge from those weaknesses by which knowledge is generally disgraced; that he was able to excell in science and wisdom, without purchasing them by the neglect of little things; and that he stood alone, merely because he had left the rest of mankind behind him, not because he deviated from the beaten tract.

WHOMEVER, after the example of *Plutarch*, should compare the lives of illustrious men, might set this part of *Newton's* character, to view with great advantage, by opposing it to that of *Bacon*, perhaps the only man of later ages, who has any pretensions to dispute with him the palm of genius or science.

Bacon, after he had added to a long and careful contemplation of almost every other object of knowledge a curious inspection into common life, and after having surveyed nature as a philosopher, had examined "men's " business and bosoms" as a statesman; yet failed so much in the conduct of domestic affairs, that in the most lucrative post to which a great and wealthy kingdom could advance him, he felt all the miseries of distressful poverty, and committed all the crimes to which poverty incites. Such were at once his negligence and rapacity, that, as it is said, he would gain by unworthy practices that money, which, when so acquired, his servants might steal from one end of the table, while he sat studious and abstracted at the other.

As scarcely any man has reached the excellence, very few have sunk to the weakness of *Bacon*: but almost all the studious tribe, as they obtain any participation of his knowledge, feel likewise some contagion of his defects; and obstruct the veneration which learning would procure, by follies greater or less to which only learning could betray them.

It has been formerly remarked by the *Guardian*, that the world punishes with too great severity the error of those, who imagine that the ignorance of little things may be compensated by the knowledge of great; for

so

so it is, that as more can detect petty failings than can distinguish or esteem great qualifications, and as mankind is in general more easily disposed to censure than to admiration, contempt is often incurred by slight mistakes, which real virtue or usefulness cannot counterbalance.

YET such mistakes and inadvertencies, it is not easy for a man deeply immersed in study to avoid; no man can become qualified for the common intercourses of life, by private meditation; the manners of the world are not a regular system, planned by philosophers upon settled principles, in which every cause has a congruous effect, and one part has a just reference to another. Of the fashions prevalent in every country, a few have arisen, perhaps, from particular temperatures of the climate, a few more from the constitution of the government; but the greater part have grown up by chance; been started by caprice, been contrived by affectation, or borrowed without any just motives of choice from other countries.

Of all these, the savage that hunts his prey upon the mountains, and the sage that speculates in his closet, must necessarily live in equal ignorance; yet by the observation of these trifles it is, that the ranks of mankind are kept in order, that the address of one to another is regulated, and the general business of the world carried on with facility and method.

THESE things, therefore, though small in themselves, become great by their frequency; and he very much mistakes his own interest, who, to the unavoidable unskilfulness of abstraction and retirement, adds a voluntary neglect of common forms, and increases the disadvantages of a studious course of life by an arrogant contempt of those practices, by which others endeavour to gain favour and multiply friendships.

A REAL and interior disdain of fashion and ceremony, is, indeed, not very often to be found: much the greater part of those who pretend to laugh at foppery and formality, secretly wish to have possessed those qualifications which they pretend to despise; and because they find it difficult to wash away the tincture

which they have so deeply imbibed, endeavour to harden themselves in a fullen approbation of their own colour. Neutrality is a state, into which the busy passions of man cannot easily subside, and he who is in danger of the pangs of envy, is generally forced to recreate his imagination with an effort of contempt.

SOME, however, may be found, who supported by the consciousness of great abilities and elevated by a long course of reputation and applause, voluntarily consign themselves to singularity, affect to cross the roads of life because they know that they shall not be justified, and indulge a boundless gratification of will because they perceive that they shall be quietly obeyed. Men of this kind are generally known by the name of HUMOURISTS, an appellation by which he that has obtained it, and can be contented to keep it, is set free at once from the shackles of fashion; and can go in or out, sit or stand, be talkative or silent, gloomy or merrily, advance absurdities or oppose demonstration, without any other reprehension from mankind, than that it is his way, that he is an odd fellow, and must be let alone.

THIS seems to many, an easy passport through the various factions of mankind; and those on whom it is bestowed, appear too frequently to consider the patience with which their caprices are suffered, as an undoubted evidence of their own importance, of a genius to which submission is universally paid, and whose irregularities are only considered as consequences of its vigour. These peculiarities, however, are always found to spot a character though they may not totally obscure it, and he who expects from mankind, that they should give up established customs in compliance with his single will, and exacts that deference which he does not pay, may be endured, but can never be approved.

SINGULARITY is, I think, in its own nature universally and invariably displeasing: in whatever respect a man differs from others, he must be considered by them as either worse or better. By being better, it is well known that a man gains admiration oftener than love, since all approbation of his practice must necessarily

farily condemn him that gives it; and though a man often pleases by inferiority, there are few who desire to give such pleasure. Yet the truth is, that singularity is almost always regarded as a brand of slight reproach; and where it is associated with acknowledged merit, serves as an abatement or an allay of excellence, by which weak eyes are reconciled to its lustre, and by which though kindness is not gained, at least envy is averted.

BUT let no man be in haste to conclude his own merit so great or conspicuous, as to require or justify singularity: it is as hazardous for a moderate understanding to usurp the prerogatives of genius, as for a common form to play over the airs of uncontested beauty. The pride of men will not patiently endure to see one, whose understanding or attainments are but level with their own, break the rules by which they have consented to be bound, or forsake the direction which they submissively follow. All violation of established practice, implies in its own nature a rejection of the common opinion, a defiance of common censure, and an appeal from general laws to private judgment: he, therefore, who differs from others without apparent advantage, ought not to be angry if his arrogance is punished with ridicule; if those, whose example he superciliously overlooks, point him out to derision, and hoot him back again into the common road.

THE pride of singularity is often exerted in little things, where right and wrong are indeterminable, and where, therefore, vanity is without excuse. But there are occasions on which it is noble to dare to stand alone. To be pious among infidels, to be disinterested in a time of general venality, to lead a life of virtue and reason in the midst of sensualists, is a proof of a mind intent on nobler things than the praise or blame of men, of a soul fixed in the contemplation of the highest good, and superior to the tyranny of custom or example.

IN moral and religious questions only, a wise man will hold no consultations with fashion, because these duties are constant and immutable, and depend not on

the notions of men, but the commands of HEAVEN: yet even of these, the external mode is to be in some measure regulated by the prevailing taste of the age in which we live; for he is certainly no friend to virtue, who neglects to give it any lawful attraction, or suffers it to displease the eye or alienate the affections for want of innocent compliance with fashionable decorations.

It is yet remembered of the learned and pious *Nelson*, that he was remarkably elegant in his manners, and splendid in his dress. He knew, that the eminence of his character drew many eyes upon him; and he was careful not to drive the young or the gay away from religion, by representing it as an enemy to any distinction or enjoyment, in which human nature may innocently delight.

In this censure of singularity, I have, therefore, no intention to subject reason or conscience to custom and example. To comply with the notions and practices of mankind, is in some degree the duty of a social being; because by compliance only he can please, and by pleasing only he can become useful: but as the end is not to be lost for the sake of the means, we are not to give up virtue to complaisance; for the end of complaisance is only to gain the kindness of our fellow beings, whose kindness is desirable only as instrumental to happiness, and happiness must be always lost by departure from virtue.

No Life pleasing to God, that is not useful to Man.

An Eastern Story.

[Advent. N^o 38.]

IT pleased our mighty sovereign *Abbas Carascan*, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set *Mirza* his servant over the province of *Tauris*. In the hand of *Mirza*, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich: *Mirza*, therefore,

therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused: he became pensive and melancholy; he spent his leisure in solitude; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He, therefore, obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply; "May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if *Mirza* presume again to lay the bounty of *Abbas* at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of *Damascus*; and a city glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendor of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarce sufficient to prepare for death: all other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, under whose foot they perish for ever; and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent, as the colours of the bow that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity, let me give up my soul to meditation: let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives, in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the ALMIGHTY." *Mirza* then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of *Abbas* it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon the throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage: he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

“MIRZA, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarmed, as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force: but yet I know not, whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am as thou art, a reptile of the earth; my life is a moment, and eternity, in which days and years and ages are nothing, eternity is before me, for which I also should prepare: but by whom must the Faithful be governed? by those only, who have no fear of judgment? by those only, whose life is brutal, because like brutes they do not consider that they shall die? Or who, indeed, are the Faithful? Are the busy multitude that crowd the city, in a state of perdition? and is the cell of the Dervise alone the gate of Paradise? To all, the life of a Dervise is not possible: to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the house which has in this city been prepared for thy residence: I will meditate the reason of thy request; and may he who illuminates the mind of the humble enable me to determine with wisdom.”

MIRZA departed; and on the third day having received no command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeared more chearful; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it he presented it with his right hand. “My Lord,” said he, “I have learned by this letter, which I received from *Cosron* the Imam who stands now before thee, in what manner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at *Tauris*, and to keep those honours which I so lately wished to resign.” The king, who had listened to *Mirza* with a mixture of surprize and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to *Cosron*, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words.

“To

" To *Mirza*, whom the wisdom of *Abbas* our mighty Lord has honoured with dominion, be everlasting health! When I heard thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy government from the thousands of *Tauris*, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But who shall speak before the king, when he is troubled; and who shall boast of knowledge, when he is distressed by doubt? To thee I will relate the events of my youth, which thou hast renewed before me; and those truths which they taught me, may the Prophet multiply to thee."

" UNDER the instruction of the physician *Aluzar*, I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those who were smitten with disease, I could administer plants, which the sun has impregnated with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, languor, and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the regions beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I could not keep. I conceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but in voluntary poverty, and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper objects of bounty; and that by all who were proper objects of bounty, money was despised. I, therefore, buried mine in the earth; and renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered part of the country: my dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill, I drank the running water from the spring, and eat such fruits and herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched all night, sitting at the entrance of the cave with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret influences of the Prophet, and expecting illuminations from above. One morning after my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my cell; that the dawn increased; and that as I look-

"ed earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot
 "appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in
 "motion; it encreased in size as it drew near, and at
 "length I discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept
 "my eye fixed stedfastly upon it, and saw it alight at
 "a small distance, where I now descried a fox whose
 "two fore legs appeared to be broken. Before this
 "fox the eagle laid part of a kid, which she had
 "brought in her talons, and them disappeared. When
 "I awaked I laid my forehead upon the ground, and
 "blessed the prophet for the instruction of the morning.
 "I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself:
 "*Cosrou*, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult,
 "the business, and the vanities of life: but thou hast
 "as yet only done it in part: thou art still every day
 "busied in the search of food, thy mind is not wholly
 "at rest, neither is this trust in PROVIDENCE complete.
 "What art thou taught by this vision? If thou hast
 "seen an eagle commissioned by HEAVEN to feed a fox
 "that is lame, shal not the hand of HEAVEN also sup-
 "ply thee with food; when that which prevents thee
 "from procuring it for thyself, is not necessity but de-
 "votion? I was now confident of a miraculous supply,
 "that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which,
 "after the first day, I expected with an impatience that
 "left me little power of attending to any other object:
 "this impatience, however, I laboured to suppress,
 "and persisted in my resolution; but my eyes at length
 "began to fail me, and my knees smote each other;
 "I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness
 "would soon increase to insensibility. But I was sud-
 "denly roused by the voice of an invisible being who
 "pronounced these words: *Cosrou*, I am the angel who,
 "by the command of the ALMIGHTY, have re-
 "gistered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now
 "commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting
 "to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly
 "has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee.
 "Art thou disabled as the Fox? hast thou not rather the
 "powers of the Eagle? Arise, let the Eagle be the ob-
 "ject of thy emulation. To pain and sickness, be thou
 again

again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou doest good to man, as an evidence of thy love to GOD, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happiness which is the pledge of Paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.

“A t these words I was not less astonished than if
 “a mountain had been overturned at my feet. I hum-
 “bled myself in the dust; I returned to the city; I
 “dug up my treasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich;
 “My skill in restoring health to the body, gave me
 “frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the
 “soul. I put on the sacred vestments; I grew eminent
 “beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure of the king
 “that I should stand before him. Now, therefore, be
 “not offended; I boast of no knowledge that I have
 “not received; as the sands of the desert drink up the
 “drops of rain, or the dew of the morning; so do I
 “also who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the
 “Prophet. Believe then that it is he who tells thee,
 “all knowledge is prophane, which terminates in thy-
 “self; and by a life wasted in speculation, little even
 “of this can be gained. When the gates of paradise
 “are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irra-
 “diated in a moment; here thou canst little more than
 “pile error upon error; there thou shalt build truth
 “upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision;
 “and in the mean time emulate the eagle. Much is
 “in thy power; and therefore, much is expected of
 “thee. Though the ALMIGHTY only can give
 “virtue; yet, as a prince, thou mayst stimulate those
 “to beneficence, who act from no higher motive than
 “immediate interest: thou canst not produce the prin-
 “ciple, but mayst enforce the practice. The relief of
 “the poor is equal, whether they receive it from osten-
 “tation, or charity; and the effect of example is the
 “same, whether it be intended to obtain the favour
 “of GOD or man. Let thy virtue be thus diffused;
 “and if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be
 “accepted above. Farewel. May the smile of HIM
 “who resides in the Heaven of Heavens, be upon thee!

“and

"and against thy name in the volume of His will,
"may happiness be written!"

THE King, whose doubts like those of *Mirza* were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know, "that no life is pleasing to GOD, but that which is useful to MANKIND!"



Reflections upon the Jews [Spec. N^o 495.]

AS I am one, who by my profession, am obliged to look into all kinds of men, there are none whom I consider with so much pleasure, as those who have any thing new or extraordinary in their characters, or ways of living. For this reason I have often amused myself with speculations on the race of people called *Jews*, many of whom I have met with in most of the considerable towns, which I have passed through in the course of my travels. They are, indeed, so disseminated through all the trading parts of the world, that they are become the instruments by which the most distant nations converse with one another, and by which mankind are knit together in a general correspondence: they are like the pegs and nails in a great building, which though they are but little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole frame together.

THAT I may not fall into any common beaten tracts of observation, I shall consider this people in three views: first, with regard to their number; secondly, their dispersion; and thirdly, their adherence to their religion; and afterwards endeavour to shew, first, what natural reasons, and secondly, what providential reasons may be assigned for these three remarkable particulars.

THE *Jews* are looked upon by many to be as numerous at present, as they were formerly in the land of *Canaan*.

THIS

THIS is wonderful, considering the dreadful slaughter made of them under some of the *Roman* emperors, which historians describe by the death of many hundred thousands in a war; and the innumerable massacres and persecutions they have undergone in *Turkey*, as well as in all Christian nations of the world. The *Rabbins*, to express the great havock which has been sometimes made of them, tell us, after their usual manner of hyperbole, that there were such torrents of holy blood shed, as carried rocks of an hundred yards in circumference above three miles into the sea.

THEIR dispersion is the second remarkable particular in this people. They swarm over all the *East*; and are settled in the remotest parts of *China*: they are spread thro' most of the nations of *Europe* and *Africa*, and many families of them are established in the *West-Indies*: not to mention whole nations bordering on *Prester-John's* country, and some discovered in the inner parts of *America*, if we may give any credit to their own writers.

THEIR firm adherence to their religion, is no less remarkable than their numbers and dispersion, especially considering it as persecuted or contemned over the face of the whole earth. This is likewise the more remarkable, if we consider the frequent apostasies of this people, when they lived under their kings, in the land of *Pro-mise*, and within sight of their temple.

IF in the next place we examine, what may be the natural reasons for these three particulars which we find in the *Jews*, and which are not to be found in any other religion or people, I can, in the first place, attribute their numbers to nothing but their constant employment, their abstinence, their exemption from wars, and above all, their frequent marriages; for they look on celibacy as an accursed state, and generally are married before twenty, as hoping the *Messiah* may descend from them.

THE dispersion of the *Jews* into all the nations of the earth, is a second remarkable particular of that people, tho' not so hard to be accounted for. They were always in rebellions and tumults while they had the temple and holy city in view, for which reason they have

have often been driven out of their old habitations in the land of *Promise*. They have as often been banished out of most other places where they have settled, which must very much disperse and scatter a people, and oblige them to seek a livelihood where they can find it. Besides, the whole people is now a race of such merchants as are wanderers by profession; and at the same time are in most, if not all, places incapable of either lands or offices, that might engage them to make any part of the world their home.

THIS dispersion would probably have lost their religion, had it not been secured by the strength of its constitution; for they are to live all in a body, and generally within the same inclosure; to marry among themselves, and to eat no meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This shuts them out from all table-conversation, and the most agreeable intercourses of life; and by consequence, excludes them from the most probable means of conversion.

IN the last place, we consider what providential reason may be assigned for these three particulars, we shall find that their numbers, dispersion, and adherence to their religion, have furnished every age, and every nation of the world, with the strongest arguments for the Christian faith; not only as these very particulars are foretold of them, but as they themselves are the depositaries of these and all the other prophecies, which tend to their own confusion. Their number furnishes us with a sufficient cloud of witnesses that attest the truth of the Old Bible. Their dispersion spreads these witnesses through all parts of the world. The adherence to their religion makes their testimony unquestionable. Had the whole body of the *Jews* been converted to Christianity, we should certainly have thought all the prophecies of the Old Testament, that relate to the coming and history of our Blessed Saviour, forged by Christians, and have looked upon them, with the prophecies of the *Sibyls*, as made many years after the events they pretended to foretel.

virtue

Virtue, in Distress, represented in the Story of
AMANDA. [Spect. N^o 375.]

I HAVE more than once had occasion to mention a noble saying of *Seneca* the philosopher, that a virtuous person struggling with misfortunes, and rising above them, is an object on which the gods themselves may look down with delight. I shall therefore set before my reader a scene of this kind of distress in private life, for the speculation of this day.

A N emipent citizen, who had lived in good fashion and credit, was by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modesty usually attending faultless poverty, which made him rather choose to reduce his manner of living to his present circumstances, than solicit his friends, in order to support the shew of an estate, when the substance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of sense and virtue, behaved herself on this occasion with uncommon decency, and never appeared so amiable in his eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune she had brought, or the many great offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the instances of her affection, while her husband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaint, that he had ruined the best woman in the world. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not expect him, and surprised her in tears; which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of cheerfulness to receive him. To lessen their expence, their eldest daughter, (whom I shall call *Amanda*) was sent into the country, to the house of an honest farmer, who had married a servant of the family. This young woman was apprehensive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her father's affairs. *Amanda* was in the bloom of her youth and beauty, when the Lord of the manor, who often called in at the farmer's house as he followed his country sports,

fell

fell passionately in love with her. He was a man of great generosity, but from a loose education had contracted a hearty aversion to marriage. He therefore entertained a design upon *Amanda's* virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never suspected his intentions, was pleased with his person; and having observed his growing passion for her, hoped, by so advantageous a match, she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverish'd relations. One day as he called to see her, he found her in tears over a letter she had just received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been stripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who with some difficulty found out the cause of her grief, took this occasion to make her a proposal. It is impossible to express *Amanda's* confusion when she found his pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her hopes, and had no power to speak; but rushing from him in the utmost disturbance, locked herself up in her chamber. He immediately dispatched a messenger to her father with the following letter.

S I R,

I HAVE heard of your misfortune, and have offered your daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her four hundred pounds a year, and to lay down the sum for which you are now distressed. I will be so ingenuous, as to tell you that I do not intend marriage: but if you are wise, you will use your authority with her not to be too nice, when she has an opportunity of saving you and your family, and of making herself happy.

I am, &c.

THIS letter came to the hands of *Amanda's* mother; she opened and read it with great surprise and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the messenger; but desiring him to call again the next morning, she wrote to her daughter as follows.

Dearest

Dearest Child,

YOUR father, and I have just now received a letter from a gentleman who pretends love to you, with a proposal that insults our misfortunes, and would throw us to a lower degree of misery than any thing which is come upon us. How could this barbarous man think that the tenderest of parents would be tempted to supply their want, by giving up the best of children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean and cruel artifice to make this proposal at a time when he thinks our necessities must compel us to any thing; but we will not eat the bread of shame; and therefore we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the snare which is laid for thy virtue. Beware of pitying us: it is not so bad as you have perhaps been told. All things will yet be well, and I shall write my child better news.

I HAVE been interrupted. I know not how I was moved to say things would mend. As I was going on I was startled by a noise of one that knocked at the door and had brought us an unexpected supply of a debt which had long been owing. Oh! I will now tell thee all. It is some days I have lived almost without support, having conveyed what little money I could raise to your poor father. — Thou wilt weep to think where he is, yet be assured he will soon be at liberty. That cruel letter would have broke his heart, but I have concealed it from him. I have no companion at present besides little *Fanny*, who stands watching my looks as I write, and is crying for her sister: she says she is sure you are not well, having discovered that my present trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus repeat my sorrows, to grieve thee. No, it is to intreat thee not to make them insupportable, by adding what would be worse than all. Let us bear cheerfully an affliction, which we have not brought on ourselves, and remember there is a power who can better deliver us out of it, than by the loss of thy innocence. Heaven preserve my dear child.

Thy affectionate Mother —

THE messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this letter to *Amanda*, carried it first to his master, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himself. His master was impatient to know the success of his proposal, and therefore broke open the letter privately, to see the contents. He was not a little moved at so true a picture of virtue in distress; but at the same time was infinitely surprised to find his offers rejected. However he resolved not to suppress the letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried in to *Amanda*. All his endeavours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon condition that she should read it without leaving the room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepest attention: her concern gave a new softness to her beauty, and when she burst into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the letter, and was resolved to make reparation for having been the occasion of it. My reader will not be displeased to see the second epistle which he now wrote to *Amanda's* mother.

M A D A M.

I AM full of shame, and will never forgive myself, if I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my intention to add trouble to the afflicted; nor could any thing but my being a stranger to you, have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you amends, as a son. You cannot be unhappy while *Amanda* is your daughter: nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it, which is in the power of,

M A D A M,

Your most obedient,

humble Servant. —

THIS letter he sent by his steward, and soon after went up to town himself to complete the generous act he had now resolved on. By his friendship and assistance

tance *Amanda's* father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married *Amanda*, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and of making himself happy by an alliance to their virtues.

*The WHISPERERS and GIGGLERS
among the fair Sex complained of.*

[*Connoiss N° 14.*]

SIR,

AS the ladies are naturally become the immediate objects of your care, will you permit a complaint to be inserted in your paper, which is founded upon a matter of fact? They will pardon me, if, by laying before you a particular instance I was lately witness to of their improper behaviour, I endeavour to expose a reigning evil, which subjects them to many shameful imputations.

I RECEIVED last week a dinner-board from a friend, with an intimation that I should meet some very agreeable ladies. At my arrival, I found that the company consisted chiefly of females; who indeed did me the honour to rise, but quite disconcerted me in paying my respects, by their whispering each other, and appearing to stifle a laugh. When I was seated, the ladies grouped themselves up in a corner, and entered into a private cabal, seemingly to discourse upon points of great secrecy and importance, but of equal merriment and diversion.

THE same conduct of keeping close to their ranks was observed at table, where the ladies seated themselves together. Their conversation was here also confined wholly to themselves, and seemed like the mysteries of the *Bona Dea*, in which men were forbidden to have any share. It was a continued laugh and a whisper from the beginning to the end of dinner. A whole sentence was scarce ever spoken aloud. Single words,

words, indeed, now and then broke forth; such as *odious, horrible, detestable, shocking, HUMBUG.* This last new-coined expression, which is only to be found in the nonsensical vocabulary, sounds absurd and disagreeable, whenever it is pronounced; but from the mouth of a lady it is "shocking, detestable, horrible, and odious."

My friend seemed to be in an uneasy situation at his own table: but I was far more miserable. I was mute, and seldom dared to lift up my eyes from my plate, or turn my head to call for small beer, lest by some awkward posture I might draw upon me a whisper or a laugh. *Sancho*, when he was forbid to eat of a delicious banquet set before him, could scarce appear more melancholy. The rueful length of my face might possibly encrease the mirth of my tormenters: at least their joy seemed to rise in exact proportion with my misery. At length, however, the time of my delivery approached. Dinner ended, the ladies made their exit in pairs, and went off hand in hand whispering; like the two kings of *Brentford*.

MODEST men, Mr. Town, are deeply wounded, when they imagine themselves the objects of ridicule or contempt: and the pain is the greater, when it is given by those whom they admire, and from whom they are ambitious of receiving any marks of countenance and favour. Yet we must allow, that affronts are pardonable from ladies, as they are often prognostics of future kindness. If a lady strikes our cheek, we can very willingly follow the precept of the Gospel, and turn the other cheek to be smitten. Even a blow from a fair hand conveys pleasure. But this battery of whispers is against all legal rights of war; — poisoned arrows, and stabs in the dark, are not more repugnant to the general laws of humanity.

MODERN writers of comedy often introduce a pert witling into their pieces, who is very severe upon the rest of the company; but all his waggery is spoken *aside*. These gigglers and whisperers seem to be acting the same part in company, that this arch rogue does in the play. Every word or motion produces a train of whispers; the dropping of a snuff-box, or spilling the

tea,

tea, is sure to be accompanied with a titter; and upon the entrance of any one with something particular in his person or manner, I have seen a whole room in a buzz like a bee-hive.

THIS practice of whispering, if it is any where allowable, may perhaps be indulged the fair sex at church, where the conversation can only be carried on by the secret symbols of a curtsy, an ogle, or a nod. A whisper in this place is very often of great use, as it serves to convey the most secret intelligence, which a lady would be ready to burst with, if she could not find vent for it by this kind of auricular confession. A piece of scandal transpires in this manner from one pew to the other, then presently whizzes along the chancel, from whence it crawls up to the galleries, till at last the whole church hums with it.

It were also to be wished, that the ladies would be pleased to confine themselves to whispering, in their *tête à tête* conferences at an opera or the play-house; which would be a proper deference to the rest of the audience. In *France*, we are told, it is common for the *parterre* to join with the performers in any favourite air: but we seem to have carried this custom still further, as the company in our boxes, without concerning themselves in the least with the play, are even louder than the players. The wit and humour of a *Vanbrugh* or a *Congreve* is frequently interrupted by a brilliant dialogue between two persons of fashion; and a love-scene in the side-box has often been more attended to, than that on the stage. As to their loud bursts of laughter at the theatre, they may very well be excused, when they are excited by any lively strokes in a comedy: but I have seen our ladies titter at the most distressful scenes in *Romeo and Juliet*, grin over the anguish of a *Monimia* or *Belvidera*, and fairly laugh *King Lear* off the stage.

THUS the whole behaviour of these ladies is in direct contradiction to good manners. They laugh when they should cry, are loud when they should be silent, and are silent when their conversation is desirable. If a man in a select company was thus to laugh or whisper me out of countenance, I should be apt to construe

it as an affront, and demand an explanation. As to the ladies, I would desire them to reflect how much they would suffer, if their own weapons were turned against them, and the gentlemen should attack them with the same arts of laughing and whispering. But, however free they may be from our resentment, they are still open to ill-natured suspicions. They do not consider, what strange constructions may be put on these laughs and whispers. It were, indeed, of little consequence, if we only imagined, that they were taking the reputations of their acquaintance to pieces, or abusing the company round; but when they indulge themselves in this behaviour, some perhaps may be led to conclude, that they are discoursing upon topics, which they are ashamed to speak of in a less private manner.

If the misconduct, which I have described, had been only to be found, Mr. TOWN, at my friend's table, I should not have troubled you with this letter: But the same kind of ill-breeding prevails too often, and in too many places. The gigglers and the whisperers are innumerable; they beset us, wherever we go; and it is observable, that after a short murmur of whispers out comes the burst of laughter: like a gun-powder serpent, which, after hissing about for some time, goes off in a bounce.

SOME excuse may perhaps be framed for this ill-timed merriment in the fair sex. *Venus*, the goddess of beauty, is frequently called the *laughter-loving dame*; and by laughing our modern ladies may possibly imagine, that they render themselves like *Venus*. I have indeed remarked, that the ladies commonly adjust their laugh to their persons, and are merry in proportion as it sets off their particular charms. One lady is never further moved than to a smile or a simper, because nothing else shews her dimples to so much advantage; another, who has a very fine set of teeth, runs into the broad grin; while a third, who is admired for a well-turned neck and graceful chest, calls up all her beauties to view by breacking into violent and repeated peals of laughter.

I WOULD not be understood to impose gravity or too great a reserve on the fair sex. Let them laugh at a feather;

feather; but let them declare openly, that it is a feather which occasions their mirth. I must confess, that laughter becomes the young, the gay, and the handsome: but a whisper is unbecoming at all ages and in both sexes; nor ought it ever to be practised, except in the round gallery at *St. Paul's*, or in the famous whispering place in *Gloucester* cathedral, where two whisperers hear each other at the distance of five and twenty yards.

I am, S I R,

Your humble Servant.

*On BETS, and the Custom of PITTING,
 as practised at White's.*

[*Connoiss. N^o 15.*]

A FRIEND of mine, who belongs to the Stamp-Office, acquaints me, that the revenue arising from the duty on cards and dice continues to increase every year; and that it now brings in near six times more than it did at first. This will not appear very wonderful, when we consider, that gaming is now become rather the business than amusement of our persons of quality; and that they are more concerned about the transactions of the two clubs at *White's*, than the proceedings of both houses of parliament. Thus it happens, that estates are now almost as frequently made over by whist and hazard, as by deeds and settlements; and the chariots of many of our nobility may be said (like *Basset's* in the play) to roll upon the four aces."

THIS love of gaming has taken such entire possession of their ideas, that it infects their common conversation. The management of a dispute was formerly attempted by reason and argument; but the new way of

adjusting all difference of opinion is by the sword or a wager: so that the only genteel method of dissenting is to risk a thousand pounds, or take your chance of being run through the body. The strange custom of deciding every thing by a wager is so universal, that if (in imitation of *Swift*) any body was to publish a specimen of *Polite Conversation*, instead of old sayings and trite repartees, he would in all probability fill his dialogues with little more than bet after bet, or now, and then a calculation of the odds.

WHITE'S, the present grand scene of these transactions, was formerly distinguished by gallantry and intrigue. During the publication of the *TATLER*, Sir *Richard Steel* thought proper to date all his love-news from that quarter: but it would now be as absurd to pretend to gather any such intelligence from *White's*, as to send to *Batson's* for a lawyer, or to the *Roll's* coffee-house for a man-midwife.

THE gentlemen, who now frequent this place, profess a kind of universal scepticism; and as they look upon every thing as dubious, put the issue upon a wager. There is nothing, however trivial or ridiculous, which is not capable of producing a bet. Many pounds have been lost upon the colour of a coach-horse, an article in the news, or the change of the weather. The birth of a child has brought great advantages to persons not in the least related to the family it was born in; and the breaking off a match has affected many in their fortunes, besides the parties immediately concerned.

BUT the most extraordinary part of this fashionable practice is, what in the gaming dialect is called *PITTING one man against another*; that is, in plain *English*, wagering which of the two will live longest. In this manner, people of the most opposite characters make up the subject of a bet. A player perhaps is pitted against a duke, an alderman against a bishop, or a pimp with a privy-counsellor. There is scarce one remarkable person, upon whose life there are not many thousand pounds depending; or one person of quality, whose death will not leave several of these kinds of mortgages upon

upon his estate. The various changes in the health of one, who is the subject of many bets, occasion very serious reflections in those, who have ventured large sums on his life and death. Those, who would be gainers by his decease, upon every slight indisposition, watch all the stages of his illness, and are as impatient for his death, as the undertaker who expects to have the care of his funeral; while the other side are very solicitous about his recovery, send every hour to know how he does, and take as much care of him, as a clergyman's wife does of her husband, who has no other fortune than his living. I remember a man with the constitution of a porter, upon whose life very great odds were laid; but when the person he was pitted against, was expected to die every week, this man shot himself through the head, and the knowing ones were taken in.

THOUGH most of our follies are imported from *France*, this has had it's rise and progress entirely in *England*. In the last illness of *Louis* the fourteenth, lord *Stair* laid a wager on his death; and we may guess what the *French* thought of it, from the manner in which *Voltaire* mentions it in his *Siccle de Louis XIV.* "Le Roi fut attaque vers le milieu du mois d'Août. Le Comte de *Stair* Ambassadeur d'Angleterre PARIA, selon le genie de sa nation, que le Roi ne passeroit pas le mois de Septembre." "The King (says he) was taken ill about the middle of August; when Lord *Stair*, the ambassador from *England*, BETTED, according to the genius of his nation, that the King would not live beyond September."

I AM in some pain, lest this custom should get among the ladies. They are at present very deep in cards and dice; and while my lord is gaming abroad, her ladyship has her route at home. I am inclined to suspect, that our women of fashion will also learn to divert themselves with this polite practice of laying wages. A birth-day suit, the age of a beauty, who invented a particular fashion, or who were supposed to be together at the last masquerade, would frequently give occasion for bets. This would afford them a new method for the ready propagation of scandal; as the truth of several stories,

which are continually flying about the town, would naturally be brought to the same test. Should they proceed further to stake the lives of their acquaintance against each other, they would doubtless bet with the same fearless spirit, as they are known to do at brag: one husband perhaps would be pitted against another, or a woman of the town against a maid of honour. In a word, if this once becomes fashionable among the ladies, we may soon see the time, when an allowance for *bet-money* will be stipulated in the marriage articles.

As the vices and the follies of persons of distinction are very apt to spread, I am also much afraid, lest this branch of gaming should descend to the common people. Indeed, it seems already to have got among them. We have frequent accounts in the daily papers of tradesmen riding, walking, eating and drinking, for a wager. The contested election in the city has occasioned several extraordinary bets: I know a butcher in *Leaden Hall* market, who laid an ox to a shin of beef, on the success of Sir *John Barnard* against the field; and have been told of a publican in *Thames-street*, who ventured an hoghead of entire butt, on the candidate who serves him with beer.

We may observe, that the spirit of gaming displays itself with as much variety among the lowest, as the highest order of people. It is the same thing, whether the dice rattle in an orange barrow, or at the hazard table. A couple of chairman in a night-cellar are as eager at put or all-fours, as a party at *St. James's* at a rubber of whist; and the E. O table is but an higher sort of *Merry go-round*, where you may get six half-pence for one, six pence for one, and six two-pences for one. If the practice of pitting should be also propagated among the vulgar, it will be common for prize-fighters to stake their lives against each other; and two pickpockets may lay, which of them shall first go to the gallows.

To give the reader a full idea of a person of fashion wholly employed in this manner, I shall conclude my paper with the character of *Montano*. *Montano* was born heir to a nobleman remarkable for deep play; from whom he

he very early imbibed the principles of gaming. When he first went to school, he soon became the most expert of any of his play-fellows: he was sure to win all their marbles at taw; and would often strip them of their whole week's allowance at chuck. He was afterwards at the head of every match at foot-ball or cricket; and when he was captain, he took in all the big boys by making a lottery, but went away without drawing the prizes. He is still talked of at the school, for a famous dispute he had with another of his own cast about their superiority in learning; which they decided, by tossing up heads or tails who was the best scholar. Being too great a genius for our universities at home, he was sent abroad on his travels, but never got further than *Paris*; where having lost a considerable bet of four to one concerning the taking a town in *Flanders*, he was obliged to come back with a few guineas he borrowed to bring him over. Here he soon became universally known by frequenting every gaming-table, and attending every horse-race in the kingdom. He first reduced betting into an art, and made *White's* the grand market for wagers. He is at length such an adept in this art, that whatever turn things take, he can never lose; this he has effected, by what has he taught the world to call *hedging a bet*. There is scarce a contested election in the kingdom, which will not end to his advantage; and he has lately sent over commissions to *Paris* to take up bets on the recall of the parliament. He was the first, that struck out the above-mentioned practice of pitting; in which he is so thoroughly versed, that the death of every person of quality may be said to bring him a legacy; and he has so contrived the bets on his own life, that (live or die) the odds are in his favour.



On the AMUSEMENTS of SUNDAY.

[Connoiss. N^o 26.]

A GENTLEMAN of my acquaintance lately laid before me an estimate of the consumption of bread and cheese, cakes, ale, &c. in all the little towns near *London* every Sunday. It is incredible how many thousand buns are devoured in that one day at *Chelsea* and *Paddington*; and how much beer is swallowed at *Islington* and *Mile End*. Upon the whole I was vastly entertained with a review of this estimate, and could not help approving the observation of *Tom Brown*, "that the Sabbath is a very fine institution, since the very breaking it is the support of half the villages about our metropolis."

Our common people are very observant of that part of the commandment, which enjoins them to do no manner of work on that day, which they also seem to understand as a licence to devote it to pleasure. They take this opportunity of thrusting their heads into the pillory at *Georgia*, being sworn at *Highgate*, and rolling down *Flamstead-Hill* in the park at *Greenwich*. As they all aim at going into the country, nothing can be a greater misfortune to the meaner part of the inhabitants of *London* and *Westminster* than a rainy Sunday; and how many honest people would be baulked of a ride once a week, if the legislature was to limite the hired one-horse chaises working on that day to a certain number as well as the hackney coaches.

The substantial tradesman is carried to his snug box, which has nothing rural about it except the ivy that over-runs the front, and is placed as near to the road side as possible, where the pleasure of seeing carriages pass under his window amply compensates for his being almost smothered with dust. The few smart prentices, who are able to fit an horse, may be seen spurring their broken-winded hacks up the hills; and the good-natured husband together with his mate is dragged along the road to the envy and admiration of the foot-passenger, who

who (to compleat the Sunday picture) trudges patiently with a child in one arm, while his beloved doxy leans on the other, and waddles at his side sweltering beneath the unusual weight of an hoop-petticoat.

It is not to be supposed, that the country has in itself any peculiar attractive charms to those who think themselves out of the world, if they are not within the sound of *Bow Bell*. To most of our cockneys it serves only as an excuse for eating and drinking; and they get out of town, merely because they have nothing to do at home: a brick-kiln smells as sweet to them as a farm-yard; they would pass by a barn or an hay-stack without notice; but they rejoice at the sight of every hedge ale-house, that promises good home brew'd. As the rest of a cit's life is regular and uniform; his Sunday diversions have as little variety; and if he was to take a journal of them, we might suppose that it would run much in the following manner.

SUNDAY — Overslept myself — Did not rise 'till nine — Was a full hout in pulling on my new double channel'd pumps — Could get no breakfast; my wife being busy in dressing herself for church.

AT ten — Family at church — Self walked to Mother *Redcap's* — Smoked half a pipe, and drank a pint of the Alderman's *N. B.* The beer not so good as at the *Adam and Eve at Pancras*.

DINED at one — Pudding not boiled enough, suet musty — Wife was to drive me in an one horse-chaise to see mother *Well's* at *Endfield-Wash*, but it looked likely to rain — Took a nap, and posted seven pages from my day-book 'till five. *Mem.* Colonel *Promise* has lost his election, and is turned out of his place — To arrest him to morrow.

AT six Mrs. Deputy to drink tea with my wife — I hate their slip-flops — Called on my neighbour the Common-Council-Man, and took a walk with him to *Islington*.

FROM seven to eight — Smoked a pipe at the *Castle*, eat an heart-cake, and drank two pints of cyder. *N. B.* To drink cyder often, because neighbour tells me it is good for the stone and gravel.

AT

At nine — Got to town again, very much fatigued with the journey — Pulled off my claret-coloured coat, and blue sattin waistcoat — Went to club, smoked three pipes, came home at twelve, and slept very soundly, till the prentice called me to go and take out a writ against Colonel *Promise*.

As to persons of quality, like Lady *Loverule* in the farce, they cannot see why one day should be more holy than another: therefore Sunday wears the same face with them, as the rest of the week. Accordingly, for some part of this summer *Ranelagh* was opened on Sunday evenings; and I cannot help wondering that the custom did not continue. It must have been very convenient to pass away the time there, till the hour of meeting at the card-table; and it was certainly more decent to fix assignations there, than at church.

Going to church may, indeed, be reckoned among our Sunday amusements, as it is made a mere matter of diversion among many well-meaning people, who are induced to appear in a place of worship from the same motives, that they frequent other public places. To some it answers all the purposes of a rout or assembly, — to see and be seen by their acquaintance; and from their bows, nods, curtsies, and loud conversations, one might conclude that they imagined themselves in a drawing-room. To others it affords the cheap opportunity of shewing their taste for dress: Not a few, I believe, are drawn together in our cathedrals and larger churches by the influence of the music rather than the prayers, and are kept awake by a jig from the organ-loft, though they are lulled to sleep by the harrangue from the pulpit. A well disposed christian will go a mile from his own house to the Temple-church, not because a *Sherlock* is to preach, but to hear a *Solo* from *Stanley*.

But though going to church may be deemed a kind of amusement; yet upon modern principles it appears such a very odd one, that I am at a loss to account for the reasons, which induced our ancestors to give into that method of passing their Sunday. At least it is so wholly incompatible with the polite system of life, that a person of fashion (as affairs are now managed) finds

it absolutely impossible to comply with this practice: Then again the service always begins at such unfashionable hours, that in the morning a man must huddle on his cloaths like a boy to run to school, and in an afternoon must inevitably go without his dinner. In order to remove all these objections, and that some ritual may be established in this kingdom agreeable to our inclinations and consistent with our practice, the following **Scheme** has been lately sent me in order to submit it to the serious consideration of the public.

Imprimis, It is humbly proposed, that Christianity be entirely abolished by Act of Parliament, and that no other religion be imposed on us in it's stead; but as the age grows daily more and more enlightened, we may at last be quite delivered from the influence of superstition and bigotry.

Secondly, **THAT** in order to prevent our ever relapsing into pious errors, and that the common people may not lose their holiday, every Sunday be set apart to commemorate our victory over all religion; that the Churches be turned into Free-thinking Meeting-Houses, and discourses read in them to confute the doctrine of a future state, the immortality of the soul, and other absurd notions, which some people now regard as objects of belief.

Thirdly, **THAT** a Ritual be compiled exactly opposite to our present Liturgy; and that instead of reading portions of Scripture, the first and second lessons shall consist of a section of the Posthumous Works of Lord Bolingbroke, or of a few pages from the writings of Spinoza, Chubb, Maundeville, Hobbes, Collins, Tindal, &c. from which writers the preachers shall also take their text.

Fourthly, **THAT** the usual Feasts and Fasts, viz. Christmas Day, Easter Sunday, Trinity Sunday, &c. be still preserved; but that on those days discourses be delivered suitable to the occasion, containing a refutation of the nativity, the Resurrection, the Trinity, &c.

Fifthly, **THAT** instead of the vile melody of a clerk bawling out two staves of Sternhold and Hopkins, or a cathedral choir singing anthems from the psalter, some

of

of the most fashionable cantatas, opera-airs, songs, or catches, be performed by the best voices for the entertainment of the company.

Lastly, THAT the whole service be conducted with such taste and elegance, as may render these Free-thinking Meeting-Houses as agreeable as the Theatres; and that they may be even more judiciously calculated for the propagation of atheism and infidelity, than the *Robin Hood Society* or the *Oratory in Clare Market*.



On CLEANLINESS. [Spect. N^o 631.]

I HAD occasion to go a few miles out of town, some days since, in a stage coach, where I had for my fellow-travellers a dirty beau, and a pretty young quaker-woman. Having no inclination to talk much at that time, I placed myself backward, with a design to survey them, and pick a speculation out of my two companions. Their different figures were sufficient of themselves to draw my attention. The gentleman was dressed in a suit, the ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from some few spaces that had escaped the powder, which was incorporated with the greatest part of his coat: his periwig, which cost no small sum, was after so slovenly a manner cast over his shoulders, that it seemed not to have been combed since the year 1712; his linen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain *Spanish* from the chin to the lowest button, and the diamond upon his finger (which naturally dreaded the water) put me in mind how it sparkled amidst the rubbish of the mine, where it was first discovered. On the other hand, the pretty quaker appeared in all the elegance of cleanliness. Not a speck was to be found on her. A clear clean oval face, just edged about with little thin plaits of the purest cambric, received great advantages from the shade of her black hood; as did the witheness of her arms from that sober coloured stuff, in which she had clothed herself. The plainness

plainness of her dress was very well suited to the simplicity of her phrases; all which put together, tho' they could not give me a great opinion of her religion, they did of her innocence.

THIS adventure occasioned my throwing together a few hints upon *cleanliness*, which I shall consider as one of the *half-virtues*, as *Aristotle* calls them, and shall recommend it under the three following heads. As it is a mark of politeness; as it produces love; and as it bears analogy to purity of mind.

First, it is a mark of politeness. It is universally agreed upon, that no one, unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifest offence. The easier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty rises proportionably. The different nations of the world are as much distinguished by their cleanliness, as by their arts and sciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they consult this part of politeness. We need but compare our ideas of a female *Hottentot* and an *English* beauty to be satisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

IN the next place, cleanliness may be said to be the foster-mother of love. Beauty indeed most commonly produces that passion in the mind, but cleanliness preserves it. An indifferent face and person, kept in perpetual neatness, hath won many a heart from a pretty flattern. Age itself is not unamiable, while it is preserved clean and unsullied: like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel that is canker'd with rust.

I MIGHT observe further, that as cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, so it makes us easy to ourselves; that it is an excellent preservative of health; and that several vices, destructive both to mind and body, are inconsistent with the habit of it. But these reflections I shall leave to the leisure of my readers, and shall observe in the third place, that it bears a great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inspires refined sentiments and passions,

W E

WE find from experience, that through the prevalence of custom, the most vicious actions lose their horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the neighbourhood of good examples, fly from the first appearances of what is shocking. It fares with us much after the same manner, as our ideas. Our senses, which are the inlets to all the images conveyed to the mind, can only transmit the impression of such things as usually surround them. So that pure and unfulfilled thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind, by those objects that perpetually encompass us; when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

IN the East, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder countries, it is made one part of their religion: the *Jewish* law, (and the *Mahometan*, which in some things copies after it) is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites of the like nature. Though there is the above-named convenient reason to be assigned for these ceremonies, the chief intention undoubtedly was to typify inward purity and cleanness of heart by those outward washings. We read several injunctions of this kind in the book of *Deuteronomy*, which confirm this truth; and which are but ill accounted for by saying as some do, that they were only instituted for convenience in the desert, which otherways could not have been habitable for so many years.

I SHALL conclude this essay, with a story which I have some where read in an account of *Mahometan* superstitions.

A *Dervise* of great sanctity one morning had the misfortune as he took up a crystal cup, which was consecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground, and dash it in pieces. His son coming in, sometime after, he stretched out his hand to bless him, as his manner was every morning; but the youth going out stumbled over the threshold and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at these events, a caravan passed by in its way from *Mecca*. The *Dervise* approached it to beg a blessing; but as he stroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beast, that
lovely

forely bruised him. His sorrow and amazement increased upon him, till he recollected that thro' hurry and inadvertency he had that morning come abroad without washing his hands.



The Story of ABDALLAH and BALSORA.

[Guard. N^o 167]

THE following story is lately translated out of an Arabian manuscript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale; and as it has never before been printed, I question not but it will be highly acceptable to my reader.

THE name of Helim is still famous through all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the Persians, even to this day, Helim the great physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of Solomon the son of David. Helim was also governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the physicians to Alnareschin the great king of Persia.

ALNARESCHIN was the most dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, suspicious, and cruel nature, having put to death upon very slight jealousies and surmises five and thirty of his queens, and above twenty sons whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing lest the whole race of Caliphs should be entirely lost, he one day sent for Helim and spoke to him after this manner. "Helim," said he, "I have long admired thy great wisdom, and retired way of living. I shall now shew thee the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two sons remaining, who are as yet but infants. It is my design that thou take them home with thee, and

“ educate them as thy own. Train them up in the
“ humble unambitious pursuits of knowledge. By this
“ means shall the line of Caliphs be preserved, and my
“ children succeed after me, without aspiring to my
“ throne whilst I am yet alive.” The words of my lord
the king shall be ever obeyed, said Helim. After which
he bowed, and went out of the king's presence. He
then received the children into his own house, and from
that time bred them up with him in the studies of know-
ledge and virtue. The young princes loved and re-
spected Helim as their father, and made such improve-
ments under him, that by the age of one and twenty
they were instructed in all the learning of the East.
The name of the eldest was Ibrahim, and of the young-
est Abdallah. They lived together in such a perfect
friendship, that to this day it is said of intimate friends,
that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah.
Helim had an only child, who was a girl of a fine
soul, and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted
nothing in her education, that might make her the most
accomplished woman of her age. As the young princes
were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world,
they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who
had been brought up by her father in the same course
of knowledge and of virtue. Abdallah, whose mind
was of a softer turn than that of his brother, grew by
degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did
not think he lived, when he was not in company with
his beloved Balfora, for that was the name of the maid.
The fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it
came to the ears of the king, who pretending to visit
the young princes his sons, demanded of Helim the
sight of Balfora his fair daughter. The king was so
inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent
for Helim the next morning, and told him it was now
his design to recompense him for all his faithful services;
and that in order to it, he intended to make his daugh-
ter queen of Persia. Helim, who knew very well the
fate of all those unhappy women who had been thus
advanced, and could not but be privy to the secret love
which Abdallah bore his daughter, “ Far be it,” says
he,

he, "from the king of Persia to contaminate the blood
" of the Caliphs, and join himself in marriage with the
" daughter of his physician." The king however, was
impatient for such a bride, that without hearing any
excuses, he immediately ordered Balsora to be sent for
into his presence, keeping the father with him, in or-
der to make her sensible of the honour which he de-
signed her. Balsora, who was too modest and humble
to think her beauty had made such an impression on
the king, was a few moments after brought into his
presence as he had commanded.

SHE appeared in the king's eye as one of the vir-
gins of paradise. But upon hearing the honour which
he intended her, she fainted away, and fell down as
dead at his feet. Helim wept, and after having re-
covered her out of the trance into which she was fal-
len, represented to the king, that so unexpected an ho-
nour was too great to have been communicated to her
all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself
prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own
way, and dismissed him. Balsora was conveyed again
to her father's house, where the thoughts of Abdallah
renewed her affliction every moment; infomuch that at
length she fell into a raging fever. The king was in-
formed of her condition by those that saw her. Helim
finding no other means of extricating her from the dif-
ficulties she was in, after having composed her mind,
and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her
a certain potion, which he knew would lay her asleep
for many hours; and afterwards in all the seeming dis-
tress of a disconsolate father informed the king she was
dead. The king, who never let any sentiments of hu-
manity come too near his heart, did not much trouble
himself about the matter; however, for his own repu-
tation, he told the father, that since it was known
through the empire that Balsora died at a time when he
designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she
should be honoured as such after her death, that her
body should be laid in the Black Palace, among those
of his deceased queens.

IN the mean time Abdallah, who had heard of the king's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved Balfora. As for the several circumstances of his distress, as also how the king was informed of an irrecoverable distemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the history of Helim. It shall suffice to acquaint the reader, that Helim, some days after the supposed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid asleep Balfora.

IT is the custom among the Persians, to convey in a private manner the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace; which is the repository of all who are descended from the Caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief physician is always governor of the Black Palace; it being his office to embalm and preserve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black Palace is so called from the colour of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting lamps. It has also a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that no body enters, besides the governor.

HE LIM, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care some time after to bring that of Abdallah into the same place. Balfora watched over him till such time as the dose he had taken lost its effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's design when he gave him this sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprise, the joy, the transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirements of the blest, and that the spirit of his dear Balfora, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balfora.

HE LIM,

HELIM, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, visited the place very frequently. His greatest perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himself, that the first day of the full moon of the month Tizpa was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the Persians, that the souls of those of the royal family, who are in a state of bliss, do, on the first full moon after their decease, pass through the eastern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the gate of Paradise, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim therefore having made due preparation for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms of Persia, with a long train of linen whiter than snow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdalla's head he fixed a wreath of the greenest myrtle, and on Balsora's a garland of the richest perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness but he privately opened the gate of paradise, and shut it after the same manner, as soon as they had passed through it. The band of negroes who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that showed themselves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being ravished with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces as they passed thro' the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth till such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen, but this was looked upon by the king himself, and most others, as the compliment that was usually paid to any of the deceased of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's distance from the Black Temple, on the spot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houses, which was

situated on mount Khacan. The air of this mountain was so very healthful, that Helim had formerly transported the king thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness; which succeeded so well that the king made him a present of the whole mountain, with a beautiful house and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balfora. They were both so fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and possess'd with so constant and mutual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the situation of the place; insomuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations of spots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

IN about ten years after their abode in this place the old king died, and was succeeded by his son Ibrahim, who, upon the supposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Persian empire. Though he was some years inconsolable for the death of his brother, Helim durst not trust him with the secret, which he knew would have fatal consequences, should it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no sooner mounted to the throne, but Helim sought after a proper opportunity of making a discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good natured and generous a prince. It so happened, that before Helim found such an opportunity as he desired, the new king Ibrahim, having been separated from his company in a chace, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, saw himself at the foot of mount Khacan. He immediately ascended the hill, and coming to Helim's house demanded some refreshments. Helim was very luckily there at that time; and after having set before the king the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a treat, told him that the best part of his entertainment was to come. Upon

Upon which he opened to him the whole history of what had passed. The king was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation, and seeing his brother enter the room with Balfora in his hand, he leaped off from the Sofa on which he sat, and cried out, "It is he! it is my Abdallah!" — Having said this, he fell upon his neck, and wept. The whole company, for some time, remained silent, and shedding tears of joy. The king at length, having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him so long of such a brother, embraced Balfora with the greatest tenderness, and told her that she should now be a queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother king of all the conquered nations on the other side the Tigris. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request therefore he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country as far as they could see from the top of mount Khacan. Abdallah continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens and seats of pleasure, till it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire, and is therefore called the garden of Persia. This Caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and succeeded by Abdallah, a son of Abdallah and Balfora. This was that king Abdallah, who afterwards fixed the imperial residence upon mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Persian empire.



The Adventures of Theodosius and Constantia.

[Spect. N^o 164.]

CONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. *Theodosius* was the younger son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age he became acquainted with *Constantia*, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the advantages of a good person and a pleasing conversation, made such an impression in her heart as it was impossible for time to efface: he was himself no less smitten with *Constantia*. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between *Theodosius* and *Constantia*, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of *Constantia* was so incensed at the father of *Theodosius*, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, insomuch that he forbid him his house, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to see him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, whom he knew entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a husband for this daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told *Constantia* it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. *Constantia*, who was over awed with the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing against so advantageous a match,

match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture of that kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached *Theodosius*, who after a long tumult of passions which naturally rise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, writ the following letter to *Constantia*.

"**T**H E thought of my *Constantia*, which for some years has been my only happiness, is now become a greater torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see you another's? The streams, the fields and meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me; life itself is become a burden. May you long be happy in the world, but forget that there was ever such a man in it as.

THEODOSIUS.

THIS letter was conveyed to *Constantia* that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers, that came to her father's house, one after another, to enquire if they had heard any thing of *Theodosius*, who it seems had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be found. The deep melancholy, which had hung upon his mind sometime before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. *Constantia*, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted: she now accused herself for having so tamely given an ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of *Theodosius*: in short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father seeing himself entirely rid of *Theodosius*, and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended son-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance

alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than of love. *Constantia* had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution, which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly in the twenty fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a sisterhood of nuns among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and as it is usual in the *Romish* church for those who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated father.

WE must now return to *Theodosius*, who, the very morning that the above mentioned inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city, where now *Constantia* resided; and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to inquire after *Constantia*, whom he looked upon as given away to his rival upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life, and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom *Constantia* had determined to apply herself in confession, tho' neither she nor any other, besides the prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable *Theodosius* had now taken upon him the
name

name of father *Francis*, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, *Constantia* kneeling by him opened the state of her soul to him; and after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out in tears, and entered upon that part of her story in which he himself had so great a share. My behaviour, says she, has I fear been the death of a man who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since his death. She here paused, and lifted up her eyes that streamed with tears towards the father; who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with sighs and sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch that in the agonies of his grief the seat shook under him. *Constantia*, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper atonement for her sins, and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of *Theodosius*. The father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in tears upon hearing that name to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this instance of an unparalleled fidelity from one who he thought had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruptions of his sorrow, seeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted — To tell her that her sins were forgiven her — That her guilt was not so great as she apprehended — That she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form;

form; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolutions she had taken, and give her suitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. *Constantin* retired, and the next morning renewed her application. *Theodosius* having manned his soul with proper thoughts and reflexions, exerted himself on this occasion in the best manner he could to animate his penitent in the course of life she was entering upon, and wear out of her mind those groundless fears and apprehensions which had taken possession of it; concluding with a promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his admonitions when she should have taken upon her the holy veil. The rules of our respective orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure yourself not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on cheerfully in the glorious course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a peace and satisfaction in your mind, which is not in the power of the world to give.

CONSTANTIA's heart was so elevated with the discourse of father *Francis*, that the very next day she entered upon her vow. As soon as the solemnities of her reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the abbess into her own apartment.

THE abbess had been informed the night before of all that had passed between her novice and father *Francis*; from whom she now delivered to her the following letter.

“ **A**S the first-fruits of those joys and consolations
 “ which you may expect from the life you are
 “ now engaged in, I must acquaint you that *Theodosius*,
 “ whose death sits so heavy upon your thoughts, is still
 “ alive; and that the father, to whom you have con-
 “ fessed yourself, was once that *Theodosius* whom you so
 “ much lament. The love which we had for one ano-
 “ ther will make us more happy in its disappointment
 “ than it could have done in its success. Providence
 “ has disposed of us for our advantage, tho’ not accord-
 “ ing

"ing to our wishes. Consider your *Theodosius* still as
 "dead, but assure yourself of one who will not cease
 "to pray for you in father

FRANCIS.

CONSTANTIA saw that the hand-writing agreed with the contents of the letter: and upon reflecting on the voice of the person, the behaviour, and above all the extreme sorrow of the father during her confession, she discovered *Theodosius* in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, It is enough, says she; *Theodosius* is still in being: I shall live with comfort and die in peace.

THE letters which the father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young religious, in order to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments of virtue. It so happened, that after *Constantia* had lived about ten years in the cloister, a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept away great multitudes, and among others *Theodosius*. Upon his death-bed he sent his benediction in a very moving manner to *Constantia*, who, at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the interval which generally precedes death in sicknesses of this nature, the abbess, finding that the physicians had given her over, told her that *Theodosius* was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his benediction in his last moments. *Constantia* received it with pleasure, and now, says she, If I do not ask any thing improper let me be buried by *Theodosius*. My vow reaches no farther than the grave. What I ask is, I hope, no violation of it — She died soon after, and was interred according to her request.

THEIR tombs are still to be seen, with a short *Latin* inscription over them to the following purpose:

HERE lye the bodies of father *Francis* and sister *Constance*. They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.

On

On Oeconomy.[Spect. N^o 114.]

OECONOMY in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes which good-breeding has upon our conversations. There is a pretending behaviour in both cases, which instead of making men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had yesterday at Sir Roger's a set of country gentlemen, who dined with them; and after dinner the glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plentifully. Among others I observed a person of a tolerable good aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of liquor than any of the company, and yet, methought, he did not taste it with delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of every thing that was said; and as he advanced towards being fuddled, his humour grew worse. At the same time his bitterness seemed to be rather an inward dissatisfaction in his own mind, than any dislike he had taken to the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a considerable fortune in this county, but greatly in debt. What gives the unhappy man this peevishness of spirit, is, that his estate is dipped, and is eating out with usury; and yet he has not the heart to sell any part of it. His proud stomach, at the cost of restless nights, constant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and a thousand nameless inconveniencies, preserves this canker in his fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a man of fewer hundreds a year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the torment of poverty, to avoid the name of being less rich. If you go to his house you see great plenty; but served in a manner that shews it is all unnatural, and that the master's mind is not at home. There is a certain waste and carelessness in the air of every thing, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That neatness and cheerfulness, which attends the table of him who lives within compass, is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine way of service in all about him.

THIS gentleman's conduct, tho' a very common way of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be,

he, who had but few men under his command, and should take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a small pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a man's hands, a greater estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable vanity, and must in the end reduce the man who is guilty of it to dishonour. Yet if we look round us in any county of *Great-Britain*, we shall see many in this fatal error; if that may be called by so soft a name, which proceeds from a false shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary behaviour would in a short time advance them to the condition which they pretend to.

LAERTES has fifteen hundred pounds a year; which is mortgaged for six thousand pounds; but it is impossible to convince him that if he sold as much as would pay off that debt, he would save four shillings in the pound, which he gives for the vanity of being the reputed master of it. Yet if *Laertes* did this, he would perhaps be easier in his own fortune; but then *Irus*, a fellow of yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a year, would be his equal. Rather than this shall be, *Laertes* goes on to bring well-born beggars into the world, and every twelvemonth charges his estate with at least one year's rent more by the birth of a child.

LAERTES and *Irus* are neighbours, whose way of living are an abomination to each other. *Irus* is moved by the fear of poverty, and *Laertes* by the shame of it. Tho' the motive of action is of so near affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, "that to each of them poverty is the greatest of all evils," yet are their manners very widely different. Shame of poverty makes *Laertes* launch into unnecessary equipage, vain expence, and lavish entertainments; fear of poverty makes *Irus* allow himself only plain necessaries, appear without a servant, sell his own corn, attend his labourers, and be himself a labourer. Shame of poverty makes *Laertes* go every day a step nearer to it: and fear of poverty stirs up *Irus* to make every day some further progress from it.

THESE different motives produce the excesses which men are guilty of in the negligence of and provision for themselves. Usury, stock-jobbing, extortion, and op-

pression, have their seed in the dread of want; and vanity, riot, and prodigality, from the shame of it: but both these excesses are infinitely below the pursuit of a reasonable creature. After we have taken care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining ourselves in the order of men suitable to our character, the care of superfluities is a vice no less extravagant, than the neglect of necessities would have been before.

CERTAIN it is, that they are both out of nature, when she is followed with reason and good sense. It is from this reflection that I always read Mr. *Cowley* with the greatest pleasure: his magnanimity is as much above that of other considerable men, as his understanding; and it is a true distinguishing spirit in the elegant author who published his works, to dwell so much upon the temper of his mind, and the moderation of his desires: by this means he has rendered his friend as amiable as famous: That state of life which bears the face of poverty with Mr. *Cowley's Great Vulgar*, is admirably described; and it is no small satisfaction to those of the same turn of desire, that he produces the authority of the wisest men of the best age of the world, to strengthen his opinion of the ordinary pursuits of mankind.

It would, methinks, be no ill maxim of life, if according to that ancestor of Sir *Roger*, whom I lately mentioned, every man would point to himself what sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might, by this means, cheat himself into a tranquillity on this side of that expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler uses than his own pleasures or necessities. This temper of mind would exempt a man from an ignorant envy of restless men above him, and a more inexcusable contempt of happy men below him. This would be sailing by some compass, living with some design: but to be eternally bewildered in prospects of future gain, and putting on unnecessary armour against improbable blows of fortune, is a mechanic being which has not good sense for its direction, but is carried on by a sort of acquired instinct towards things below our consideration and unworthy our esteem. It is possible that the tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir *Roger's* may have
created

created in me this way of thinking, which is so abstracted from the common relish of the world: but as I am now in a pleasing arbour, surrounded with a beautiful landscape, I find no inclination so strong as to continue in these mansions, so remote from the ostentatious scenes of life; and am, at this present writing, philosopher enough to conclude with Mr. Cowley.

*If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat
With any wish so mean as to be great;
Continue, heav'n, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love!*



On Pride.

[Guard. N^o 153.]

THERE is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more disguises, than pride. For my own part, I think if there is any passion or vice which I am wholly a stranger to, it is this; though at the same time, perhaps this very judgment which I form of myself, proceeds in some measure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that sentence in holy writ, "Pride was not made for man." There is not indeed any single view of human nature under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride; and, on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility, and what the school-men call self-annihilation. Pride was not made for man, as he is;

1. A sinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miserable being.

THERE is nothing in his understanding, in his will, or in his present condition, that can tempt any considerate creature to pride or vanity.

THREE three very reasons why he should not be proud, are notwithstanding the reasons why he is so. Were not he a sinful creature, he would not be subject to a passion which rises from the depravity of his nature;

were he not an ignorant creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud of; and were not the whole species miserable, he would not have those wretched objects of comparison before his eyes, which are the occasions of his passion, and which make one man value himself more than another.

A WISE man will be contented that his glory be deferred till such time as he shall be truly glorified; when his understanding shall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happiness assured; or in other words, when he shall be neither sinful, nor ignorant, nor miserable.

IF there be any thing which makes human nature appear *ridiculous* to Beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbours on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species.

To set this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you please, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every pismire (his shape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, distinctions, and titles that reign among them? Observe how the whole swarm divide and make way for the pismire that passes through them! you must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the mole-hill. Don't you see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richest insect on this side the hillock, he has a walk of half a yard in length and a quarter of an inch in breadth, he keeps an hundred menial servants, and has at least fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and belaying the emmet that
stands

stands before him, and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.

BUT here comes an insect of figure! Don't you take notice of a little white straw that he carries in his mouth? That straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest tract about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him. Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back to come at his successor.

If now you have a mind to see all the ladies of the mole-hill, observe first the pismire that listens to the emmet on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor insect that she is a goddess, that her eyes are brighter than the sun, that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the pismire on your left hand. She can scarce crawl with age; but you must know she values herself upon her birth; and if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble conquette that is running along by the side of her, is a wit. She has broke many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of lovers are running after her.

WE will here finish this imaginary scene; but first of all, to draw the parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the mole-hill, in the shape of a cock-sparrow, who picks up, without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers, the pismire of substance and day-labourers, the white-straw officer and his sycophants, with all the goddesses, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

MAY we not imagine that beings of superior natures and perfections regard all the instances of pride and vanity, among our own species, in the same kind of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit the earth; or, in the language of a ingenious *French* poet,

poet, of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions,



An allegorical Letter from **TO-DAY.**

[Advent. N^o II.]

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT is the fate of all who do not live in necessary or accidental obscurity, who neither pass undistinguished through the vale of poverty, nor hide themselves in the groves of solitude, to have a numerous acquaintance and few friends.

A N acquaintance is a being who meets us with a smile and a salute, who tells us in the same breath that he is glad and sorry for the most trivial good and ill that befalls us, and yet who turns from us without regret, who scarce wishes to see us again, who forsakes us in hopeless sickness or adversity, and when we die remembers us no more. A friend is he with whom our interest is united, upon whose participation all our pleasures depend; who soothes us in the fretfulness of disease, and cheers us in the gloom of a prison; to whom when we die even our remains are sacred, who follows them with tears to the grave, and preserves our image in his heart. A friend our calamities may grieve, and our wants may impoverish, but neglect only can offend and unkindness alienate. Is it not therefore astonishing that a friend should ever be alienated or offended? and can there be a stronger instance of the folly and caprice of mankind, than their with-holding from those upon whom their happiness is confessed to depend, that civility which they lavish upon others, without hope of any higher reward than a trivial and momentary gratification of their vanity, by an echo of their compliments and a return of their obeysance?

O F this caprice there are none who have more cause to complain than myself. That I am a person of some
impor-

importance, has never yet been disputed: I am allowed to have great power to please and to instruct; I always contribute to the felicity of those by whom I am well treated; and I must confess, that I am never abused without leaving marks of my resentment behind me.

I AM generally regarded as a friend; and there are few who could think of parting with me for the last time, without the utmost regret, solicitude and reluctance. I know, wherever I come, that I have been the object of desire and hope; and that the pleasure which I am expected to diffuse, has, like all others, been enjoyed by anticipation. By the young and gay, those who are entering the world either as a scene of business or pleasure, I am frequently desired with such impatience, that although every moment brings on wrinkles and decrepitude with irresistible rapidity, that they will be willing that the time of my absence should be annihilated, and the approach of wrinkles and decrepitude rendered yet more precipitate. There cannot surely be stronger evidence than this of my influence upon their happiness, or of their affection for me: and yet the transport with which I am at first received quickly subsides; they appear to grow weary of my company, they would again shorten life to hasten the hour of my departure, and they reflect upon the length of my visit with regret.

To the aged I confess I am not able to procure equal advantages; and yet there are some of these who have been remarkable for their virtue, among whom I experience more constant reciprocations of friendship. I never heard that they expressed any impatient expectation of me when absent, nor do they receive me with rapture when I come; but while I stay they treat me with complacency and good humour; and in proportion as their first address is less violent, the whole tenour of their conduct is more equal: they suffer me to leave them in an evening without importunity to prolong my visit, and think of my departure with indifference.

You will, perhaps, imagine, that I am distinguished by some strange singularity, of which the uncommon treatment that I receive is a consequence. As few can judge with impartially of their own character, none are believed

merely upon their own evidence who affirm it to be good: I will, therefore, describe to you the manner in which I am received by persons of very different stations, capacities and employments. The facts shall be exhibited without false colouring; I will neither suppress, soften nor exaggerate any circumstance, by which the natural and genuine state of these facts may be discovered, and I know that your sagacity will do me justice.

IN summer I rise very early; and the first person that I see is a peasant at his work, who generally regards me with a smile, though he seldom participates of my bounty. His labour is scarce ever suspended while I am with him; yet he always talks of me with complacency, and never treats me with neglect or indecorum, except perhaps on a holiday, when he has been tippling; and this I can easily overlook, though he commonly receives a hint of his fault the next morning, that he may be the more upon his guard for the future.

BUT though in the country I have reason to be best satisfied with the behaviour of those whom I first see, yet in my early walks in town I am almost sure to be insulted. As soon as the wretch, who has passed the night at a tavern, or a gaming-table, perceives me at a distance, he begins to mutter curses against me, though he knows they will be fulfilled upon himself, and is impatient till he can bar his door, and hide himself in bed.

I HAVE one sister, and though her complexion is very dark, yet she is not without her charms: she is, I confess, said to look best by candlelight, in her jewels, and at a public place, where the splendor of her dress and the multiplicity of other objects prevent too minute an examination of her person. Some good judges have fancied, though perhaps a little whimsically, that there is something inexpressibly pleasing in her by moonlight, a kind of placid ease, a gentle languor which softens her features, and gives new grace to her manner: they say too, that she is best disposed to be agreeable company in a walk, under the checquered shade of a grove, along the green banks of a river, or upon the sandy beach by the sea.

My sister's principles in many particulars differ from mine; but there has been always such a harmony between us, that she seldom smiles upon those who have suffered me to pass with a contemptuous negligence; much less does she use her influence, which is very great, to procure any advantage for those who drive me from their presence with outrage and abuse; and yet none are more assiduous in their addresses, nor intrude longer upon her privacy, than those who are most implacably my enemies.

She is generally better received by the poor than the rich; and indeed she seldom visits the indigent and the wretched, without bringing something for their relief; yet those who are most solicitous to engage her in parties of pleasure, and are seen longest in her company, are always suspected of some evil design.

You will, perhaps, think there is something enigmatical in all this; and lest you should not yet be able to discover my true character sufficiently to engage you in my interest, I will give you a short history of the incidents that have happened to me during the last eight hours.

It is now four o'clock in the afternoon: about seven I rose; soon after, as I was walking by the dial in *Covent-Garden*, I was perceived by a man well dressed, who appeared to have been sleeping under one of the sheds, and whom a watchman had just told that I was approaching: after attempting to swear several oaths, and staggering a few paces, he scowled at me under his hat, and insulted me directly, by telling the watchman as well as he could, that he had set in company with my sister till he became too drunk to find his way home, which nevertheless he had attempted; and that he hated the sight of me as he hated the devil: he then desired that a coach or a chair might be immediately called to carry him from my presence.

About nine, I visited a young lady who could not see me, because she was but just returned from a rout. I went next to a student in the *Temple*, who received me with great joy; but told me, that he was going to dine with a gentleman, whose daughter he had long courted, and who at length, by the interposition of friends, had

been persuaded to consent to the match, though several others had offered a larger settlement. From this interview I had no desire to detain him; and about twelve I found a young prodigal, to whom I had afforded many opportunities of felicity, which he neglected to improve, and whom I had scarce ever left without having convinced him, that he was wasting life in the search of pleasure which he could never find: he looked upon me with a countenance full of suspicion, dread and perplexity, and seemed to wish that I had delayed my visit or been excluded by his servant; imagining, as I have since heard, that a bailiff was behind me. After dinner, I again met my friend the student; but he who had so lately received me with extasy, now leered at me with a sullen discontent, and if it had been in his power would have destroyed me, for no other reason than because the old gentleman whom he had visited had changed his mind.

YOU may, perhaps, be told, that I am myself inconstant and capricious, that I am never the same person eight and forty hours together, and that no man knows whether at my next visit I shall bring him good or evil: but identity of person might with equal truth be denied of the ADVENTURER, and of every other being upon earth; for all animal bodies are in a state of perpetual decay and renovation: so ridiculous a slander does not indeed deserve a serious reply: and I believe you are now ready to answer every other cavil of my enemies, by convincing the world that it is their own fault if I do not always leave them wiser and better than I find them; and whoever has through life continued to become gradually wiser and better, has obtained a source of divine felicity, a well of living water, which like the widow's oil shall increase as it is poured out, and which, though it was supplied by time, eternity shall not exhaust.

I HOPE, Sir, your paper will be a means of procuring me better treatment; and that you will yourself be solicitous to secure the friendship of

Your humble Servant

TO-DAY.

The

The Ladies directed in the Choice of a Husband.

[Advent. N^o 30.]

THOUGH I devote this Incubration to the ladies, yet there are some parts of it which I hope will not be wholly useless to the gentlemen: and, perhaps, both may expect to be addressed upon a subject, which to both is of equal importance; especially after I have admitted the public recommendation of it by my correspondent Mr. *Townly*.

It has been universally allowed, and with great reason, that between persons who marry there should be some degree of equality, with respect to age and condition. Those who violate a known truth, deserve the infelicity they incur: I shall, therefore, only labour to preserve innocence by detecting error.

WITH the ladies it is a kind of general maxim, that "the best husband is a reformed RAKE;" a maxim which they have probably derived from comedies and novels, in which such a husband is commonly the reward of female merit. But the belief of this maxim is an incontestible proof, that with the true character of a RAKE the ladies are wholly unacquainted. "They have," indeed, "heard of a wild young gentleman, who would rake about the town, and take up his lodging at a bagnio; who had told many a girl a pretty story, that was fool enough to believe him; and had a right to many a child that did not call him father: but that in some of these frolicks he thought no harm, and for others he had sufficiently suffered." But let the ADVENTURER be believed, these are words of dreadful import, and should always be thus understood.

"To rake about town and lodge at a bagnio, is to associate with the vilest and most abandoned of human beings; it is to become familiar with blasphemy and lewdness, and frequently to sport with the most deplorable misery: to tell pretty stories to credulous girls, is to deceive the simplicity of innocence by cunning
"and

“and falshood: to be the father of a nameless progeny,
 “is to desert those, whose tears only can implore the
 “protection to which of all others they have the strongest
 “and the tenderest claim; it is more than to be a man
 “without affection, it is to be a brute without instinct,
 “To think no harm in some of these frolics, is to have
 “worn out all sensibility of the difference between right
 “and wrong; and to have suffered for others, is to have
 “a body contaminated with diseases, which in some
 “degree are certainly transmitted to posterity.”

It is to be hoped, that the mere exhibition of this picture, will be sufficient to deter the ladies from precluding happiness by marrying the original; and from discouraging virtue, by making vice necessary to the character which they prefer.

But they frequently act upon another principle, which tho' not equally fatal and absurd, may yet produce great infelicity.

WHEN the Rake is excluded, it will be generally supposed, that superior intellectual abilities ought always to determine the choice. “A man of fine sense,” is, indeed, a character of great dignity; and the ladies have always been advised to prefer this to every other, as it includes a capacity to bestow “that refined, exalted
 “and permanent felicity, which alone is worthy of a
 “rational being.” But I think it probable, that this advice, however specious, has been often given for no other reason, than because to give it flattered the vanity of the writer, who fondly believed he was drawing his own character, and exciting the envy and admiration of his readers. This advice, however, the ladies universally affect to approve, and probably for a similar reason; since every one imagines, that to hold intellectual excellence in high estimation, is to demonstrate that she possesses it.

As he that would persuade, should be scrupulously careful not to offend, I will not insinuate that there are any ladies, by whom the peculiar beauties of an exalted understanding cannot be discerned; and who have not, therefore, a capacity for half the pleasure which it can bestow. And yet I think there is another excellence
 which

which is much more essential to conjugal felicity,
GOOD NATURE.

I KNOW that GOOD NATURE, has like *Socrates*, been ridiculed in the habit of FOLLY; and that FOLLY has been dignified by the name of GOOD NATURE. But by GOOD NATURE, I do not mean that flexible imbecility of mind which complies with request, and inclines a man at once to accompany an acquaintance to a brothel at the expence of his health, and to keep an equipage for a wife at the expence of his estate. Persons of this disposition have seldom more benevolence than fortitude, and frequently perpetrate deliberate cruelty.

IN true GOOD NATURE, there is neither the acrimony of spleen, nor the fullness of malice; it is neither clamorous nor fretful, neither easy to be offended, nor impatient to revenge; it is a tender sensibility, a participation of the pains and pleasures of others; and is, therefore, a forcible and constant motive, to communicate happiness, and alleviate misery.

As human nature is, from whatever cause, in a state of great imperfection, it is surely to be desired, that a person whom it is most our interest to please, should not see more of this imperfection than we do ourselves.

I SHALL, perhaps, be told, that "a man of sense can never use a woman ill." The latter part of this proposition is a phrase of very extensive and various signification: whether a man of sense can "use a woman ill," I will not enquire, but I shall endeavour to shew, that he may make her extremely wretched.

PERSONS of keen penetration and great delicacy of sentiment, as they must necessarily be more frequently offended than others; so as a punishment for the offence, they can inflict more exquisite pain, because they can wound with more poignant reproach: and by him whom GOOD NATURE does not restrain from retaliating the pain that he feels, the offence, whether voluntary or not, will always be thus punished.

IF this punishment is suffered with silence, confusion, and tears, it is possible that the tyrant may relent; but this, like the remorse of a murderer, is too late; the dread

dread of incurring the same anguish by a like fault, will substitute for the smile of cheerfulness, that sunshine of beauty, the glooms of doubt, solicitude, and anxiety: the offence will notwithstanding be again repeated; the punishment, the distress, and the remorse, will again return; because error is involuntary, and anger is not restrained. If the reproach is retorted, and whether it was deserved becomes the subject of debate, the consequences are yet more dreadful: after a vain attempt to shew an incongruity, which can no more be perceived than sounds by the deaf, the husband will be insulted for causeless and capricious displeasure, and the wife for folly, perverseness, and obstinacy. In these circumstances, what will become of "the refined, the exalted, and the permanent felicity, which alone is worthy of reasonable beings, and which elevated genius only can bestow?"

THAT this conduct is by a man of sense known to be wrong, I am content to allow: but it must also be granted, that the discernment of wrong is not always a propensity to right; and that if pain was never inflicted, but when it was known to produce salutary effects, mankind would be much more happy than they are.

GOOD NATURE, therefore, if intellectual excellence cannot atone for the want of it, must be admitted as the highest personal merit. If, without it, wisdom is not kind; without it, folly must be brutal. Let it, therefore, be once more repeated. "The quality most essential to conjugal felicity, is GOOD NATURE." And, surely, whatever accidental difference there may happen to be in the conceptions or judgment of a husband and wife, if neither can give pain or pleasure without feeling it themselves; it is easy to perceive which sensation they will concur to produce.

It may now be expected, that I should give some general rules, by which the ladies may discover the disposition of those, by whom they are addressed: but it is extremely difficult to detect malevolence amidst the assiduities of courtship, and to distinguish the man under that almost inscrutable disguise the lover. GOOD NATURE, however, is not indicated by the fustling

ing of a perpetual grin, the loud laughter which almost anticipates the jest, or the constant echo of every sentiment; neither is it safe to trust the appearance of profuse liberality, or busy officiousness. Let it rather be remarked, how the lover is affected by incidents, in which the lady is not concerned; what is his behaviour to his immediate dependants, and whether they approach him with a slavish timidity, or with the cheerful reverence of voluntary servitude. Is he ever merry at the expence of another; or does he ever attempt thus to excite mirth in his mistress? Does he mention the absent with candour, and behave to those who are present with a manly complacency? By a diligent attendance to these circumstances, perhaps a probable judgment may be formed of his character.

To conclude with a general remark, **GOOD NATURE** is not of less importance to ourselves than to others. The morose and petulant first feel the anguish that they give: reproach, revilings, and invective, are but the overflowings of their own infelicity, and are constantly again forced back upon their source. Sweetness of temper is not, indeed, an acquired but a natural excellence; and, therefore, to recommend it to those who have it not, may be deemed rather an insult than advice. But let that which in happier natures is instinct, in these be reason; let them pursue the same conduct, impelled by a nobler motive. As the sourness of the crab inhances the value of the graft, so that which on its parent plant is **GOOD NATURE**, will on a less kindly stock be improved into **VIRTUE**. No action by which others receive pleasure or pain, is indifferent: the Sacred rule, "Do that to others which ye would that others should do to you," extends to every deed; and "every word shall be brought into judgment."

Benevolence



Benevolence urged from the misery of Solitude.

An Eastern Story.

[Advent. N^o 132.]

CARAZAN, the merchant of *Bagdat*, was eminent throughout all the East for his avarice and his wealth: his origin was obscure, as that of the spark which by the collision of steel and adamant is struck out of darkness; and the patient labour of persevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inexorably just. But whether, in his dealings with men, he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth he discovered his own importance to increase, *Carazan* prized it more as he used it less: he gradually lost the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

BUT though the door of *Carazan* was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayer; he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the PROPHET. That devotion which arises from THE LOVE OF GOD, and necessarily includes THE LOVE OF MAN, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. *Carazan*, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turning round with a look of circumspective suspicion proceeded to the mosque, was followed by every eye with silent malignity; the poor suspended their supplication when he passed by; and though he was known by every man, yet no man saluted him.

SUCH

SUCH had long been the life of *Carazan*, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the centre of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed. The multitude soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry and apparel to the naked, his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, *Carazan* beckoned with his hand; attention suspended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curiosity which had procured him audience.

TO HIM who touches the mountains and they smoke, THE ALMIGHTY and THE MOST MERCIFUL, be everlasting honour! He has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my Haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandize and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of HIM who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the Angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I felt myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The gate of PARADISE was now in sight; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold: the irrevocable sentence was now to be pronounced; my day of probation was past; and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with

R confusion

confusion and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me.

“CARAZAN, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by LOVE OF GOD; neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by LOVE OF MAN; for thy own sake only, hast thou rendered to every man his due; and thou hast approached the ALMIGHTY only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor round thee with kindness. Around thee, thou hast, indeed, beheld vice and folly; but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of HEAVEN? If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse its light, or the clouds distill their dew? where shall the lips of the spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of autumn diffuse plenty? Remember, *Carazan*, that thou hast shut compassion from thine heart, and grasped thy treasures with a hand of iron: thou hast lived for thyself; and therefore, henceforth for ever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and from the society of all beings, shalt thou be driven; solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair.” At this moment I was driven by some secret and irresistible power through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude and darkness! Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire: “O! that I had been doomed for ever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt! there society would have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or if I had been condemned to reside on a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life; the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dreary inter-
“ val

"val of cold and darkness, and the vicissitude would divide eternity into time." While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair every moment increased, as every moment augmented my distance from the last habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand thousand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that POWER who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succour and without society, farther and farther still, for ever and for ever. I then stretched out my hands towards the regions of existence, with an emotion that awaked me. Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the happiness which I feel, to those from whom it is derived; for the society of one wretch, whom in the pride of prosperity I would have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful solitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized, than the gold of *Afric*, or the gems of *Golconda*.

At this reflection upon his dream, *Carazan* became suddenly silent, and looked upward in an extacy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were struck at once with the precept and example; and the *Caliph*, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.



Socrates's *Allegory of the Origin of Love.*

[Tatler N^o 90.]

THE passion of love happened to be the subject of discourse between two or three of us at the table of the poets this evening; and among other observations, it was remarked, that the same sentiment

on this passion had run through all languages and nations. *Menenius*, who has a very good taste, fell into a little sort of dissertation on this occasion. It is (said he) remarkable, that no passion has been treated by all who have touch'd upon it with the same bent of design but this. The poets, the moralists, the painters, in all their descriptions, allegories, and pictures, have represented it as a soft torment, a bitter sweet, a pleasing pain, or an agreeable distress, and have only expressed the same thought in a different manner.

THE joining of pleasure and pain together in such devices, seems to me the only pointed thought I ever read which is natural; and it must have proceeded from its being the universal sense and experience of mankind, that they have all spoken of it in the same manner. I have in my own reading remarked an hundred and three epigrams, fifty odes, and ninety-one sentences, tending to this sole purpose.

It is certain, there is no other passion which does produce such contrary effects in so great a degree: but this may be said for love, that if you strike it out of the soul, life would be insipid, and our being but half animated. Human nature would sink into deadness and lethargy, if not quickened with some active principle; and as for all others, whether ambition, envy, or avarice, which are apt to possess the mind in the absence of this passion, it must be allowed that they have greater pains, without the compensation of such exquisite pleasures as those we find in love. The great skill is to heighen the satisfactions, and deaden the sorrows of it, which has been the end of many of my labours, and shall continue to be so for the service of the world in general, and in particular of the fair sex, who are always the best or the worst part of it. It is pity that a passion, which has in it a capacity of making life happy, should not be cultivated to the utmost advantage. Reason, prudence, and good nature, rightly applied, can thoroughly accomplish this great end, provided they have always a real and constant love to work upon. But this subject I shall treat more at large in the history of my married sister, and in the mean
time

time shall conclude my reflection on the pains of pleasures which attend this passion, with one of the finest allegories which I think I have ever read. It is invented by the divine *Plato*, and to shew the opinion he himself had of it, ascrib'd by him to his admired *Socrates*, whom he represents as discoursing with his friends, and giving the history of love in the following manner:

At the birth of *Beauty* (says he) there was a great feast made, and many guests invited: among the rest, was the god *Plenty*, who was the son of the goddess *Prudence*, and inherited many of his mother's virtues. After a full entertainment, he retired into the garden of *Jupiter*, which was hung with a great variety of ambrosial fruits, and seems to have been a very proper retreat for such a guest. In the mean time an unhappy female called *Poverty*, having heard of this great feast, repaired to it in hopes of finding relief. The first place she lights upon was *Jupiter's* garden, which generally stands open to people of all conditions. *Poverty* enters, and by chance finds the god *Plenty* asleep in it. She was immediately fired with his charms, laid herself down by his side, and managed matters so well, that she conceived a child by him. The world was very much in suspense upon the occasion, and could not imagine to themselves what would be the nature of an infant that was to have its original from two such parents. At the last, the child appears; and who should it be but *Love*. This infant grew up, and proved in all his behaviour, what he really was, a compound of opposite beings. As he is the son of *Plenty*, (who was the offspring of *Prudence*) he is subtle, intriguing, full of stratagems, and devices; as the son of *Poverty*, he is fawning, begging, serenading, delighting to lie at a threshold, or beneath a window. By the father, he is audacious, full of hopes, conscious of merit, and therefore quick of resentment: by the mother, he is doubtful, timorous, mean-spirited, fearful of offending, and abject in submissions. In the same hour you may see him transported with raptures, talking of immortal pleasures, and appearing satisfied as a god; and im-

mediately after, as the mortal mother prevails in his composition, you beheld him pining, languishing, despairing, dying.

I HAVE been always wonderfully delighted with fables, allegories, and the like inventions, which the politest and the best instructors of mankind have always made use of: they take off from the severity of instruction, and inforce it at the same time that they conceal it. The supposing *Love* to be conceived immediately after the birth of *Beauty*, the parentage of *Plenty*, and the inconsistency of this passion with its self so naturally derived to it, are great master-strokes in this fable; and if they fell into good hands, might furnish out a more pleasing canto than any in *Spencer*.

The Advantages of representing Human Nature in its proper Dignity.

[Tatler, N^o 108.]

IT is not to be imagined, how great an effect well-disposed lights, with proper forms and orders in assemblies, have upon some tempers. I am sure I feel it in so extraordinary a manner, that I cannot in a day or two get out of my imagination any very beautiful or disagreeable impression which I receive on such occasions. For this reason I frequently look in at the play-house, in order to enlarge my thoughts, and warm my mind with some new ideas, that may be serviceable to me in my lucubrations.

IN this disposition I entered the theatre the other day, and placed myself in a corner of it, very convenient for seeing, without being myself observed. I found the audience hushed in a very deep attention, and did not question but some noble tragedy was just then in its crisis, or that an incident was to be unravelled which would determine the fate of an hero. While I was in this suspense, expecting every moment to see my old friend Mr. *Batterton* appear in all the majesty of distress, to my unspeakable amazement, there

came

came up a monster with a face between his feet; and as I was looking on, he raised himself on one leg in such a perpendicular posture, that the other grew in a direct line above his head. If afterwards twisted itself into the motions and wreathings of several different animals, and after great variety of shapes and transformations went off the stage in the figure of an human creature. The admiration, the applause, the satisfaction of the audience, during this strange entertainment, is not to be expressed. I was very much out of countenance for my dear countrymen, and looked about with some apprehension, for fear any foreigner should be present. Is it possible (thought I) that human nature can rejoice in its disgrace, and take pleasure in seeing its own figure turned to ridicule, and distorted into forms that raise horror and aversion? There is something dissingenuous and immoral in the being able to bear such a sight. Men of elegant and noble minds, are shocked at the seeing characters of persons who deserve esteem for their virtue, knowledge, or services to their country, placed in wrong lights, and by misrepresentation made the subject of buffoonery. Such a nice abhorrence is not indeed to be found among the vulgar; but methinks it is wonderful, that those, who have nothing but the outward figure to distinguish them as men, should delight in seeing it abused, vilified and disgraced.

I must confess, there is nothing that more pleases me, in all that I read in books, or see among mankind, than such passages as represent human nature in its proper dignity. As man is a creature made up of different extremes, he has something in him very great and very mean: a skilful artist may draw an excellent picture of him in either of these views. The finest authors of an antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous side. They cultivate the natural grandeur of the soul, raise in her a generous ambition, feed her with hopes of immortality and perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the virtuous and the vicious, by making the difference betwixt them as great as between gods and brutes. In short, it

is impossible to read a page in *Plato*, *Tully*, and a thousand other antient moralists, without being a greater and a better man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modish *French* authors, or those of our own country, who are the imitators and admirers of that trifling nation, without being for some time out of humour with myself, and at every thing about me. Their business is, to depreciate human nature, and consider it under its worst appearances. They give mean interpretations and base motives to the worthiest actions: they resolve virtue and vice into constitution. In short, they endeavour to make no distinction between man and man, or between the species of men and that of brutes. As an instance of this kind of authors, among many others, let any one examine the celebrated *Rochefaucault*, who is the great philosopher for administering of consolation to the idle, the envious, and worthless part of mankind.

I remember a young gentleman of moderate understanding but great vivacity, who by dipping into many authors of this nature, had got a little smattering of knowledge, just enough to make an atheist or a free-thinker, but not a philosopher or a man of sense. With these accomplishments, he went to visit his father in the country, who was a plain, rough, honest man, and wife, tho' not learned. The son, who took all opportunities to shew his learning, began to establish a new religion in the family, and to enlarge the narrowness of their country notions; in which he succeeded so well, that he had seduced the butler by his table-talk, and staggered his eldest sister. The old gentleman began to be alarmed at the schisms that arose among his children, but did not yet believe his son's doctrine to be so pernicious as it really was, till one day talking of his setting dog, the son said, he did not question but *Trey* was as immortal as any one of the family; and in the heat of the argument told his father, that for his own part, he expected to die like a dog. Upon which, the old man starting up in a very great passion, cried out, Then, firrah, you shall live like one; and taking his cane in his hand, cudgelled him out of his system.

This

This had so good an effect upon him, that he took up from that day, fell to reading good books, and is now a bencher in the *Middle Temple*.

I do not mention this cudgelling part of the story with a design to engage the secular arm in matters of this nature; but certainly, if it ever exerts itself in affairs of opinion and speculation, it ought to do it on such shallow and despicable pretenders to knowledge, who endeavour to give man dark and uncomfortable prospects of his being, and destroy those principles which are the support, happiness, and glory of all publick societies, as well as private persons.

I THINK it is one of *Pythagoras's* golden sayings, that a man should take care above all things to have a due respect for himself: and it is certain, that this licentious sort of authors, who are for depreciating mankind, endeavour to disappoint and undo what the most refined spirits have been labouring to advance since the beginning of the world. The very design of dress, good breeding, outward ornaments and ceremony, were to lift up human nature, and set it off to an advantage. Architecture, painting, and statuary, were invented with the same design; as indeed every art and science contributes to the embellishment of life, and to the wearing off and throwing into shades the mean and low parts of our nature. Poetry carries on this great end more than all the rest, as may be seen in the following passage, taken out of *Sir Francis Bacon's Advancement of Learning*, which gives a truer and better account of this art than all the volumes that were ever written upon it.

“ POETRY, especially heroical, seems to be raised
 “ altogether from a noble foundation, which makes
 “ much for the dignity of man's nature. For seeing
 “ this sensible world is in dignity inferior to the soul of
 “ man, poesy seems to endow human nature with that
 “ which history denies; and to give satisfaction to the
 “ mind, with at least the shadow of things, where the
 “ substance cannot be had. For if the matter be
 “ thoroughly considered, a strong argument may be
 “ drawn from poesy, that a more stately greatness of
 R 5 “ things,

" things, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful
 " variety, delights the soul of man, than any way can
 " be found in nature since the fall. Wherefore seeing
 " the acts and events, which are the subjects of true
 " history, are not of that amplitude as to content the
 " mind of man; poesy is ready at hand to feign acts
 " more heroical. Because true history reports the suc-
 " cesses of business not proportionable to the merit of
 " virtues and vices, poesy corrects it; and presents
 " events and fortunes according to desert, and accord-
 " ing to the law of providence: because true history,
 " through the frequent satiety and similitude of things
 " works a distaste and misprision in the mind of man;
 " poesy cheareth and refresheth the soul, chanting
 " things rare and various, and full of vicissitudes. So
 " as poesy serveth and conferreth to delectation, mag-
 " nanimity and morality; and therefore it may seem
 " deservedly to have some participation of divineness,
 " because it doth raise the mind, and exalt the spirit
 " with high raptures, by proportioning the shews of
 " things to the desires of the mind, and not submitting
 " the mind to things as reason and history do. And
 " by these allurements and congruities, whereby it
 " cherisheth the soul of man, joined also with consort
 " of musick, whereby it may more sweetly insinuate
 " itself; it hath won such access, that it hath been in
 " estimation even in rude times, and barbarous nations,
 " when our learning stood excluded."

But there is nothing which favours and falls in
 with this natural greatness and dignity of human na-
 ture so much as religion, which does not only promise
 the entire refinement of the mind, but the glorifying
 of the body, and the immortality of both.

* * * * *

The Efficacy of Poetry upon the Mind.

[Tatler, N^o 98.]

AN ingenious and worthy gentleman, my ancient friend, fell into discourse with me this evening, upon the force and efficacy which the writings of good poets have on the minds of their intelligent readers, and recommended to me his sense of the matter, thrown together in the following manner, which he desired me to communicate to the youth of *Great Britain* in my essays; which I chuse to do in his own words.

I HAVE always been of opinion (says he) that virtue sinks deepest into the heart of man, when it comes recommended by the powerful charms of poetry. The most active principle in our mind is the imagination; to it a good poet makes his court perpetually, and by this faculty takes care to gain it first. Our passions and inclinations come over next; and our reason surrenders itself with pleasure, in the end. Thus the whole soul is insensibly betrayed into morality, by bribing the fancy with beautiful and agreeable images of those very things, that in the books of the philosophers appear austere, and have at the best but a kind of forbidden aspect. In a word, the poets do, as it were, strew the rough paths of virtue so full of flowers, that we are not sensible of the uneasiness of them, and imagine ourselves in the midst of pleasures, and the most bewitching allurements, at the time we are making a progress in the severest duties of life.

ALL men agree, that licentious poems do of all writings soonest corrupt the heart: and why should we not be as universally perswaded, that the grave and serious performances of such as write in the most engaging manner, by a kind of divine impulse, must be the most effectual perswasives to goodness? If therefore I were blessed with a Son, in order to the forming of
his

his manners, (which is making him truly my son) I should be continually putting into his hand some fine poet. The graceful sentences, and the manly sentiments so frequently to be met with in every great and sublime writer, are, in my judgment, the most ornamental and valuable furniture that can be for a young gentleman's head; methinks they shew like so much rich embroidery upon the brain. Let me add to this, that humanity and tenderness, (without which there can be no true greatness in the mind) are inspired by the muses in such pathetical language, that all we find in prose-authors towards the raising and improving of these passions, is in comparison but cold, or lukewarm, at the best. There is besides a certain elevation of soul, a sedate magnanimity, and a noble turn of virtue, that distinguishes the hero from the plain, honest man, to which verse can only raise us. The bold metaphors and sounding numbers, peculiar to the poets, rouse up all our sleeping faculties, and alarm the whole powers of the soul, much like that excellent trumpeter mentioned by *Virgil*:

— *Quo non præstantior alter*

Ære ciere Viros, Martemque accendere Cantu.

I FELL into this train of thinking this evening, upon reading a passage in a mask writ by *Milton*, where two brothers are introduced seeking after their sister, whom they had lost in a dark night and thick wood. One of the brothers is apprehensive lest the wandering virgin should be overpowered with fears through the darkness and loneliness of the time and place. This gives the other occasion to make the following reflections, which, as I read them, made me forget my age, and renewed in me the warm desires after virtues, so natural to uncorrupted youth.

I do not think my sister so to seek

Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book,

And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,

As that the single want of light and noise

(*Nay*)

(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into misbecoming plight.
 Virtue could see to do what virtue would,
 By her own radiant light, tho' sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdoms self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude:
 Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd:
 He that has light within his own clear breast,
 May sit i' th' center, and enjoy bright day:
 But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
 Himself is his own dungeon.



*Praise and Blame to be regarded only as relating
 to Things strictly true.*

[Tatler, N^o 92.]

I KNOW no manner of speaking so offensive as that
 of giving praise, and closing it with an exception;
 which proceeds (where men do not do it to introduce
 malice, and make calumny more effectual) from the
 common error of considering man as a perfect creature.
 But if we rightly examine things, we shall find, that
 there is a sort of oeconomy in providence, that one
 shall excel where another is defective, in order to make
 men more useful to each other, and mix them in society.
 This man having this talent, and that man another, is
 as necessary in conversation, as one professing on trade,
 and another another, is beneficial in commerce. The
 happiest climate does not produce all things; and it
 was so ordered, that one part of the earth should want
 the product of another, for uniting mankind in a ge-
 neral correspondence and good understanding. It is
 there-

therefore want of good sense as well as good nature, to say, *Simplicius* has a better judgment, but not so much wit as *Latius*; for that these have not each other's capacities, is no more a diminution to either, than if you should say, *Simplicius* is not *Latius*, or *Latius* not *Simplicius*. The heathen world had so little notion that perfection was to be expected amongst men, that among them any one quality or endowment in an heroic degree made a god. *Hercules* had strength; but it was never objected to him that he wanted wit. *Apollo* presided over wit, and it was never asked whether he had strength. We hear no exceptions against the beauty of *Minerva*, or the wisdom of *Venus*. These wise heathens were glad to immortalize any one serviceable gift, and overlook all imperfections in the person who had it: but with us it is far otherwise, for we reject many eminent virtues, if they are accompanied with one apparent weakness. The reflecting after this manner, made me account for the strange delight men take in reading lampoons and scandal, with which the age abounds, and of which I receive frequent complaints. Upon mature consideration, I find it is principally for this reason, that the worst of mankind, the libellers, receive so much encouragement in the world. The low race of men take a secret pleasure in finding an eminent character levelled to their condition by a report of its defects, and keep themselves in countenance, though they are excelled in a thousand virtues, if they believe they have in common with a great person any one fault. The libeller falls in with this humour, and gratifies this baseness of temper, which is naturally an enemy to extraordinary merit. It is from this, that libel and satire are promiscuously joined together in the notions of the vulgar, though the satirist and libeller differ as much as the magistrate, and the murderer. In the consideration of human life, the satirist never falls upon persons who are not glaringly faulty, and the libeller on one but who are conspicuously commendable. Were I to expose any vice in a good or great man, it should certainly be by correcting it in some one where that crime was the most distinguishing part of the character;

rafter; as pages are chastized for the admonition of princes. When it is performed otherwise, the vicious are kept in credit, by placing men of merit in the same accusation. But all the pasquils lampoons and libels, we meet with now a days, are a sort of playing with the four and twenty letters, and throwing them into names and characters, without sense, truth or wit. In this case, I am in great perplexity to know whom they mean, and should be in distress for those they abuse, if I did not see their judgment and ingenuity in those they commend. This is the true way of examining a libel; and when men consider, that no one man living thinks the better of their heroes and patrons for the panegyrick given them, none can think themselves lessened by their investive. The hero or patron in a libel, is but a scavenger to carry off the dirt, and by that very employment is the filthiest creature in the street. Dedications and panegyricks are frequently ridiculous, let them be addressed where they will; but at the front, or in the body of a libel, to commend a man, is saying to the persons applauded, "My lord, or Sir, I have pulled down all men that the rest of the world think great and honourable, and here is a clear stage; you may as you please be valiant or wise; you may choose to be on the military or civil list; for there is no one brave who commands, or just who has power: You may rule the world now it is empty, which exploded you when it was full: I have knocked out the brains of all whom mankind thought good for any thing; and I doubt not, but you will reward that invention, which found out the only expedient to make your lordship, or your worship, of any consideration."

HAD I the honour to be in a libel, and had escaped the approbation of the author, I should look upon it exactly in this manner. But tho' it is a thing thus perfectly indifferent, who is exalted or debased in such performances, yet it is not so with relation to the authors of them: therefore I shall, for the good of my country,

country, hereafter take upon me to punish these wretches. What is already pass'd, may die away according to its Nature, and continue in its present oblivion; but for the future, I shall take notice of such enemies to honour and virtue, and preserve them to immortal infamy: their names shall give fresh offence many ages hence, and be detested a thousand years after the commission of their crime. It shall not avail, that these children of infamy publish their works under feigned names, or under none at all; for I am so perfectly well acquainted with the styles of all my contemporaries, that I shall not fail of doing them justice, with their proper names, and at their full length. Let therefore these miscreants enjoy their present act of oblivion, and take care how they offend hereafter.

BUT to avert our eyes from such objects, it is methinks but requisite to settle our opinion in the case of praise and blame: and I believe, the only true way to cure that sensibility of reproach, which is a common weakness with the most virtuous men, is to fix their regard firmly upon only what is strictly true, in relation to their advantage, as well as diminution. For if I am pleased with commendation which I do not deserve, I shall from the same temper be concerned at scandal I do not deserve. But he that can think of false applause with as much contempt as false detraction, will certainly be prepared for all adventures, and will become all occasions. Undeserved praise can please only those who want merit, and undeserved reproach frighten only those who want sincerity. I have thought of this with so much attention, that I fancy there can be no other method in nature found for the cure of that delicacy, which gives good men pain under calumny, but placing satisfaction no where but in a just sense of their own integrity, without regard to the opinion of others. If we have not such a foundation as this, there is no help against scandal, but being in obscurity, which to noble minds is not being at all. The truth of it is, this love of praise dwells most in great and heroic spirits; and those who best deserve it, have generally the

the most exquisite relish of it. Methinks I see the renowned *Alexander*, after a painful and laborious march, amidst the heats of a parched soil and a burning climate, sitting over the head of a fountain, and after a draught of water pronounce that memorable saying, *Oh Athenians!* How much do I suffer that you may speak well of me? The *Athenians* were at that time the learned of the world, and their libels against *Alexander* were written as he was a professed enemy of their state: but how monstrous would such investives have appear'd in *Macedonians*.

As love of reputation is a darling passion in great men, so the defence of them in this particular is the business of every man of honour and honesty. We should run on such an occasion (as if a publick building was on fire) to the relief; and all who spread or publish such detestable pieces as traduce their merit, should be used like incendiaries. It is the common cause of our country to support the reputation of those who preserve it against invaders; and every man is attacked in the person of that neighbour who deserves well of him.

On the Use of social Intercourse between Persons of different Ages and Professions.

[Connoiss. N^o 78.]

To Mr. TOWN.

SIR,

NOTHING is more necessary, in order to wear off any particularities in our behaviour, or to root out any perverseness in our opinions, than mixing with persons of ages and occupations different from our own. Whosoever confines himself entirely to the society of those who are engaged in the same pursuits, and whose thoughts naturally take the same turn with his own, acquires a certain stiffness and pedantry of behaviour, which is sure to make him disagreeable, except in one particular

particular set of company. Instead of cramping the mind by keeping it within so narrow a circle, we should endeavour to enlarge it by every worthy notion and accomplishment; and temper each qualification with its opposite, as the four elements are compounded in our natural frame.

THE necessity of this free conversation, to open and improve the mind, is evident from the consequences, which always follow a neglect of it. The employment each man is engaged in, wholly engrosses his attention, and tinges the mind with a peculiar die, which shews itself in all the operations of it, unless prevented by natural good sense or a liberal education. The physician, the lawyer, and the tradesmen will appear in company, though none of those occupations are the subject of discourse; and the clergyman will grow morose and severe, who seldom or never converses with the laity. If no particular profession has this influence over us, some darling passion or amusement gives a colour to our thoughts and actions, and makes us odious or at least ridiculous. Fine ladies for instance, by despising the conversation of sensible men, can talk of nothing but routs, balls, assemblies, birth-day suits, and intrigues; and fine gentlemen, for the same reason, of almost nothing at all. In like manner, the furious partizan, who has not been weaned from a mad attachment to particular principles, is weak enough to imagine every man of a different way of thinking a fool and a scoundrel; and the sectary or zealot devotes to eternal damnation all those, who will not go to heaven in the same road with himself, under the guidance of *Whitefield*, *Wesley*, or Count *Zinzendorff*. To the same cause we owe the rough country squire, whose ideas are wholly bent on guns, dogs, horses, and game; and who has every thing about him of a piece with his diversions. His hall must be adorned with stags heads, instead of busts and statues; and in the room of family pictures, you will see prints of the most famous stallions and race-horses: all his doors open and shut with foxes feet; and even the buttons of his cloaths are impressed with the figures of dogs, foxes, stags, and horses. To this

absurd

absurd practice of cultivating only one set of ideas, and shutting ourselves out from any intercourse with the rest of the world, is owing that narrowness of mind, which has infected the conversation of the polite world with insipidity, made roughness and brutality the characteristics of a mere country gentleman, and produced the most fatal consequences in politics and religion.

BUT if this commerce with the generality of mankind is so necessary to remove any impressions, which we may be liable to receive from any particular employment or darling amusement, what precautions ought to be used, in order to remedy the inconveniencies naturally brought on us by the different ages of life! it is not certain, that a person will be engaged in any profession, or given up to any peculiar kind of pleasure; but the mind of every man is subject to the inclinations arising from the several stages of his existence, as well as his body to chronical distempers. This, indeed, Mr. Town, is the principal cause of my writing to you: for it has often given me great concern to see the present division between the young and the old; to observe elderly men forming themselves into clubs and societies, that they may be more securely separated from youth; and to see young men running into dissipation and debauchery, rather than associate with age. If each party would labour to conform to the other, from such a coalition many advantages would accrue to both. Our youth would be instructed by the experience of age, and lose much of that levity, which they retain too long: while at the same time the wrinkled brow of the aged would be smoothed by the sprightly cheerfulness of youth; by which they might supply the want of spirits, forget the loss of old friends, and bear with ease all their wordly misfortunes. It is remarkable, that those young men are the most worthy and sensible, who have kept up any intercourse with the old; and that those old men are of the most cheerful and amiable disposition, who have not been ashamed to converse with the young.

I WILL not pretend to decide, which party is most blameable in neglecting this necessary commerce with each other; which, if properly managed, would be at once so beneficial and delightful: but it undoubtedly arises

from a certain selfishness and obstinacy in both, which will not suffer them to make a mutual allowance for the natural difference of their dispositions. Their inclination are, indeed, as different as their years; yet each expects the other to comply, though neither will make any advances. How rarely do we see the least degree of society preserved between a father and a son! a shocking reflection, when we consider that nature has endeavoured to unite them by parental affection on one side, and filial gratitude on the other. Yet a father and son as seldom live together with any tolerable harmony, as an husband and wife; and chiefly for the same reason: for though they are both joined under the same yoke, yet they are each tugging different ways. A father might as well expect his son to be as gouty and infirm as himself, as to have the disposition which he has contracted from age; and a son might as reasonably desire the vigour and vivacity of five and twenty, as his own love of gaiety and diversions in his father. It is therefore evident, that a mutual endeavour to conform to each other is absolutely requisite to keep together the cement of natural affection, which an untractable stubbornness so frequently dissolves; or at least, if it does not disturb the affection, it constantly destroys the society between father and son.

THIS unhappy and unnatural division is often the subject of complaint in persons of both ages; but is still unremedied, because neither reflect on the cause whence it proceeds. Old men are perpetually commenting on the extreme levity of the times, and blaming the young, because they do not admire and court their company: which, indeed, is no wonder, since they generally treat their youthful companions as mere children, and expects such a slavish deference to their years, as destroys that equality by which cheerfulness and society subsists. Young men do not like to be chid by a proverb, or reproved by a wrinkle: but tho' they do not chuse to be corrected by their grave seniors like school-boys, they would be proud to consult them as friends; which the injudicious severity of old age seldom will permit, not deigning to indulge them with so great a degree of freedom.

dom and familiarity. Youth, on the other hand, shun the company of age, complaining of the small regard and respect paid to them, though they often act with so little reserve and such unbecoming confidence, as not to deserve it. Suppose the old were pleased with the natural flow of spirits and lively conversation of youth, still some respect may be challenged as due to them; nor should the decency and sobriety of their characters ever be insulted by any improper or immodest conversation.

I AM an old man myself, Mr. Town, and I have an only boy, whose behaviour to me is unexceptionable: permit me, therefore, to dwell a moment longer on my favourite subject, and I will conclude. With what harmony might all parents and children live together, if the father would strive to soften the rigour of age, and remember that his son must naturally possess those qualities, which ever accompany youth; and if the son would in return endeavour to suit himself to those infirmities, which his father received from old age! If they would reciprocally study to be agreeable to each other, the father would insensibly substitute affection in the room of authority, and lose the churlish severity and peevishness incident to his years: while the son would curb the unbecoming impetuosity of his youth, change his reluctance to obey into a constant attention to please, and remit much of his extreme gaiety in conformity to the gravity of his father. Wherever such a turn of mind is encouraged, there must be happiness and agreeable society: and the contrary qualities of youth and age, thus blended, compose the surest cement of affection; as colours of the most opposite tints, by a skilful mixture, each giving and receiving certain shades, will form a picture, the most heightened and exquisite in it's colouring. I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

JOHN BEVIL.

Letter of Advice to a YOUNG ACADEMIC.

[Connoif. N^o 82.]

DEAR SIR,

AS you are now going to the University, I would not be thought to pay so ill a compliment to your own natural good sense, as to suppose, that you will not (like many young gentlemen of fortune) in some measure apply yourself to study: otherwise the time you spend there will be entirely lost; for (as *Swift* very justly remarks) "all ornamental parts of education are better taught in other places." At the same time I do not mean, that you should commence Pedant, and be continually poring on a book; since that will rather puzzle, than inform the understanding. And though I know many sprightly young gentlemen of lively and quick parts affect to despise it altogether, it will be necessary to learn something of Logic; I mean in the same manner one would learn Fencing — not to attack others, but to defend one's self. In a word, you will find it a great unhappiness, when you return hither, if you do not bring with you some taste for reading: for a mere country gentleman, who can find no society in books, will have little else to do, besides following his sprouts, but to sit, as squire of the company, tippling among a parcel of idle wretches, whose understandings are nearly on a level with his dogs and horses.

It has been an established maxim, that the world will always form an opinion of persons according to the company they are known to keep. In the University, as well as in other places, there are people, whom we ought to avoid, as we would the plague: and as it is of the utmost consequence, whether you plunge at once into extravagance and debauchery, or sink gradually into indolence and stupidity, I shall point out some of these pests of society in as few words as possible.

THE

THE first person I would caution you against, is the wretch that takes a delight to turn religion into ridicule; one who employs that speech, which was given him by **GOD** to celebrate his praise, in questioning his very being. This, at it is impious in itself, is likewise the height of ill manners. It is hoped, there are but few of them to be met with in a place of sound doctrine and religious education; but wherever they are, they ought to be avoided as much possible; and if they will force themselves into our company, they should be used with the same contempt, with which they have the hardness to treat their Maker. And this, I can assure you, may be done safely: for I never knew any body who pretended to be above the fear of **GOD**, but was under the most terrible apprehensions, whenever attacked by man.

THE next character, whom I would advise you to shun, is the **GAMESTER**, in some respects not unlike the former. The gaming-table is his shrine, and fortune his deity; nor does he ever speak or think of any other, unless by way of blasphemy, oaths and curses, when he has had a bad run at cards or dice. He has not the least notion of friendship; but would ruin his own brother, if it might be of any advantage to himself. He, indeed, professes himself your friend; but that is only with a design to draw you in: for his trade is inconsistent with the principles of honour or justice, without which there can be no real friendship. It should, therefore, be the care of every gentleman, not to hold any commerce with such people, whose acquaintance he cannot enjoy, without giving up his estate.

THE next person, whom we ought to beware of, is a **DRUNKARD**; one that takes an unaccountable pleasure in sapping his constitution, and drowing his understanding. He constantly goes senseless to bed, and rises maudish in the morning; nor can he be easy in body or mind, 'till he has renewed his dose, and again put himself beyond the reach of reflection. I would, therefore, entreat you by all means to avoid an habit, which will at once ruin your health, and impair your intellect. It is a misfortune, that society should be esteemed dull and insipid without the assistance of the bottle to enliven it.

so that a man cannot entirely refrain from his glass, if he keeps any company at all. But let it be remembered, that in drinking, as well as in talking, we ought always to "keep a watch over the doors of our lips."

A **L O W N G E R** is a creature, that you will often see lolling in a coffee house, or sauntering about the streets, with great calmness, and a most inflexible stupidity in his countenance. He takes as much pains as the Sot, to fly from his own thoughts; and is at length happily arrived at the highest pitch of indolence both in mind and body. He would be as inoffensive, as he is dull, if it were not that his idleness is contagious; for, like the *torpedo*, he is sure to benumb and take away all sense of feeling from every one, with whom he happens to come in contact.

I T were also best to forbear the company of a **W R A N G L E R**, or a person of a litigious temper. This sometimes arises, not from any great share of ill-nature, but from a vain pride of shewing one's parts, or skill in argumentation. It is frequently observed of young Academics in particular, that they are very apt impertinently to engage people in a dispute, whether they will or not. But this is contrary to all the rules of good-breeding, and is never practised by any man of sense, that has seen much of the world. I have sometimes known a person of great sauciness and volubility of expression, confuted by the *Argumentum Baculinum*, and both his head and his syllogism broken at the same time.

I need not point out to you the profligate **R A K E** or the affected **C O X C O M B**, as persons from whose company you can reap no sort of benefit. From the first the good principles, already instilled into you, will doubtless preserve you; and I am sure you have too much real sense, not to despise the absurd fopperies of the latter. Noted **L V A R S** are no less to be avoided, as the common pests of society. They are often of a mischievous disposition, and by their calumnies and false suggestions take a pleasure in setting the most intimate friends at variance. But if they only deal in harmless and improbable lies their acquaintance must frequently be out of countenance for them; and if we should venture to re-

peat

peat after them, I am sure it is the way to be out of countenance for ourselves.

BUT above all I must advise you never to engage, at least not with any degree of violence, in any PARTY. Be not transported by the clamorous jollity of talking patriots beyond the sober dictates of reason and justice; nor let the insinuating voice of corruption tempt you to barter your integrity and peace of mind for the paltry satisfaction of improving your fortune. If you behave with honour and prudence, you will be regarded and courted by all parties; but if otherwise, you will certainly be despised by all. Perhaps indeed, if you should hereafter engage in elections, and spend your own money to support another's cause, the person, in whose interest you are, may shake you by the hand, and swear you are a very honest gentleman: — just as butchers treat their bull dogs, who spit in their mouths, clap them on the back, and then halloo them on to be tossed and torn by the horns of their antagonist.

AFTER having guarded you against the evil influence of your own sex, I cannot conclude without throwing in a word or two concerning the Ladies. But that I may not be thought unmannerly to the fair, I shall pass over their faults; only hoping, that their excellencies will not tempt you to precipitate a match with one much your inferior in birth and fortune, though “endowed with every accomplishment requisite to make the marriage state happy.” In these hasty and unequal matches it sometimes happens, that mutual love gives way to mutual reproaches. We may perhaps too late repent of our bargain: and though Repentance be an excellent visiting friend, when she reminds us of our past miscarriages, and prescribes rules how to avoid them for the future, yet she is a most troublesome companion, when fixed upon us for life.

I am, dear Sir,

Your sincere friend, &c.

H. A.



On *TASTE*. [World, N^o 67.]

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AL L the fashionable part of mankind set out with the ambition of being thought men of *TASTE*.

THIS is the present universal passion: but the misfortune is, that like sportsmen, who lose their hare, and start coney, which lead them over warrens, where their horses break their legs, and fling their riders; so in the affair of *TASTE*, we frequently see men following some false scent, with the same ardour that they would have pursued the proper object of a chase, and with much greater inconveniences.

OF all the various subjects that have yet exercised the geniusses of modern writers, that of *TASTE* has appeared to be the most difficult to treat; because almost all of them have lost themselves in endeavouring to trace its source. They have generally indeed referred us for its origin to the polite and imitative arts; whereas those are rather its offspring, than its parents. Perhaps their mistakes in the treating this delicate subject may have arisen from the great resemblance which *FALSE TASTE* bears to *TRUE*, which hasty and inaccurate observers will find as difficult to distinguish, as to discern *Pinchbeck's* metal from genuine gold at the first transient glance. To the end therefore that the ideas of our fine gentlemen may be somewhat more precisely adjusted upon this important article, I shall venture to assert, that the first thing necessary for those who wish to acquire a *TRUE TASTE*, is, to prepare their minds by an early pursuit and love of moral order, propriety, and all the rational beauties of a just and well regulated conduct.

TRUE TASTE, like good breeding in behaviour seems to be the easiest thing in nature to attain; but yet, where it does not grow spontaneously, it is a plant of all others the most difficult to cultivate. It must be sown
upon

upon a bed of virgin sense, and kept perfectly clean of every weed that may prevent or retard its growth. It was long erroneously thought to be an exotic; but experience has convinced us that it will bear the cold of our most northern provinces. I could produce instances to confirm this assertion, from almost every county of Great Britain and Ireland.

THE folly is, that every man thinks himself capable of arriving at perfection in this divine accomplishment; but nature hath not dispensed her gifts in such profusion. There is but one sun to illuminate our earth, while the stars that twinkle with inferior lustre are innumerable. Thus those great geniusses that are the perfect models of TRUE TASTE, are extremely rare, while thousands daily expose themselves to ruin and ridicule by vain and awkward imitations.

PERHAPS to arrive at TASTE, in one single branch of polite refinement, might not be altogether so fruitless an ambition: but the absurdity is to aim at universal TASTE. Now this will best appear by observing what numbers miscarry even in the most confined pursuit of this difficult accomplishment. One seeks this coy mistress in books and study; others pursue her through France, through Italy, nay, through Spain; and after all their labours, we have frequently seen them ridiculously embracing pedantry and foppery with the raptures due alone to TASTE. Thus it happens with many deluded travellers in the fields of gallantry, who enjoy fancied familiarities with women of the first rank, whose names and titles strumpets have assumed, to deceive the vain, the ignorant, and the unwary.

It is thought the *Bona Dea* of the Romans, was nothing more than the goddess of TASTE. Ladies alone were admitted into her mysteries. The natural indelicacy indeed of the stronger sex seems to countenance this opinion; women in general having finer and more exquisite sensations than men; and it is a thorough acquaintance with the virtues and charms of that most amiable part of our species which constitutes the most essential quality of a man of TASTE. Who indeed ever knew a mere soldier, a mere politician, a mere scholar to be a man of TASTE?

WERE

WERE we to erect a temple to TASTE, every SCIENCE should furnish a pillar, every VIRTUE should there have an altar, and the three GRACES should hold the high-priesthood in commission.

WE daily see pretenders to this quality endeavouring to display it in a parade of dress and equipage; but these, alas! can only produce a beau. We see others set up for it amongst cards and dice; but these can create nothing better than a gamester. Others in brothels, which only form a debauchee. Some have run for it at *New-market*; some have drank for it at the King's arms; the former, to their great surprize, have acquired only the title of good jockeys, the latter of jolly Bucks. There are many who aim at it in literary compositions, and gain at most the character of intruding authors.

HOWEVER, this general pursuit of TASTE has its uses: those numbers who go in quest of it, where it is never to be found, serve at least as so many marks that teach us to avoid steering the same unsuccessful course.

THE plain truth of the matter is, a house filled with fine pictures, the sideboard loaded with massy plate, the splendid equipage, with all the hey-dukes, pages and servants that attend it, do not entitle the possessor to be called a man of TASTE: they only bring with them either anxiety or contempt to those whose rank and fortunes are not equal to such ostentation. I will be bold to say therefore, notwithstanding some of your readers will doubtless look upon me as an unpolished Vandal, that the best instance any man can give of his TASTE, is to shew that he has too much delicacy to relish any thing so low and little, as the purchase of superfluities at another's cost, or with his own ruin. At least, the placid satisfaction of that man's heart, who prudently measures his expences, and confines his desires within the circle of his annual revenue, begets that well-ordered disposition of mind, without which it is impossible to merit the character of a man of just refined TASTE.

CERTAIN it is, that He best discovers the justness of his TASTE, who best knows how to pursue and secure the most solid and lasting happiness. Now where shall we look for this, with so much probability of find-

ing

ing it, as in temperance and tranquillity of mind, in social and domestic enjoyments? Are not these the first and most essential objects of *TASTE*? Certainly they are: and when a man has once acquired these, he may, if fortune and nature have properly qualified him, launch out into a more extensive compass, and display his genius in a larger circle.

BUT it will be difficult, I fear, to persuade those young men of the present generation, who are ambitious of establishing a character for *TASTE*, to advance towards it by so slow and regular a progression. They seem in general to be possessed with a kind of *EPIC* madness, and are for hurrying at once into the midst of things. But perhaps you, Mr. *Fitz-Adam*, may be able, by reason or by ridicule, to call back their attention to the previous steps; to persuade them to learn to walk, before they attempt to run; to convince them, that profusion in architecture, in gardening, in equipage, in dress, &c. can serve no other purpose but to disturb their imaginations, and to give them a general distaste of themselves, and of every thing around them.

IT is by no means, however, surprising that this character of *TASTE* should be so universally sought after; as true *TASTE* is doubtless the highest point of perfection, at which human nature, in this her state of frailty, can possibly arrive. A man endowed with this quality, possesses all his senses in the manner best adapted to receive the impression of every true pleasure, which providence has scattered with a liberal hand for the delight of its creature. There is nothing intrinsically beautiful which does not furnish him with perpetual delight; as every thing ill-fashioned and deformed affects him with disgust and abhorrence. That is, in a word, the avenues of his mind are open only to those enjoyments that bring with them the passports of truth and reason.

PHILAETHES is a man of *TASTE*, according to the notion I have here given of that quality. His conduct is influenc'd by sentiment as well as by principle; and if he were ever so secure of secrecy and impunity, he would no more be capable of committing a low or a
base

base action, than of admitting a vile performance into his noble collection of paintings and sculpture. His just taste of the fine arts, and his exquisite delicacy in moral conduct, are but one and the same sense, exerting itself upon different objects; a love of beauty, order and propriety, extended to all their various intellectual and visible exhibitions. Accordingly, *Philalethes* is consistent in every part of his character. You see the same elegant and noble simplicity, the same correct and judicious way of thinking, expressed in his dress, his equipage, his furniture, his gardens and his actions.

How different is *Micio* from *Philalethes*! Yet *Micio* would be thought a man of TASTE. But the misfortune is, he has not a heart for it. I say a heart, however odd the expression may sound: for as a celebrated antient has defined an orator to be *vir bonus dicendi peritus*, so I must insist upon it, that a good heart is an essential ingredient to form a good TASTE. When I see *Micio*, therefore, dissipating his health and strength in lewd embraces and midnight revels; when I see him throwing away over-night at the gaming-table, what he must refuse the next morning to the just clamours of his injured tradesmen; I am not the least surprized at his trimmed trees, his unnatural terrasses, his *French treillage*, his *Dutch* parterres, his *Chinese* bells, and his tawdry equipage.

In fine, though every man cannot arrive at the perfection of this quality, yet it may be necessary that he should be sufficiently instructed, not to be deceived in his judgment concerning the claim of it in others. To this end the few following queries may be applied with singular advantage. Is the pretender to TASTE proud? Is he a coxcomb? Is he a spendthrift? Is he a gamester? Is he a slanderer? Is he a drunkard? Is he a bad neighbour? a sham patriot? or a false friend? By this short catechism every youth, even of the most slender capacity, may be capable of determining who is NOT a man of TASTE. I am, &c.

I. T.
Prosperity

* * * * *

Prosperity and Adversity. An Allegory.

[World. N^o 84.]

PROSPERITY and *Adversity*, the daughters of *Providente*, were sent to the house of a rich *Phœnician* merchant, named *Velasco*, whose residence was at *Tyre*, the capital city of that kingdom.

PROSPERITY, the eldest, was beautiful as the morning and cheerful as the spring: but *Adversity* was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

VELASCO had two sons, *Felix* and *Uranio*. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship. But love, before whom all the affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remain only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to set them at variance; for both were become enamoured with the beauties of *Prosperity*. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns: but to avoid a particular declaration, she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

VELASCO, who was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent consequences, obliged them by his authority to decide their pretensions by lots; each previously engaging in a solemn oath to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn; and *Prosperity* became the wife of *Felix*, and *Adversity* of *Uranio*.

SOO N after the celebration of these nuptials *Velasco* died, having bequeathed to his eldest son *Felix* the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

THIS husband of *Prosperity* was so transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that

that he cloathed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods; he turned rivers into his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavillions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by him unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight, and in process of time he commanded the doors of his house to be shut against him.

BUT as the stream flows from its channel and loses itself among the vallies, unless confined by banks; so also will the current of fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by oeconomy. In a few years the estate of *Felix* was wasted by extravagance, his merchandize failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for support to the nobles and great men whom he had feasted and made presents to, but his voice was as the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turn, his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart so bewitched with her sorceries, that he pursued her with entreaties, till by her haste to abandon him, her mask fell off, and discovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

WHAT became of him afterwards tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into *Egypt*, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deserted him; and that he died in a short time, wretched and an exile.

LET us now return to *Uranio*, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother *Felix*. *Adversity*, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps: and to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richest vessel was

taken by a *Sardinian* pirate; that another was lost upon the *Lybian Syrtis*; and, to compleat all, that the banker with whom the greatest part of his ready money was entrusted, had deserted his creditors and retired into *Sicily*. Collecting therefore the small remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to *Tyre*, and, led by *Adversity* through unfrequented roads and forests overgrown with thickets, he came at last to a small village at the foot of a mountain. Here they took up their abode for some time; and *Adversity*, in return for all the anxiety he had suffered, softening the severity of her looks, administred to him the most faithful counsel; weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the Gods, and to place his whole trust and happiness in their government and protection. She humanized his soul, made him modest and humble, taught him to compassionate the distress of his fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

"I am sent, said she, by the Gods to those alone whom they love: for I not only train them up by my severe discipline to future glory, but also prepare them to receive with a greater relish all such moderate enjoyments, as are not inconsistent with this probationary state. As the spider, when assailed, seeks shelter in its inmost web, so the mind which I afflict, contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for happiness to itself. It was I who raised the characters of *Cato*, *Socrates* and *Timoleon* to so divine a height, and set them up as guides and examples to every future age. *Prosperity*, my smiling, but treacherous sister, too frequently delivers those whom she has seduced, to be scourged by her cruel followers, *Anguish* and *Despair*: while *Adversity* never fails to lead those who will be instructed by her, to the blissful habitations of *Tranquillity* and *Content*."

URANIO listened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earnestly on her face, the deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease. By gentle degrees his aversion to her abated; and at last, he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wise maxim of the philosopher,

T

"That

"That those, who want the fewest things, approach
 "nearest to the Gods who want nothing." She admon-
 nished him to turn his eyes to the many thousands be-
 neath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in
 pomp and splendor; and in his addresses to the Gods,
 instead of asking for riches and popularity, to pray for
 a virtuous mind, a quiet state, and unblameable life,
 and a death full of good hopes.

FINDING him to be every day more and more com-
 posed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her
 face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addres-
 sed him in the following manner.

"As gold is purged and refined from dross by the
 "fire, so is *Adversity* sent by *Providence* to try and im-
 "prove the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my
 "task is finished; and I now leave you, to go and give
 "an account of my charge. Your brother, whose lot
 "was *Prosperity*, and whose condition you so much en-
 "vied, after having experienced the error of his choice,
 "is at last released by death from the most wretched of
 "lives. Happy has it been for *Uranio*, that his lot
 "was *Adversity*, whom if he remembers as he ought,
 "his life will be honourable, and his death happy."

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from
 his sight. But though her features at that moment, in-
 stead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to display
 a kind of languishing beauty, yet as *Uranio*, in spite
 of his utmost efforts, could never prevail upon himself
 to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor
 wished for her return. But though he rejoiced in her
 absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and
 grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandize;
 and having in a short time acquired a competency suf-
 ficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a
 little farm, which he had bought for that purpose, and
 where he determined to continue the remainder of his
 days. Here he employed his time in planting, garden-
 ing and husbandry, in quelling all disorderly passions,
 and in forming his mind by the lessons of *Adversity*.
 He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in
 his

his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantine and honey-suckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock, and over the door was written in large characters the following inscription.

*Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,
TRUTH, LIBERTY, CONTENT, and VIRTUE dwell.
Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,
What PALACE can display so fair a train?*

HE lived to a good old age; and died honoured and lamented.



The Value of Life fixed by Hope and Fear. An Eastern Story.

[Advent. N^o 114.]

ALMET, the *Dervise*, who watched the sacred lamp in the sepulchre of the **PROPHET**, as he one day rose up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple with his body turned towards the east and his forehead on the earth, saw before him a man in splendid apparel attended by a long retinue, who gazed stedfastly at him with a look of mournful complacency, and seemed desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

THE *Dervise* after a short silence, advanced, and saluting him with the calm dignity which independance confers upon humility, requested that he would reveal his purpose.

"ALMET," said the stranger, "thou seeest before thee a man, whom the hand of prosperity has overwhelmed with wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the means of happiness, I now possess; but I am not yet happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the lapse of time, because it glides away without enjoyment, and as I expect nothing in the future

T 2

" but

"but the vanities of the past, I do not wish that the
 "future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest it should be
 "cut off; and my heart sinks when I anticipate the
 "moment, in which eternity shall close over the vacuity
 "of my life like the sea upon the path of a ship, and
 "leave no traces of my existence more durable than
 "the furrow which remains after the waves have united.
 "If in the treasures of thy wisdom, there is any pre-
 "cept to obtain felicity, vouchsafe it to me: for this
 "purpose I am come; a purpose which yet I feared
 "to reveal, lest like all the former it should be disap-
 "pointed." *Almet* listened, with looks of astonishment
 and pity, to this complaint of a being, in whom reason
 was known to be a pledge of immortality: but the sere-
 nity of his countenance soon returned; and, stretching
 out his hand towards Heaven, "Stranger," said he,
 "the knowledge which I have received from the
 "PROPHET, I will communicate to thee."

As I was sitting one evening at the porch of the
 temple pensive and alone, mine eye wandered among
 the multitude that was scattered before me; and while
 I remarked the weariness and sollicitude which was vi-
 sible in every countenance, I was suddenly struck with
 a sense of their condition. Wretched mortal, said I,
 to what purpose are ye busy? If to produce happiness,
 by whom is it enjoyed? Do the linens of *Egypt*, and
 the silks of *Persia*, bestow felicity on those who wear
 them, equal to the wretchedness of yonder slaves whom
 I see leading the camels that bring them? Is the fine-
 ness of the texture, or the splendor of the tints, regard-
 ed with delight by those, to whom custom has render-
 ed them familiar? Or can the power of habit render
 others insensible of pain, who live only to traverse the
 desert; a scene of dreadful uniformity, where a bar-
 ren level is bounded only by the horizon; where no
 change of prospect, or variety of images, relieves the
 traveller from a sense of toil and danger, of whirlwinds
 which in a moment may bury him in the sand, and of
 thirst which the wealthy have given half their possessions
 to allay? Do those on whom hereditary diamonds
 sparkle with unregarded lustre, gain from the possession,
 what

what is left by the wretch who seeks them in the mine; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature; to whom even the vicissitude of day and night is not known, who sighs in perpetual darkness, and whose life is one mournful alternative of insensibility and labour? If those are not happy who possess, in proportion as those are wretched who bestow, how vain a dream is the life of man! and if there is, indeed, such difference in the value of existence, how shall we acquit of partiality, the hand by which this difference has been made?

WHILE my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became sensible of a sudden influence from above. The streets and the crowds of *Mecca* disappeared; I found myself sitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be *Azoran*, the minister of reproof. When I saw him, I was afraid. I cast mine eye upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be silent. "*Al met*," said he, "thou hast devoted thy life to meditation, that thy counsel might deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter presumption from the precipice of guilt; but the book of nature thou hast read without understanding. It is again open before thee; look up, consider it and be wise."

I LOOKED up, and beheld an inclosure, beautiful as the gardens of *Paradise*, but of a small extent. Through the middle, there was a green walk; at the end, a wild desert; and beyond, impenetrable darkness. The walk was shaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with blossoms and fruit; innumerable birds were singing in the branches; the grass was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty; on one side flowed a gentle transparent stream, which was just heard to murmur over the golden sands that sparkled at the bottom; and on the other were walks and bowers, fountains grottos and cascades, which diversified the scene with endless variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

WHILE I was gazing in a transport of delight and wonder on this enchanting spot, I perceived a man stealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace: his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms crossed on his bosom; he sometimes started, as if a sudden pang had seized him; his countenance expressed solicitude and terror; he looked round with a sigh, and having gazed a moment on the desert that lay before him, he seemed as if he wished to stop, but was impelled forward by some invisible power: his features, however, soon settled again into a calm melancholy; his eye was again fixed on the ground; and he went on, as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was struck with this appearance; and turning hastily to the *Angel*, was about to enquire what could produce such infelicity in a being, surrounded with every object that could gratify every sense; but he prevented my request: "The book of nature," said he, "is before thee; look up, and consider it and be wise." I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren; on the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no shade; the sun burned in the Zenith, and every spring was dried up; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a second view, I discovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was chearful, and his deportment active; he kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was restrained, as the other had been impelled, by some secret influence; sometimes, indeed, I perceived a sudden expression of pain, and sometimes he stepped short as if his foot was pierced by the asperities of the way; but the sprightliness of his countenance instantly returned, and he pressed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

I TURNED again toward the *Angel*, impatient to enquire from what secret source happiness was derived, in a situation so different from that in which it might have been expected; but he again prevented my request:

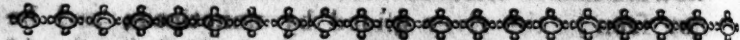
quest: "*Almet*," said he, "remember what thou hast seen, and let this memorial be written upon the tablets of thy heart. Remember, *Almet*, that the world in which thou art placed, is but the road to another; and that happiness depends not upon the path, but the end: the value of this period of thy existence, is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wished to linger in the garden, who looked round upon its limits with terror, was destitute of enjoyment, because he was destitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the dread of losing that which yet he did not enjoy: the song of the birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had so often recurred that their beauty was not seen; the river glided by unnoticed; and he feared to lift his eye to the prospect, lest he should behold the waste that circumscribed it. But he that toiled through they valley was happy, because he looked forward with hope. Thus, to the sojourner upon earth, it is of little moment, whether the path he treads be strewed with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himself to approach those regions, in comparison of which the thorns and the flowers of this wilderness lose their distinction, and are both alike impotent to give pleasure or pain.

"WHAT then has ETERNAL WISDOM unequally distributed? That which can make every station happy, and without which every station must be wretched, is acquired by *Virtue*; and *Virtue* is possible to all. Remember *Almet*, the vision which thou hast seen; and let my words be written on the tablet of thy heart, that thou may'st direct the wanderer to happiness, and justify GOD to men."

WHILE the voice of *Azoran* was yet sounding in my ear, the prospect vanished from before me, and I found myself again sitting at the porch of the temple. The sun was going down, the multitude was retired to rest, and the solemn quiet of midnight concurred with the resolution of my doubts to compleat the tranquillity of my mind.

SUCH, my son, was the vision which the PROPHET vouchsafed me, not for my sake only but for thine. Thou hast sought felicity in temporal things; and, therefore, thou art disappointed. Let not instruction be lost upon thee, as the seal of *Mahomet* in the well of *Aris*; but go thy way, let thy flock cloath the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversation be ABOVE. Thus shalt thou "rejoice in *Hope*," and look forward to the end of life as the consummation of thy felicity.

ALMER, in whose breast devotion kindled as he spake, returned into the temple, and the stranger departed in peace.



The Natural History of Ants.

[Guard. N^o 156]

IN one of my papers, I supposed a molehill, inhabited by Pismires, or Ants, to be a lively image of the earth, peopled by human creatures. This supposition will not appear too forced or strained to those who are acquainted with the natural history of these little insects; in order to which I shall present my reader with the extract of a letter upon this curious subject, as it was published by the members of the *French* academy, and since translated into *English*. I must confess I was never in my life better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

IN a room next to mine, which had been empty for a long time, there was upon a window a box full of earth, two foot deep, and fit to keep flowers in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated; and therefore it was covered with old plaister, and a great deal of rubbish that fell from the top of the house, and from the walls, which, together with the earth formerly imbibed with water, made a kind of a dry and barren soil. That place lying to the South, and out of the reach of the wind and rain, besides the

the neighbourhood of a granary, was a most delightful spot of ground for Ants; and therefore they had made three nests there, without doubt for the same reason that men build cities in fruitful and convenient places, near springs and rivers.

HAVING a mind to cultivate some flowers, I took a view of that place, and removed a tulip out of the garden into that box; but casting my eyes upon the Ants, continually taken up with a thousand cares, very inconsiderable with respect to us, but of the greatest importance for them, they appeared to me more worthy of my curiosity than all the flowers in the world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the admirer and restorer of that little commonwealth. This was the only thing they wanted; for their policy and the order observed among them, are more perfect than those of the wisest republics: and therefore they have nothing to fear, unless a new legislator should attempt to change the form of their government.

I MADE it my business to procure them all sorts of conveniencies. I took out of the box every thing that might be troublesome to them; and frequently visited my Ants, and studied all their actions. Being used to go to bed very late, I went to see them work in a moon shiny-night; and I did frequently get up in the night, to take a few of their labours. I always found some going up and down, and very busy: one would think that they never sleep. Every body knows that Ants come out of their holes in the day-time, and expose to the sun the corn, which they keep under ground in the night. Those who have seen ant-hillocks, have easily perceived those small heaps of corn about their nests. What surprised me at first was, that my Ants never brought out their corn, but in the night when the moon did shine, and kept it under ground in the day-time; which was contrary to what I had seen, and saw still practised by those insects in other places. I quickly found out the reason of it; there was a pidgeon-house not far from thence: pigeons and birds would have eaten their corn

' corn, if they had brought it out in the day - time.
 ' 'Tis highly probable they knew it by experience; and
 ' I frequently found pigeons and birds in that place,
 ' when I went to it in a morning. I quickly delivered
 ' them from those robbers: I frightened the birds away
 ' with some pieces of paper tied to the end of a string
 ' over the window. As for the pigeons, I drove them
 ' away several times; and when they perceived that
 ' the place was more frequented than before, they never
 ' came to it again. What is most admirable, and what
 ' I could hardly believe, if I did not know it by experi-
 ' ence, is, that those Ants knew some days after that
 ' they had nothing to fear, and began to lay out their
 ' corn in the sun. However, I perceived they were not
 ' fully convinced of being out of all danger; for they
 ' durst not bring out their provisions all at once, but by
 ' degrees, first in a small quantity, and without any
 ' great order, that they might quickly carry them away
 ' in case of any misfortune, watching, and looking every
 ' way. At last, being persuaded that they had nothing
 ' to fear, they brought out all their corn, almost every
 ' day, and in good order, and carried it in at night.

' THERE is a straight hole in every Ant's nest, a-
 ' bout half an inch deep; and then it goes down slop-
 ' ing into a place where they have their magazine,
 ' which I take to be a different place from that where
 ' they rest and eat. For it is highly improbable that
 ' an Ant, which is a very cleanly insect, and throws
 ' out of her nest all the small remains of the corn on
 ' which she feeds, as I have observed a thousand times,
 ' would fill up her magazine, and mix her corn with
 ' dirt and ordure.

' THE corn, that is laid up by Ants, would shoot
 ' under ground, if those insects did not take care to
 ' prevent it. They bite off all the buds before they lay
 ' it up; and therefore the corn that has lain in their
 ' nests will produce nothing. Any one may easily make
 ' this experiment, and even plainly see that there is no
 ' bud in their corn. But tho' the bud be bitten off,
 ' there remains another inconvenience, that corn must
 ' needs swell and rot under ground; and therefore it
 ' could

could be of no use for the nourishment of Ants. Those insects prevent that inconvenience by their labour and industry, and contrive the matter so, that corn will keep as dry in their nests as in our granaries.

THEY gather many small particles of dry earth, which they bring every day out of their holes, and place them round to heat them in the sun. Every Ant brings a small particle of that earth in her pincers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches another. Thus, in less than a quarter of an hour, one may see a vast number of such small particles of dry earth, heaped up round the hole. They lay their corn under ground upon that earth, and cover it with the same. They perform this work almost every day, during the heat of the sun; and though the sun went from the window about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, they did not remove their corn and their particles of earth, because the ground was very hot, till the heat was over.

If any one should think that those animals should use sand, or small particles of brick or stone, rather than take so much pains about dry earth; I answer, that upon such an occasion nothing can be more proper than earth heated in the sun. Corn does not keep upon sand: Besides, a grain of corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be filled with small sandy particles, that could not easily come out. To which I add, that sand consists of such small particles, that an Ant could not take them up one after another; and therefore those insects are seldom to be seen near rivers, or in a very sandy ground.

As for the small particles of brick or stone, the least moistness would join them together, and turn them into a kind of mastick, which those insects could not divide. Those particles sticking together could not come out of an Ant's nest, and would spoil its symmetry.

WHEN Ants have brought out those particles of earth, they bring out their corn after the same manner, and place it round the earth. Thus one may see

• see two heaps surrounding their hole, one of dry earth, and the other of corn; and then they fetch out a remainder of dry earth, on which doubtless their corn was laid up.

• THOSE insects never go about this work, but when the weather is clear, and the sun very hot. I observed, that those little animals having one day brought out their corn at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, removed it, against their usual custom, before one in the afternoon: The sun being very hot, and sky very clear, I could perceive no reason for it. But half an hour after, the sky began to be overcast, and there fell a small rain which the Ants foresaw: whereas the *Milan* almanack had foretold there would be no rain upon that day.

• I HAVE said before, that those Ants which I did so particularly consider, fetched their corn out of a garret. I went very frequently into that garret: There was some old corn in it; and because every grain was not alike, I observed that they chose the best.

• I KNOW, by several experiments, that those little animals take great care to provide themselves with wheat when they can find it, and always pick out the best; but they can make shift without it. When they can get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet, and even crumbs of bread; but seldom any barley, unless it be in a time of great scarcity, and when nothing else can be had.

• BEING willing to be more particularly informed of their forecast and industry, I put a small heap of wheat in a corner of the room, where they kept: And to prevent their fetching corn out of the garret, I shut up the window, and stopt all the holes. Tho' Ants are very knowing, I don't take them to be conjurers; and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy; for I had a mind to know, whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance; and whe-
ther

their smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment. Thus they were some time in great trouble, and took a great deal of pains: They went up and down a great way looking out for some grains of corn: They were sometimes disappointed, and sometimes they did not like their corn, after many long and painful excursions. What appeared to me wonderful, was, that none of them came home without bringing something: one brought a grain of wheat, another a grain of rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if she could get nothing else.

THE window upon which those Ants had made their settlement, looked into a garden, and was two stories high. Some went to the farther end of the garden, others to the fifth story, in quest of some corn. It was a very hard journey for them, especially when they came home loaded with a pretty large grain of corn, which must needs be a heavy burden for an Ant, and as much as she can bear. The bringing of that grain from the middle of the garden to the nest, took up four hours; whereby one may judge of the strength and prodigious labour of those little animals. It appears from thence, that an Ant works as hard as a man, who should carry a very heavy load on his shoulders almost every day for the space of four leagues. 'Tis true, those insects don't take so much pains upon a flat ground: But then how great is the hardship of a poor Ant, when she carries a grain of corn to the second story, climbing up a wall with her head downwards, and her backside upwards? None can have a true notion of it unless they see those little animals at work in such a situation. The frequent stops they made in the most convenient places, are a plain indication of their weariness. Some of them were strangely perplexed, and could not get to their journey's end. In such a case, the strongest Ants, or those that are not so weary, having carried their corn to their nest, came down again to help them. Some are so unfortunate as to fall down with their load, when they are almost come home: When this happens they seldom lose their corn, but carry it up again.

I SAW

' I s a w one of the smallest carrying a large grain of
 ' wheat with incredible pains: When she came to the
 ' box where the nest was, she made so much haste that
 ' she fell down with her load, after a very laborious
 ' march: Such an unlucky accident would have vexed
 ' a philosopher. I went down, and found her with the
 ' same corn in her paws: She was ready to climb up
 ' again. The same misfortune happened to her three
 ' times. Sometimes she fell in the middle of her way,
 ' and sometimes higher; but she never let go her hold,
 ' and was not discouraged. At last her strength failed
 ' her: she stopt; and another Ant helped her to carry
 ' her load, which was one of the largest and finest grains
 ' of wheat that an Ant can carry. It happens someti-
 ' mes, that a corn slips out of their paws, when they
 ' are climbing up: They take hold of it again, when
 ' they can find it; otherwise they look for another, or
 ' take something else, being ashamed to return to their
 ' nest without bringing something. This I have expe-
 ' rimented, by taking away the grain which they look-
 ' ed for. All those experiments may easily be made
 ' by any one that has patience enough: They do not
 ' require so great a patience as that of Ants; but few
 ' people are capable of it.

The same Subject continued.

[Guardian, N^o 157.]

IT has been observed by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human industry, providence has so contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chase of birds and beasts, the several arts of fishing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are necessary scenes of business, and give employment to the greatest part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a necessary subsistence for themselves, or those that grow up under them: The preservation of their being is the whole business of it. An idle man is therefore a kind of monster in the creation. All nature is busy about him; every animal he sees reproaches him. Let such a man, who lies as a burden or dead weight upon the species, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commonwealth, or to the maintenance of himself and family, consider that instinct with which providence has endowed the Ant, and by which is exhibited an example of industry to rational creatures. This is set forth under many surprizing instances in the paper of yesterday, and in the conclusion of that narrative, which is as follows:

‘ **T**HUS my Ants were forced to make a shift for a livelihood, when I had shut up the garret, out of which they used to fetch their provisions. At last being sensible that it would be a long time before they could discover the small heap of corn, which I had laid up for them, I resolved to shew it to them.

‘ **I**N order to know how far their industry could reach, I contrived an expedient, which had good success: the thing will appear incredible to those, who never considered, that all animals of the same kind, which form a society, are more knowing than others. I took one of the largest Ants, and threw her upon
‘ that

that small heap of wheat. She was so glad to find herself at liberty, that she ran away to her nest, without carrying off a grain; but she observed it: For an hour after all my Ants had notice given them of such a provision; and I saw most of them very busy in carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave it to you to judge, whether it may not be said, that they have a particular way of communicating their knowledge to one another; for otherwise how could they know, one or two hours after, that there was corn in that place? It was quickly exhausted; and I put in more, but in a small quantity, to know the true extent of their appetite or prodigious avarice; for I make no doubt but they lay up provisions against the winter: We read it in holy scripture; a thousand experiments teach us the same; and I don't believe that any experiment has been made that shews the contrary.

I have said before, that there were three Ants-nests in that box or parterre, which formed, if I may say so, three different cities, governed by the same laws, and observing the same order, and the same customs. However there was this difference, that the inhabitants of one of those holes seemed to be more knowing and industrious than their neighbours. The Ants of that nest were disposed in a better order; their corn was finer; they had a greater plenty of provisions; their nest was furnish'd with more inhabitants, and they were bigger and stronger: It was the principal and the capital nest. Nay, I observed that those Ants were distinguished from the rest, and had some preeminence over them.

THOUGH the box full of earth, where the Ants had made their settlement, was generally free from rain; yet it rained sometimes upon it, when a certain wind blew. It was a great inconvenience for those insects: Ants are afraid of water; and when they go a great way in quest of provisions, and are surprized by the rain, they shelter themselves under some tile, or something else, and don't come out till the rain is over. The Ants of the principal nest found out a wonderful expedient to keep out the rain: There was a small
piece

' piece of a flat slate, which they laid over the hole of
 ' their nest in the day-time, when they foresaw it
 ' would rain, and almost every night. Above fifty of
 ' those little animals, especially the strongest, surrounded
 ' that piece of slate, and drew it equally in a wonderful
 ' order: They removed it in the morning; and nothing
 ' could be more curious than to see those little animals
 ' about such a work. They had made the ground un-
 ' even about their nest, insomuch that the slate did not
 ' lie flat upon it; but left a free passage underneath. The
 ' Ants of the two other nests did not so well succeed in
 ' keeping out the rain: They laid over their holes se-
 ' veral pieces of old and dry plaister one upon the other;
 ' but they were still troubled with the rain, and the
 ' next day they took a world of pains to repair the da-
 ' mage. Hence it is, that those insects are so fre-
 ' quently to be found under tiles, where they settle
 ' themselves to avoid the rain. Their nests are at all
 ' times covered with those tiles, without any incum-
 ' brance, and they lay out their corn and their dry
 ' earth in the sun about the tiles, as one may see every
 ' day. I took care to cover the two Ants - nests that
 ' were troubled with the rain: As for the capital
 ' nest, there was no need of exercising my charity
 ' towards it.

' M. de la *Loubere* says in his relation of *Siam*, that
 ' in a certain part of that kingdom, which lies open to
 ' great inundations, all the Ants make their settlements
 ' upon trees: No Ants nests are to be seen any where
 ' else. I need not insert here what that author says
 ' about those insects: You may see his relation.

' HERE follows a curious experiment, which I made
 ' upon the same ground, where I had three Ants - nests.
 ' I undertook to make a fourth, and went about it in
 ' the following manner. In a corner of a kind of ter-
 ' rafs, at a considerable distance from the box, I found
 ' a hole swarming with Ants much larger than all those
 ' I had already seen; but they were not so well provided
 ' with corn, nor under so good a government. I made
 ' a hole in the box like that of an Ant's - nest, and laid,
 ' as it were the foundations of a new city. Afterwards

I got as many Ants as I could out of the nest in the terrass, and put them into a bottle, to give them a new habitation in my box; and because I was afraid they would return to the terrass, I destroyed their old nest, pouring boiling water into the hole, to kill those Ants that remained in it. In the next place, I filled the new hole with the Ants that were in the bottle; but none of them would stay in it. They went away in less than two hours; which made me believe, that it was impossible to make a fourth settlement in my box.

Two or three days after, going accidentally over the terrass, I was much surpris'd to see the Ants-nest which I had destroy'd very artfully repaired. I resolv'd then to destroy it entirely, and to settle those Ants in my box. To succeed in my design, I put some gun-powder and brimstone into their hole, and sprung a mine, whereby the whole nest was overthrown; and then I carried as many Ants as I could get, into the place which I designed for them. It happened to be a very rainy day, and it rained all night; and therefore they remained in the new hole all that time. In the morning when the rain was over, most of them went away to repair their old habitation; but finding it impracticable by reason of the smell of the powder and brimstone, which kills them, they came back again, and settled in the place I had appointed for them. They quickly grew acquainted with their neighbours, and received from them all manner of assistance out of their holes. As for the inside of their nest, none but themselves were concerned in it, according to the inviolable laws established among those animals.

An Ant never goes into any other nest but her own; and if she should venture to do it, she would be turn'd out, and severely punished. I have often taken an Ant out of the nest, to put her into another; but she quickly came out, being warmly pursued by two or three other Ants. I tried the same experiment several times with the same Ant; but at last the other Ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I have often frighted some Ants with my fingers and pursued them

' them as far as another hole, stopping all the passages
 ' to prevent their going to their own nest. It was very
 ' natural for them to fly into the next hole: Many a
 ' man would not be so cautious, and would throw him-
 ' self out of the windows, or into a well, if he were
 ' pursued by assassins. But the Ants I am speaking of;
 ' avoided going into any other hole but their own, and
 ' rather tried all other ways of making their escape:
 ' They never fled into another nest, but at the last ex-
 ' tremity; and sometimes chose rather to be taken, as
 ' I have often experienced. It is therefore an inviolable
 ' custom among those insects, not to go into any other
 ' hole but their own. They don't exercise hospitality;
 ' but they are very ready to help one another out of their
 ' holes. They put down their loads at the entrance of
 ' a neighbouring nest; and those that live in it carry
 ' them in.

' THEY keep up a sort of a trade among themselves;
 ' and it is not true that those insects are not for lend-
 ' ing: I know the contrary: They lend their corn;
 ' they make exchanges; they are always ready to serve
 ' one another; and I can assure you, that more time
 ' and patience would have enabled me to observe a
 ' thousand things more curious and wonderful than
 ' what I have mentioned. For instance how they lend
 ' and recover their loans; whether it be in the same
 ' quantity, or with usury; whether they pay the
 ' strangers that work for them, &c. I don't think it
 ' impossible to examine all those things; and it would
 ' be a great curiosity to know by what maxims they go-
 ' vern themselves: Perhaps such a knowledge might be
 ' of some use to us.

' THEY are never attacked by any enemies in a
 ' body, as it is reported of bees: Their only fear pro-
 ' ceeds from birds, which sometimes eat their corn when
 ' they lay it out in the sun; but they keep it under
 ' ground, when they are afraid of thieves. It is said
 ' that some birds eat them; but I never saw any instance
 ' of it. They are also infested by small worms; but they
 ' turn them out, and kill them. I observed, that they
 ' punished those Ants, which probably had been wanting

‘ to their duty: Nay, sometimes they killed them;
 ‘ which they did in the following manner: Three or
 ‘ four Ants fell upon one, and pulled her several ways,
 ‘ until she was torn in pieces. Generally speaking they
 ‘ live very quietly; from whence I infer that they have
 ‘ a very severe discipline among themselves, to keep so
 ‘ good an order; or that they are great lovers of peace,
 ‘ if they have no occasion for any discipline.

‘ WAS there ever a greater union in any common-
 ‘ wealth? Every thing is common among them; which
 ‘ is not to be seen any where else. Bees, of which we
 ‘ are told so many wonderful things, have each of them
 ‘ a hole in their hives; their honey is their own; eve-
 ‘ ry bee minds her own concerns. The same may be
 ‘ said of all other animals. They frequently fight, to
 ‘ deprive one another of their portion. It is not so with
 ‘ Ants: They have nothing of their own: A grain of
 ‘ corn which an Ant carries home, is deposited in a
 ‘ common stock: It is not designed for her own use,
 ‘ but for the whole community: There is no distinction
 ‘ between a private and a common interest. An Ant
 ‘ never works for herself, but for the society.

‘ WHATEVER misfortune happens to them, their
 ‘ care and industry find out a remedy for it; nothing
 ‘ discourages them. If you destroy their nests, they will
 ‘ be repaired in two days. Any body may easily see how
 ‘ difficult it is to drive them out of their habitations,
 ‘ without destroying the inhabitants; for, as long as there
 ‘ are any left, they will maintain their ground.’

*Learning a proper Ingredient in the Education
 of a Woman of Quality or Fortune.*

[Guard. N^o 135]

I HAVE often wondered that learning is not thought
 a proper ingredient in the education of a woman of
 quality or fortune. Since they have the same improve-
 able minds as the male part of the species, why should
 they

they not be cultivated by the same method? why should reason be left to itself in one of the sexes, and be disciplined with so much care in the other?

THERE are some reasons why learning seems more adapted to the female world, than to the male. As in the first place, because they have more spare time upon their hands, and lead a more sedentary life. Their employments are of a domestic nature, and not like those of the other sex, which are often inconsistent with study and contemplation. The excellent lady, the lady *Lizard*, in the space of one summer furnished a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughter's working; and at the same time heard all Doctor *Tillotson's* sermons twice over. It is always the custom for one of the young ladies to read, while the others are at work; so that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleased the other day to find them all busy in preserving several fruits of the season, with the Sparkler in the midst of them, reading over "The plurality of worlds." It was very entertaining to me to see them dividing their speculations between jellies and stars, and making a sudden transition from the sun to apricot, or from the Copernican system to the figure of a cheese cake.

A second reason why women should apply themselves to useful knowledge rather than men, is because they have that natural gift of Speech in greater perfection. Since they have so excellent a talent, such a *Copia Verborum*, or plenty of words, 'tis pity they should not put it to some use. If the female tongue will be in motion, why should it not be set to go right? Could they discourse about the spots in the sun, it might divert them from publishing the faults of their neighbours: Could they talk of the different aspects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandestine marriages. In short, were they furnished with matters of fact, out of arts and sciences, it would now and then be of great case to their invention.

THERE is another reason why especially who are women of quality, should apply themselves to letters, namely

namely because their husbands are generally strangers to them.

It is great pity there should be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned when I go into a great house, where perhaps there is not a single person that can spell, unless it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's side?

If we look into the histories of famous women, we find many eminent philosophers of this sex. Nay, we find that several females have distinguished themselves in those sects of philosophy which seem almost repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female Pythagoreans, notwithstanding most of that philosophy consisted in keeping a secret, and that the disciple was to hold her tongue five years together. I need not mention *Portia*, who was a stoick in petticoats: nor *Hipparchia*, the famous she cynick, who arrived at such a perfection in her studies, that she conversed with her husband, or man-plant, in broad day light, and in the open streets.

LEARNING and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reasonable creatures, in which orders of beings the female world is upon the same level with the male. We ought to consider in this particular, not what is the sex, but what is the species to which they belong. At least I believe every one will allow me, that a female philosopher is not so absurd a character and so opposite to the sex, as a female gamester; and that it is more irrational for a woman to pass away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up stores of useful learning. This therefore is another reason why I should recommend the studies of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loss how to employ those hours that lie upon their hands.

I MIGHT also add this motive to my fair readers, that several of their sex, who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raised themselves to the highest posts of honour and fortune. A neighbouring nation

may

may at this time furnish us with a very remarkable instance of this kind; but I shall conclude this head with the history of *Athenais*, which is a very signal example to my present purpose.

The emperor *Theodosius* being about the age of one and twenty, and designing to take a wife, desired his sister *Pulcheria* and his friend *Paulinus* to search his whole empire for a woman of the most exquisite beauty and highest accomplishments. In the midst of this search, *Athenais*, a *Grecian* virgin, accidentally offered herself. Her father, who was an eminent philosopher of *Athens*, and had bred her up in the learning of that place, at his death left her but a very small portion, in which also she suffered great hardships from the injustice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to *Constantinople*, where she had a relation who represented her case to *Pulcheria* in order to obtain some redress from the emperor. By this means that religious princess became acquainted with *Athenais*, whom she found the most beautiful woman of her age, and educated under a long course of philosophy in the strictest virtue, and most unspotted innocence. *Pulcheria* was charmed with her conversation, and immediately made her reports to the emperor her brother *Theodosius*. The character she gave made such an impression on him, that he desired his sister to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend *Paulinus*, where he found her beauty and her conversation beyond the highest idea he had framed of them. His friend *Paulinus* converted her to christianity, and gave her the name of *Eudisia*; after which the emperor publicly espoused her, and enjoyed all the happiness in his marriage which he promised himself from such a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raised them to great honours; and by several works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herself so dear to the whole empire, that she had many statues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the fathers of the church as the ornament of her sex.

On CALUMNY.

[Spect. N^o 594.]

WERE all the vexations of life put together, we should find that a great part of them proceed from those calumnies and reproaches which we spread abroad concerning one another.

THERE is scarce a man living who is not, in some degree, guilty of this offence; tho', at the same time, however we treat one another, it must be confessed, that we all consent in speaking ill of the persons who are notorious for this practice. It generally takes its rise either from an ill-will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourselves esteemed, an ostentation of wit, a vanity of being thought in the secrets of the world, or from a desire of gratifying any of these dispositions of mind in those persons with whom we converse.

THE publisher of scandal is more or less odious to mankind, and criminal in himself, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing motives. But whatever may be the occasion of spreading these false reports, he ought to consider, that the effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the person at whom they are aimed. The injury is the same, tho' the principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himself with too much indulgence, when he passes a judgment on his own thoughts or actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable proceeding, which is so universally practised, and, at the same time, so universally blamed, I shall lay down three rules by which I would have a man examine and search into his own heart, before he stands acquitted to himself of that evil disposition of mind which I am here mentioning.

First of all, **L**ET him consider whether he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others.

Secondly, **W**HETHER he is not too apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good natured side.

Thirdly

Thirdly, WHETHER he is not ready to spread and propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another,

THESE are the several steps by which this vice proceeds, and grows up into slander and defamation.

IN the first place, a man who takes delight in hearing the faults of others, shews sufficiently that he has a true relish of scandal, and consequently, the seeds of this vice within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the reproaches which are cast on others, he will find the same pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself. A man should endeavour therefore to wear out of his mind this criminal curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by listening to such stories as tend to the disreputation of others.

IN the second place a man should consult his own heart, whether he be not apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured side.

SUCH a credulity is very vicious in itself, and generally arises from a man's consciousness of his own secret corruptions. It is a pretty saying of *Thales*, falsehood is just as far distant from truth, as the ears are from the eyes. By which he would intimate, that a wise man should not easily give credit to the reports of actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this head, mention two or three remarkable rules to be observed by the members of the celebrated *Abbey de la Trappe*, as they are published in a little *French* book.

THE fathers are there ordered, never to give an ear to any accounts of base and criminal actions; to turn off all such discourse if possible; but in case they hear anything of this nature so well attested that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to suppose, that the criminal action may have proceeded from a good intention in him who is guilty of it. This is, perhaps, carrying charity to an extravagance, but it is certainly much more laudable, than to suppose, as the ill-natured part of the world does, that indifferent, and even good actions, proceed from bad principles and wrong intentions.

In the third place, a man should examine his heart, whether he does not find in it a secret inclination to propagate such reports, as tend to the disreputation of another.

When the disease of the mind, which I have hitherto been speaking of, arises to this degree of malignity, it discovers itself in its worst symptom, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore insist upon the guilt in this last particular, which every one cannot but disapprove, who is not void of humanity, or even common discretion. I shall only add, that whatever pleasure any man may take in spreading whispers of this nature, he will find an infinitely greater satisfaction in conquering the temptation he is under, by letting the secret die within his own breast.



The active and speculative Parts of Mankind compared. [Guard. N^o 130.]

AS the greatest part of mankind are more affected by things which strike the senses, than by excellences that are to be discerned by reason and thought; they form very erroneous judgments, when they compare the one with the other. An eminent instance of this is, that vulgar notion, that men addicted to contemplation are less useful members of society, than those of a different course of life. The business therefore of my present paper shall be to compare the distinct merits of the speculative and the active parts of mankind.

THE advantages arising from the labours of generals and politicians are confined to narrow tracts of the earth; and while they promote the interest of their own country, they lessen or obstruct that of other nations. Whereas the light and knowledge that spring from speculation are not limited to any single spot, but equally diffused to the benefit of the whole globe. Besides, for the most part, the renown only of men of action is transmitted to distant posterity, their great exploits either dying with themselves, or soon after them; whereas speculative men continue to deserve well of the world

thou-

thousands of years after they have left it. Their merits are propagated with their fame which is due to them, but a free gift to those whose beneficence has not outlived their persons.

WHAT benefit do we receive from the renowned deeds of *Cæsar* or *Alexander*, that we should make them the constant themes of our praise? while the name of *Pythagoras* is more sparingly celebrated, though it be to him that we are indebted for our trade and riches. This may seem strange to a vulgar reader, but the following reflection will make it plain. That philosopher invented the forty seventh proposition of the first book of *Euclid*, which is the foundation of trigonometry and consequently of navigation, upon which the commerce of *Great-Britain* depends.

THE mathematicks are so useful and ornamental to human life, that the ingenious *Sir William Temple* acknowledges in some part of his writings, all those advantages which distinguish polite nations from barbarians to be derived from them. But as these sciences cultivate the exterior parts of life, there are others of a more excellent nature, that endue the heart with rudiments of virtue, and by opening our prospects, and sublime sentiments in the soul.

THE divine sages of antiquity, who by transmitting down to us their speculations upon good and evil, upon providence, and the dignity and duration of thinking beings, have imprinted an idea of moral excellence on the minds of men, are most eminent benefactors to human nature: and, however overlooked in the loud and thoughtless applauses that are every day bestowed on the slaughterers and disturbers of mankind, yet they will never want the esteem and approbation of the wise and virtuous.

THIS apology in behalf of the speculative part of mankind, who make useful truth the end of their being, and its acquisition the business as well as entertainment of their lives, seems not improper, in order to rectify the mistake of those, who measure merit by noise and outward appearance, and are too apt to depreciate and ridicule men of thought and retirement.

The

The rally and reproaches which are thrown on that species by those who abound in the animal life, would incline one to think the world not sufficiently convinced, that whatsoever is good or excellent proceeds from reason and reflexion.

Even those who only regard truth as such, without communicating their thoughts, or applying them to practice, will seem worthy members of the commonwealth, if we compare the innocence and tranquillity with which they pass their lives, with the fraud and impenitence of other men. But the number of those who by abstracted thoughts become useless, is inconsiderable in respect of them who are hurtful to mankind by an active and restless disposition.

As in the distribution of other things, so in this the wisdom of providence appears, that men addicted to intellectual pursuits, bear a small proportion to those who rejoice in exerting the force and activity of their corporeal organs; for operations of the latter sort are limited to a narrow extent of time and place, whereas those of the mind are permanent and universal. *Plato* and *Euclid* enjoy a sort of immortality upon earth, and at this day read lectures to the world.

BUT if to inform the understanding, and regulate the will, is the most lasting and diffusive benefit, there will not be found so useful and excellent an institution as that of the christian priesthood, which is now become the scorn of fools. That a numerous order of men should be consecrated to the study of the most sublime and beneficial truths, with a design to propagate them by their discourses and writings, to inform their fellow creatures of the being and attributes of the Deity, to possess their minds with the sense of a future state, and not only to explain the nature of every virtue and moral duty, but likewise to persuade mankind to the practice of them by the most powerful and engaging motives, is a thing so excellent and necessary to the well-being of the world, that no body but a modern free thinker could have the forehead or folly to turn it into ridicule; or
 THE light in which these points should be exposed to the view of one who is prejudiced against the names,
religion,

religion, church, priest, and the like, is to consider the clergy as so many philosophers, the churches as schools, and their sermons as lectures, for the information and improvement of the audience. How would the heart of *Socrates* or *Tully* have rejoiced, had they lived in a nation, where the law had made provision for philosophers, to read lectures of morality and theology every seventh day, in several thousands of schools erected at the public charge throughout the whole country, at which lectures all ranks and sexes without distinction were obliged to be present for the general improvement? And what wicked wretches would they think those men who would endeavour to defeat the purpose of so divine an institution.

THE inhabitants of the earth may properly be ranged under the two general heads of gentlemen and mechanics. This distinction arises from the different occupations wherein they exert themselves. The former of these species is universally acknowledged to be more honourable than the other, who are looked upon as a base and inferior order of men. But if the world is in the right in this natural judgment, it is not generally so in the distribution of particular persons under their respective denominations. It is a clear settled point, that the gentleman should be preferred to the mechanic. But who is the gentleman, and who the mechanic, wants to be explained.

THE philosophers distinguish two parts in human nature; the rational and the animal. Now, if we attend to the reason of the thing, we shall find it difficult to assign a more just and adequate idea of these distinct species, than by defining the gentleman to be him whose occupation lies in the exertion of his rational faculties, and the mechanic him who is employed in the use of his animal parts, or the organic parts of his body.

THE concurring assent of the world, in preferring gentlemen to mechanics, seems founded in that preference which the rational part of our nature is intitled to above the animal; when we consider it in itself, as it is the seat of wisdom and understanding, as it is pure and immortal, and as it is that which, of all the known works of the creation, bears the brightest impress of the Deity.

It claims the same dignity and pre-eminence, if we consider it with respect to its object. Mechanical motives or operations are confined to a narrow circle of low and little things. Whereas reason inquires concerning the nature of intellectual beings, the great author of our existence, its end, and the proper methods of attaining it. Or, in case that noble faculty submit itself to nearer objects, it is not, like the organic powers, confined to a slow and painful manner of action, but shifts the scenes, and applies itself to the most distant objects with incredible ease and dispatch. Neither are the operations of the mind, like those of the hands, limited to one individual object, but at once extended to a whole species.

AND as we have shewn the intellectual powers to be nobler than those of motion, both in their own nature, and in regard to their object, the same will still hold if we consider their office. It is the province of the former to preside and direct, of the latter to execute and obey. Those who apply their hands to the materials, appear the immediate builders of an edifice, but the beauty and proportion of it is owing to the architect who designed the plan in his closet. And in like manner, whatever there is either in art or nature, of use or regularity, will be found to proceed from the superior principle of reason and understanding. These reflections, how obvious soever, do nevertheless seem not sufficiently attended to by those who, being at great pains to improve the figure and motions of the body, neglect the culture of the mind.

FROM the premises it follows, that a man may descend from an antient family, wear fine clothes, and be master of what is commonly called good breeding, and yet not merit the name of *gentleman*. All those whose principal accomplishments consist in the exertion of the mechanic powers, whether the organ made use of be the eye, the muscles of the face, the fingers, feet, or any other part, are in the eye of reason to be esteemed mechanics.

I DO therefore, by these presents, declare that all men and women, by what title soever distinguished, whose

whose occupation it is either to ogle with the eye, flirt with the fan, dress, cringe, adjust the muscles of the face, or other parts of the body, are degraded from the rank of gentry; which is from this time forward appropriated to those who employ the talents of the mind in the pursuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, and are content to take their places as they are distinguished by moral and intellectual accomplishments.

THE rest of the human species come under the appellation of mechanics, with this difference, that the professed mechanics, who, not pretending to be gentlemen, contain themselves within their proper sphere, are necessary to the well being of mankind, and consequently should be more respected in a well-regulated commonwealth, than those mechanics who make a merit of being useless.

HAVING hitherto considered the human species as distinguished into gentlemen and mechanics, I come now to treat of the *machines*, a sort of beings that have the outside or appearance of men, without being really such. The free-thinkers have often declared to the world, that they are not actuated by any incorporeal being or spirit, but that all the operations they exert proceed from the collision of certain corpuscles, endued with proper figures and motions. It is now a considerable time that I have been their proselyte in this point. I am even so far convinced that they are in the right, that I shall attempt proving it to others.

THE mind being itself invisible, there is no other way to discern its existence, than by the effects which it produceth. Where design, order and symmetry are visible in the effects, we conclude the cause to be an intelligent being; but where nothing of these can be found, we ascribe the effect to hazard, necessity, or the like. Now I appeal to any one who is conversant in the modern productions of our free-thinkers, if they do not look rather like effects of chance, or at best of mechanism, than of a thinking principle, and consequently whether the authors of those rhapsodies are not mere machines.

THE same point is likewise evident from their own assertion, it being plain that no one could mistake thought for motion, who knew what thought was. For these reasons I do hereby give it in charge to all Christians, that hereafter they speak of free-thinkers in the neuter gender, using the term *it* for *him*. They are to be considered as Automata, made up of bones and muscles, nerves, arteries and animal spirits; not so innocent indeed, but as destitute of thought and reason, as those little machines which the excellent author from whom I take the motto of this paper has so elegantly described.

On the Pursuit of Fame.

[Spect. N^o 255.]

THE soul, considered abstractly from its passions, is of a remiss and sedentary nature, slow in its resolves, and languishing in its executions. The use therefore of the passions is to stir it up, and to put it upon action, to awaken the understanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the prosecution of his designs. As this is the end of the passions in general, so it is particularly of ambition, which pushes the soul to such actions as are apt to procure honour and reputation to the actor. But if we carry our reflexions higher, we may discover farther ends of Providence in implanting this passion in mankind.

It was necessary for the world, that arts should be invented and improved, books written and transmitted to posterity, nations conquered and civilized: now since the proper and genuine motives to these and the like great actions, would only influence virtuous minds; there would be but small improvements in the world, were there not some common principle of action working equally with all men. And such a principle is ambition or a desire of fame, by which great endowments are not suffered to lye idle and useless to the publick, and many vicious men, over-reached, as it were, and engaged

engaged contrary to their natural inclinations in a glorious and laudable course of action. For we may farther observe, that men of the greatest abilities are most fired with ambition: and that on the contrary, mean and narrow minds are the least actuated by it; whether it be that a man's sense of his own incapacities makes him despair of coming at fame, or that he has not enough range of thought to look out for any good which does not more immediately relate to his interest or convenience, or that Providence, in the very frame of his soul, would not subject him to such a passion as would be useless to the world, and a torment to himself.

WERE not this desire of fame very strong, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a man from so vain a pursuit.

How few are there who are furnished with abilities sufficient to recommend their actions to the admiration of the world, and to distinguish themselves from the rest of mankind? Providence for the most part sets us upon a level, and observes a kind of proportion in its dispensations towards us. If it renders us perfect in one accomplishment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and seems careful rather of preserving every person from being mean and deficient in his qualifications, than of making any single one eminent or extraordinary.

AND among those who are the most richly endowed by nature, and accomplished by their own industry; how few are there whose virtues are not obscured by the ignorance, prejudice or envy of their beholders? Some men cannot discern between a noble and a mean action. Others are apt to attribute them to some false end or intention: and others purposely misrepresent or put a wrong interpretation on them.

BUT the more to enforce this consideration, we may observe that those are generally most unsuccessful in their pursuit after fame, who are most desirous of obtaining it. It is *Salust's* remark upon *Cato*, that the less he coveted glory the more he acquired it.

MEN

MEN take an ill-natured pleasure in crossing our inclinations, and disappointing us in what our hearts are most set upon. When therefore they have discovered the passionate desire of fame in the ambitious man, (as no temper of mind is more apt to shew itself) they become sparing and reserved in their commendations, they envy him the satisfaction of an applause, and look on their praises rather as a kindness done to his person, than as a tribute paid to his merit. Others who are free from this natural perverseness of temper grow wary in their praises of one, who sets too great a value on them, lest they should raise him too high in his own imagination, and by consequence remove him to a greater distance from themselves.

BUT farther, this desire of fame naturally betrays the ambitious man into such indecencies as are a lessening to his reputation. He is still afraid lest any of his actions should be thrown away in private, lest his deserts should be concealed from the notice of the world, or receive any disadvantage from the reports which others make of them. This often sets him on empty boasts and ostentations of himself, and betrays him into vain fantastical recitals of his own performances: his discourse generally leans one way, and, whatever is the subject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himself. Vanity is the natural weakness of an ambitious man, which exposes him to the secret scorn and derision of those he converses with, and ruins the character he is so industrious to advance by it. For tho' his actions are never so glorious, they lose their lustre when they are drawn at large, and set to show by his own hand; and as the world is more apt to find fault than to commend, the boast will probably be censured when the great action that occasioned it is forgotten.

BESIDES, this very desire of fame is looked on as a meanness and imperfection in the greatest character. A solid and substantial greatness of soul looks down with a generous neglect on the censures and applauses of the multitude, and places a man beyond the little noise and strife of tongues. Accordingly we find in

our-

ourselves a secret awe and veneration for the character of one who moves above us in a regular and illustrious course of virtue, without any regard to our good or ill opinions of him, to our reproaches or commendations. As on the contrary it is usual for us, when we would take off from the same and reputation of an action, to ascribe it to vain glory, and a desire of fame in the actor. Nor is this common judgment and opinion of mankind ill founded, for certainly it denotes no great bravery of mind to be worked up to any noble action by so selfish a motive, and to do that out of a desire of fame, which we could not be prompted to by a disinterested love to mankind, or by a generous passion for the glory of him that made us.

THIS is fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by those who thirst after it, since most men have so much either of ill-nature, or of wariness, as not to gratify or sooth the vanity of the ambitious man, and since this very thirst after fame naturally betrays him into such indecencies as are lessening to his reputation, and is itself looked upon as a weakness in the greatest characters.

In the next place, fame is easily lost, and as difficult to be preserved as it was at first to be acquired. But this I shall make the subject of a following paper.

The same Subject continued.

[Spect. N^o 256.]

THERE are many passions and tempers of mind which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the merit of one rising in the esteem of mankind. All those who made their entrance into the world with the same advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the fame of his merits a reflexion on their own deserts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the scandal of some past action, or derogate from the worth of the present, that they may still keep him on the same level with

themselves. The like kind of consideration often stirs up the envy of such as were once his superiors, who think it a detraction from their merit to see another get ground upon them and overtake them in the pursuits of glory; and will therefore endeavour to sink his reputation, that they may the better preserve their own. Those who were once his equals envy and defame him, because they now see him their superior; and those who were once his superiors, because they look upon him as their equal.

BUT farther, a man whose extraordinary reputation thus lifts him up to the notice and observation of mankind, draws a multitude of eyes upon him, that will narrowly inspect every part of him, consider him nicely in all views, and not be a little pleased when they have taken him in the worst and most disadvantageous light. There are many who find a pleasure in contradicting the common reports of fame, and in spreading abroad the weaknesses of an exalted character. They publish their ill-natur'd discoveries with a secret pride and applaud themselves for the singularity of their judgment which has searched deeper than others, detected what the rest of the world have overlooked, and found a flaw in what the generality of mankind admires. Others there are who proclaim the errors and infirmities of a great man with an inward satisfaction and complacency, if they discover none of the like errors and infirmities in themselves; for while they are exposing another's weaknesses, they are tacitly aiming at their own commendations, who are not subject to the like infirmities, and are apt to be transported with a secret kind of vanity to see themselves superior in some respects to one of a sublime and celebrated reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more industrious in publishing the blemishes of an extraordinary reputation, than such as lye open to the same censures in their own characters, as either hoping to excuse their own defects by the authority of so high an example, or raising an imaginary applause to themselves for resembling a person of an exalted reputation, tho' in the blameable parts of his character. If all these

these secret springs of detraction fail, yet very often a vain ostentation of wit sets a man on attacking an established name, and sacrificing it to the mirth and laughter of those about him. A satire or a libel on one of the [common stamp, never meets with that reception and approbation among its readers, as what is aimed at a person whose merit places him upon an eminence, and gives him a more conspicuous figure among men. Whether it be that we think it shews greater art to expose and turn to ridicule a man whose character seems so improper a subject for it, or that we are pleased by some implicit kind of revenge to see him taken down and humbled in his reputation, and in some measure reduced to our own rank, who had so far raised himself above us in the reports and opinions of mankind.

THUS we see how many dark and intricate motives there are to detraction and defamation, and how many malicious spies are searching into the actions of a great man, who is not always the best prepared for so narrow an inspection. For we may generally observe, that our admiration of a famous man lessens upon our nearer acquaintance with him; and that we seldom hear the description of a celebrated person, without a catalogue of some notorious weaknesses and infirmities. The reasons may be, because any little slip is more conspicuous and observable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the rest of his character, or because it is impossible for a man at the same time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconsiderable circumstances of his behaviour and conversation; or because, as we have before observed, the same temper of mind which inclines us to a desire of fame, naturally betrays us into such slips and unwarinesses as are not incident to men of a contrary disposition.

AFTER all it must be confess'd, that a noble and triumphant merit often breaks through and dissipates these little spots and sullies in its reputation; but if by a mistaken pursuit after fame, or through human infirmity, any false step be made in the more momentous concerns of life, the whole scheme of ambitious de-

signs is broken and disappointed. The smaller stains and blemishes may die away and disappear amidst the brightness that surrounds them; but a blot of a deeper nature casts a shade on all the other beauties, and darkens the whole character. How difficult therefore is it to preserve a great name, when he that has acquired it is so obnoxious to such little weaknesses and infirmities as are no small diminution to it when discovered, especially when they are so industriously proclaimed, and aggravated by such as were once his superiors or equals; by such as would set to show their judgment or their wit, and by such as are guilty or innocent of the same slips or misconducts in their own behaviour?

BUT were there none of these dispositions in others to censure a famous man, nor any such miscarriages in himself, yet would he meet with no small trouble in keeping up his reputation in all its height and splendor. There must be always a noble train of actions to preserve his fame in life and motion. For when it is once at a stand, it naturally flags and languishes. Admiration is a very shord-liv'd passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unless it be still fed with fresh discoveries, and kept alive by a perpetual new succession of miracles rising up to its view. And even the greatest actions of a celebrated person labour under this disadvantage, that however surprising and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the opinion that is conceived of him, tho' they might raise the reputation of another, they are a diminution to *his*.

ONE would think there should be something wonderfully pleasing in the possession of fame, that, notwithstanding all these mortifying considerations, can engage a man in so desperate a pursuit; and yet if we consider the little happiness that attends a great character, and the multitude of disquietudes to which the desire of it subjects an ambitious mind, one would be still the more surprised to see so many restless candidates for glory.

AMBITION raises a secret tumult in the soul, it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought: it is still reaching after an empty imaginary good, that has not in it the power to abate or satisfy it. Most other things we long for can allay the cravings of their proper sense, and for a while set the appetite at rest; but fame is a good so wholly foreign to our natures, that we have no faculty in the soul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to relish it; an object of desire placed out of the possibility of fruition. It may indeed fill the mind for a while with a giddy kind of pleasure, but it is such a pleasure as makes a man restless and uneasy under it, and which does not so much satisfy the present thirst, as it excites fresh desires, and sets the soul on new enterprises. For how few ambitious men are there, who have got as much fame as they desire, and whose thirst after it has not been as eager in the very height of their reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among men? There is not any circumstance in *Cæsar's* character which gives me a greater idea of him, than a saying which *Cicero* tells us he frequently made use of in private conversation, *That he was satisfied with his share of life and fame. Se satis vel ad naturam, vel ad gloriam vixisse.* Many indeed have given over their pursuits after fame, but that has proceeded either from the disappointments they have met in it, or from their experience of the little pleasure which attends it, or from the better informations or natural coldness of old age; but seldom from a full satisfaction and acquiescence in their present enjoyments of it.

NOR is fame only unsatisfying in itself, but the desire of it lays us open to many accidental troubles which those are free from who have no such a tender regard for it. How often is the ambitious man cast down and disappointed, if he receives no praise where he expected it? Nay how often is he mortified with the very praises he receives, if they do not rise so high as he thinks they ought, which they seldom do unless increased by flattery, since few men have so good an opinion of us as we have of ourselves? But if the ambitious man

be so much grieved even with praise itself, how will he be able to bear up under scandal and defamation? For the same temper of mind which makes him desire fame, makes him hate reproach. If he can be transported with the extraordinary praises of men, he will be as much dejected by their censures. How little therefore is the happiness of an ambitious man, who gives every one a dominion over it, who thus subjects himself to the good or ill speeches of others, and puts in it the power of every malicious tongue to throw him into a fit of melancholy, and destroy his natural rest and repose of mind? especially when we consider that the world is more apt to censure than applaud, and himself fuller of imperfections than virtues.

We may further observe, that such a man will be more grieved for the loss of fame, than he could have been pleased with the enjoyment of it. For tho' the presence of this imaginary good cannot make us happy, the absence of it may make us miserable: because in the enjoyment of an object we only find that share of pleasure which it is capable of giving us, but in the loss of it we do not proportion our grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our fancies and imaginations set upon it.

So inconsiderable is the satisfaction that fame brings along with it, and so great the disquietudes to which it makes us liable. The desire of it stirs up very uneasy motions in the mind, and is rather inflamed than satisfied by the presence of the thing desired. The enjoyment of it brings very little pleasure, though the loss or want of it be very sensible and afflicting; and even this little happiness is so very precarious, that it wholly depends on the will of others. We are not only tortured by the reproaches which are offered us, but are disappointed by the silence of men when it is unexpected; and humbled even by their praises.

* * * * *

The same Subject continued. [Spect. N^o 257.]

THAT I might not lose myself upon a subject of so great extent as that of fame, I have treated it in a particular order and method. I have first of all considered the reasons why providence may have implanted in our mind such a principle of action. I have in the next place shewn from many considerations; First, that fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and easily lost; Secondly, that it brings the ambitious man very little happiness, but subjects him to much uneasiness and dissatisfaction. I shall in the last place shew, that it hinders us from obtaining an end which we have abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with fulness of satisfaction. I need not tell my reader, that I mean by this end that happiness which is reserved for us in another world, which every one has abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.

How the pursuit after fame may hinder us in the attainment of this great end, I shall leave the reader to collect from the three following considerations.

FIRST, Because the strong desire of fame breeds several vicious habits in the mind.

SECONDLY, Because many of those actions, which are apt to procure fame, are not in their nature conducive to this our ultimate happiness.

THIRDLY, Because if we should allow the same actions to be the proper instruments, both of acquiring fame, and of procuring this happiness, they would nevertheless fail in the attainment of this last end, if they proceeded from a desire of the first.

THESE three propositions are self-evident to those who are versed in speculations of morality. For which reason I shall not enlarge upon them, but proceed to a point of the same nature, which may open to us a more uncommon field of speculation.

FROM what has already been observed, I think we may have a natural conclusion, that it is the greatest fol-

ly to seek the praise or approbation of any being, besides the Supreme, and that for these two reasons; because no other being can make a right judgment of us, and esteem us according to our merits; and because we can procure no considerable benefit or advantage from the esteem and approbation of any other being.

IN the first place, no other being can make a right judgment of us; and esteem us according to our merits. Created beings see nothing but our outside, and can therefore only frame a judgment of us from our exterior actions and behaviour: but how unfit these are to give us a right notion of each other's perfections, may appear from several considerations. There are many virtues, which in their own nature are incapable of any outward representation: many silent perfections in the soul of a good man, which are great ornaments to human nature, but not able to discover themselves to the knowledge of others; they are transacted in private, without noise or show, and are only visible to the great searcher of hearts. What actions can express the entire purity of thought which refines and sanctifies a virtuous man? That secret rest and contentedness of mind, which gives him a perfect enjoyment of his present condition; that inward pleasure and complacency, which he feels in doing good; that delight and satisfaction which he takes in the prosperity and happiness of another? These and the like virtues are the hidden beauties of a soul, the secret graces which cannot be discovered by a mortal eye, but make the soul lovely and precious in his sight, from whom no secrets are concealed. Again, there are many virtues which want an opportunity of exerting and shewing themselves in actions. Every virtue requires time and place, a proper object and a fit conjuncture of circumstances, for the due exercise of it. A state of poverty obscures all the virtues of liberality and munificence. The patience and fortitude of a martyr or confessor lye concealed in the flourishing times of Christianity. Some virtues are only seen in affliction, and some in prosperity; some in a private, and others in a public capacity. But the great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection
in

in its obscurity, and not only sees what we do, but what we would do. He views our behaviour in every concurrence of affairs, and sees us engaged in all the possibilities of action. He discovers the martyr and confessor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter intitle many to the reward of actions, which they had never the opportunity of performing. Another reason why men cannot form a right judgment of us is, because the same actions may be aimed at different ends, and arise from quite contrary principles. Actions are of so mixt a nature, and so full of circumstances, that as men pry into them more or less, or observe some parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; so that the same actions may represent a man as hypocritical and designing to one, which makes him appear a saint or hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the soul through its outward actions, often sees it through a deceitful medium, which is apt to discolour and pervert the object: so that on this account also, *he* is the only proper judge of our perfections, who does not guess at the sincerity of our intentions from the goodness of our actions, but weighs the goodness of our actions by the sincerity of our intentions.

BUT further; it is impossible for outward actions to represent the perfections of the soul, because they can never shew the strength of those principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate expressions of our virtues, and can only shew us what habits are in the soul, without discovering the degree and perfection of such habits. They are at best but weak resemblances of our intentions, faint and imperfect copies that may acquaint us with the general design, but can never express the beauty and life of the original. But the great Judge of all the earth knows every different state and degree of human improvement, from those weak stirrings and tendencies of the will which have not yet formed themselves into regular purposes and designs, to the last entire finishing and consummation of a good habit. He beholds the first imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the soul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all its progress,

progress, 'till it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in its full beauty and perfection. Thus we see that none but the Supreme Being can esteem us according to our proper merits, since all others must judge of us from our outward actions, which can never give them a just estimate of us, since there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions; many which, allowing no natural incapacity of shewing themselves, want an opportunity of doing it; or should they all meet with an opportunity of appearing by actions, yet those actions may be misinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles; or tho' they plainly discovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never shew the degree, strength and imperfection of those principles.

AND as the Supreme Being is the only proper judge of our perfections, so is he the only fit rewarder of them. This is a consideration that comes home to our interest, as the other adapts itself to our ambition. And what could the most aspiring, or the most selfish man desire more, were he to form the notion of a being to whom he would recommend himself, than such a knowledge as can discover the least appearance of perfection in him, and such a goodness as will proportion a reward to it?

LET the ambitious man therefore turn all his desire of fame this way; and that he may propose to himself a fame worthy of his ambition, let him consider that if he employs his abilities to the best advantage, the time will come when the Supreme Governor of the world, the great Judge of mankind, who sees every degree of perfection in others, and possesses all possible perfection in himself, shall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him in the presence of the whole creation that best and most significant of applauses, *Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into thy master's joy.*

And

An Allegory on ONE'S-SELF.

[World. N^o 198.]

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I BEG your advice and assistance to enable me to get rid of one of the most impertinent companions that ever existed. I have tried every art and contrivance in my power to free myself from his odious conversation; the creature will press upon my retirement, and force himself upon me in spite of my teeth; though the *à tête à tête* is always the most shocking and unmannerly you can possibly conceive. The thing is always meddling in my affairs in a manner quite intolérable; always setting them in such a light, as cannot fail to put me out of humour; and teasing me with reflections that make me weary of my life. I am sure I could more easily bear the spiteful tongues of twenty witty females at the masquerade, than the impertinence of this animal for a quarter of an hour; and with concern I find, that the more pains I take to free myself from him, the more troublesome he grows.

NOW do I complain only for my own sake, but for the sakes of almost the whole circle of my acquaintance, as well female as male, who in general are pestered in a most unreasonable manner by this saucy intruder, whom all are forced to admit, though so few care for his company, and against whose presumption no rank or dignity, no quality or profession, can defend them. He will force himself into the closet, hover about the bed, and penetrate through the thickest darkness into the deepest recess; will travell with us by sea and land, and follow the wretch into banishment. In vain does the statesman hug himself in the success of his unjust schemes, or exult in the gratification of his ambition or revenge; unawed by his power, this haughty companion will check his career of transport, by placing before his eyes the instability of his situation, and the consequences of his actions. In vain does the flirt or coxcomb,

when

when alone, and endeavour to recollect with pleasure the *badinage* of the day; the creature will disturb their most delightful reveries, and by the magic of his intervention, convert all the imaginary *agrèments* into vanity, folly, and lost time. You cannot wonder then that so many avoid and fly him, and that the panic spread by him should extend itself far and wide; nor can you be much amazed when I assure you, that it is no uncommon thing to see men of sense and courage fly from him without reason, and take refuge in those polite resorts, where dissipation, riot and luxury, secure them from his visits, which they only decline because it is unfashionable to converse with him. It is surprising what pains are continually taken, what contrivances have been used to get rid of this universal phantom. Some flatter him, some bully him, and some endeavour to impose upon him; but he never fails to detect their frauds, and to resent them with severity.

THE beaus and fine gentlemen seem to revere and adore him, pouring forth libations of sweet water, and offering him the incense of perfumes; cloathing him in dresses, elegant and expensive as those of our lady of *Loretto*, practising every art of heathen or popish idolatry, even torturing themselves for his sake; but all with no manner of success; for the brute in return is as unsociable and disagreeable to the pretty creatures, as the most savage squire, or the most formal pedant; so that spite of their pretences, they are obliged to fly, as a plague, from what they appear most to admire. I cannot here omit a whimsical circumstance in this paradoxical character, that most people are reproached with loving him with the greatest partiality and fondness, and are greatly delighted to hear him praised, yet very few seek to come to the knowledge of him, or cultivate his acquaintance; nay, the greater part try all possible means to avoid encountering him.

Our modern philosophers pretend by their systems to have silenced him, and by that means to have prevented his being troublesome to them or their acquaintance; but how fallacious these pretences are, is plain from their avoiding all opportunities of being alone with him,

him, and the confusion they express whenever by unavoidable necessity they are forced to it. Others, as he is a known enemy to the modern elegant tables, have exerted all the arts of the kitchen against him, lengthening the feast till midnight to keep him off; but, like the reckoning he appears when the banquet is over, reproaching the bounteous host with his profusion, and the pampered guest with his wanton satiety; nay, so galling are his reprehensions, and so troublesome his intrusion, that there have not been wanting instances, even in high life, of those, who not being able to keep him off otherways, have called into their relief the halber, dagger and pistol, and fairly removed themselves into another world to get rid of him; though certain queer fellows pretend that they are bit, and that he has followed them even thither.

THE fair sex, though generally favourable to the impertinent, are so rudely attacked by this insolent intruder, that to keep him off, they have been obliged to call in to their assistance the relief of routs, balls, assemblies, operas, gardens and cards; and all little enough for their protection. He might indeed pretend to some share of their favour, as, like themselves, he is a severe censurer of his acquaintance; but there is this difference in their management, that the ladies are generally fondest of fixing their censure on the innocent, and their adversary is a judge that condemns none but the guilty. The Buck and the Sot seem to be least affected by his importunity; as the one, from his natural insensibility, can attend to nothing, and the other is always asleep.

IN the city, those of the middling rank converse with him pretty familiarly; and the rich, to whom he might on some occasions prove troublesome, have a charm to keep him off. They place a number of bags, full of pieces of a particular metal, close together; or in their stead, some bits of paper inscribed with certain cabalistical characters, which, with a Midas-like touch, they can transmute into gold. By the help of this charm, though they do not entirely get rid of him, they become quite insensible to every thing he can suggest. But as these materials are not always at hand, or are applied to

to other uses by the politer part of mankind, this magic is not properly understood or practised at the other end of the town; though it is said that some particular persons there had tried it with a proper effect.

NOTWITHSTANDING all I have advanced of this impertinent visitor, I cannot help owning that some have attempted to insinuate a better opinion of him. A certain old gentleman, for recommending his acquaintance, got the title of a wise man; a name at present but of small consideration; and I am told that there never were but seven who were allowed that title. There are indeed some few persons of high rank of both sexes, that do vouchsafe to commune with him; but they are such sort of folks, as are hardly fit to converse with any but one another; and very happily, one is seldom pestered with them at places of polite association; scarce a man among them knowing how to make a bett, to drink his third bottle, or that has spirit to aspire at the reputation of a *bonne fortune*. The ladies of this class are also so unfit for the conversation of the world, that not one in ten of them knows how to play a rubber at Whist, or dares to sit down to a party at Bragg.

I HAVE now, sir, laid my complaints before you, and beg your advice how to get clear of my perplexity. My troublesome companion is, no doubt, too well known to you to require the insertion of his name; but as some of your readers (particularly females) may be subject to the frailty of forgetting their most intimate acquaintance, I will inform them, that this ghastly phantom that intrudes so impertinently upon all sorts of people, this creature that we so seldom know what to do with, and wish so heartily to get rid of, is no other than ONE'S SELF. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

TIMOTHY LOITER.

The

* * * * *

The SHEPHERD and the PHILOSOPHER.

[GAY.]

REMOTE from cities liv'd a Swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat and winter's cold
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His hours in chearful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew;
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A DEEP Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.

WHENCE is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight-oil?
Hast thou old *Greece* and *Rome* survey'd,
And the vast sense of *Plato* weigh'd?
Hath *Socrates* thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd *Tully's* mind?
Or, like the wise *Ulysses* thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?

THE Shepherd modestly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes:
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

Y

THE

THE daily labours of the bee
 Awake my soul to industry.
 Who can observe the careful ant,
 And not provide for future want?
 My dog (the truest of his kind)
 With gratitude inflames my mind:
 I mark his true, his faithful way,
 And in my service copy Tray:
 In constancy and nuptial love,
 I learn my duty from the dove.
 The hen, who from the chilly air:
 With pious wing protects her care;
 And every fowl that flies at large,
 Instructs me in a parent's charge.

FROM nature too I take my rule,
 To shun contempt and ridicule.
 I never with important air
 In conversation over-bear.
 Can grave and formal pass for wise,
 When men the solemn owl despise?
 My tongue within my lips I rein;
 For who talks much, must talk in vain.
 We from the wordy torrent fly:
 Who listens to the chatt'ring pye?
 Nor would I, with felonious flight,
 By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
 Rapacious animals we hate:
 Kites, hawks, and wolves deserve their fate.
 Do not we just abhorrence find
 Against the toad and serpent kind:
 But envy, calumny, and spite,
 Bear stronger venom in their bite.
 Thus every object of creation
 Can furnish hints to contemplation;
 And from the most minute and mean
 A virtuous mind can morals glean.

THY fame is just, the sage replies;
 Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
 Pride often guides the author's pen,
 Books as affected are as men:

But

But he who studies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wife.



The COUNTRYMAN and JUPITER.

[GAY.

TO MYSELF.

HAVE you a friend (look round and spy)
So fond, so prepossess'd as I?
Your faults, so obvious to mankind,
My partial eyes could never find.
When, by the breath of fortune blown,
Your airy castles were o'erthrown;
Have I been over prone to blame,
Or mortify'd your hours with shame?
Was I e'er known to damp your spirit,
Or twit you with the want of merit?
'Tis not so strange, that fortune's frown
Still preserves to keep you down.
Look round, and see what others do.
Would you be rich and honest too?
Have you (like those she rais'd to place)
Been opportunely mean and base?
Have you (as times requir'd) resign'd
Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind?
If these are scruples, give her o'er;
Write, practise morals, and be poor.

THE gifts of fortune truly rate;
Then tell me what would mend your state,
If happiness on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt,
As grows the miser's hoarded store,
His fears, his wants increase the more.

THINK, *Gay*, (what ne'er may be the case)
Should fortune take you into grace,

Y a

Would

Would that your happiness augment?
What can she give beyond content?

SUPPOSE yourself a wealthy heir,
With a vast annual income clear;
In all the affluence you possess,
You might not feel one care the less.
Might you not then (like others) find
With change of fortune, change of mind?
Perhaps, profuse beyond all rule,
You might start out a glaring fool;
Your luxury might break all bounds:
Plate, table, horses, stewards, hounds
Might swell your debts: then, lust of play
No regal income can defray.
Sunk is all credit, writs assail,
And doom your future life to jail.

OR were you dignify'd with pow'r,
Would that avert one pensive hour?
You might give avarice its swing,
Defraud a nation, blind a king:
Then, from the hirelings in your cause,
Though daily fed with false applause,
Could it a real joy impart?
Great guilt knew never joy at heart.

Is happiness your point in view?
(I mean the intrinsic and the true)
She nor in camps or courts resides,
Nor in the humble cottage hides;
Yet found alike in ev'ry sphere;
Who finds content, will find her there.

O'ERSPENT with toil, beneath the shade,
A peasant rested on his spade.

GOOD gods! he cries, 'tis hard to bear
This load of life from year to year.
Soon as the morning streaks the skies,
Industrious labour bid me rise;
With sweat I earn my homely fare,
And ev'ry day renews my care.

JOVE heard the discontented strain,
And thus rebuk'd the murmur'ing swain.

SPEAK out your wants then, honest friend:
Unjust complaints the gods offend.

If you repine at partial fate,
Instruct me what could mend your state.
Mankind in every station see.

What wish you? tell me what you'd be.

So said, upborne upon a cloud,
The clown survey'd the anxious croud.

YON face of care, says *Jove* behold,
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold.
See with what joy he counts it o'er!
That sum to day hath swell'd his store.

WERE I that man, (the Peasant cry'd)
What blessing could I ask beside?

HOLD, says the God; first learn to know
True happiness from outward show.
This optic glass of intuition ———
Here, take it, view his true condition.

HE look'd, and saw the miser's breast,
A troubled ocean, ne'er at rest;
Want ever stares him in the face,
And fear anticipates disgrace:
With conscious guilt he saw him start;
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart;
And never, or in thought or dream,
His breast admits one happy gleam.

MAY *Jove*, he cries, reject my pray'r,
And guard my life from guilt and care.
My soul abhors that wretch's fate.
O keep me in my humble state!
But see, amidst a gaudy crowd,
Yon minister so gay and proud;
On him what happiness attends,
Who thus rewards his grateful friends!
First take the glass, the God replies;
Man views the world with partial eyes.

GOOD gods! exclaims the startled wight,
Defend me from this hideous sight!
Corruption, with corrosive smart,
Lies cank'ring on his guilty heart:

I see him, with polluted hand,
 Spread the contagion o'er the land.
 Now av'rice with insatiate jaws,
 Now rapine with her harpy claws,
 His bosom tears. His conscious breast
 Groans with a load of crimes opprest.
 See him, mad and drunk with power,
 Stand tott'ring on ambition's tower.
 Sometimes, in speeches vain and proud,
 His boasts insult the nether crowd;
 Now, seiz'd with giddiness and fear,
 He trembles lest his fall is near.

WAS ever wretch like this, he cries!
 Such misery in such disguise!
 The change, O *Jove*, I disavow;
 Still be my lot the spade and plough.

HE next, confirm'd by speculation,
 Rejects the lawyer's occupation;
 For he the statesman seem'd in part,
 And bore similitude of heart.
 Nor did the soldier's trade inflame
 His hopes with thirst of spoil and fame:
 The miseries of war he mourn'd;
 Whole nations into desarts turn'd.

BY these have laws and rights been brav'd;
 By these was free-born man enslav'd:
 When battles and invasion cease,
 Why swarm they in the lands of peace?
 Such change (says he) may I decline;
 The scythe and civil arms be mine!

THUS, weighing life in each condition,
 The Clown withdrew his rash petition.

WHEN thus the God: How mortals err!
 If you true happiness prefer,
 'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
 But dwells in ev'ry honest mind.
 Be justice then your sole pursuit;
 Plant virtue, and content's the fruit,

So *Jove*, to gratify the clown,
 Where first he found him set him down.

* * * * *

The PACK-HORSE and the CARRIER.

[GAY.]

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth,
To suffer, nay, encourage truth:
And blame me not for disrespect,
If I the flatt'rer's style reject;
With that by menial tongues supply'd,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.

THE tree's distinguish'd by the fruit,
Be virtue then your first pursuit:
Set your great ancestors in view,
Like them deserve the title too;
Like them ignoble actions scorn:
Let virtue prove you greatly born.

THOUGH with less plate their side-board shone,
Their conscience always was their own;
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd;
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;
Their hands, by no corruption stain'd,
The ministerial bribe disdain'd;
They serv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
Yet jealous of the public weal;
They stood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cause;
By neither place or pension bought,
They spoke and voted as they thought.
Thus did your fires adorn their seat;
And such alone are truly great.

If you the paths of learning slight,
You're but a dunce in stronger light:
In foremost rank, the coward, plac'd,
Is more conspicuously disgrac'd.
If you to serve a paltry end,
To knavish jobs can condescend,
We pay you the contempt that's due;
In that you have precedence too.

Whence had you this illustrious name?
 From virtue and unblemish'd fame.
 By birth the name alone descends;
 Your honour on yourself depends.
 Think not your coronet can hide
 Assuming ignorance and pride.
 Learning by study must be won,
 'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
 Superior worth your rank requires:
 For that mankind reveres your fires:
 If you degenerate from your race,
 Their merits heighten your disgrace.

A CARRIER, ev'ry night and morn,
 Would see his horses eat their corn.
 This sunk the hostler's vails, 'tis true;
 But then his horses had their due.
 Were we so cautious in all cases,
 Small gain would rise from greater places.

THE manger now had all its measure;
 He heard the grinding teeth with pleasure:
 When all at once confusion rung;
 They shorted, jostled, bit, and flung.
 A pack-horse turn'd his head aside,
 Foaming, his eye balls swell'd with pride.

Good gods! (says he) how hard's my lot!
 Is then my high descent forgot?
 Reduc'd to drudg'ry and disgrace,
 (A life unworthy of my race)
 Must I too bear the vile attacks
 Of ragged scrubs, and vulgar hacks?
 See scurvy Roan, that brute ill-bred,
 Dares from the manger thrust my head!
 Shall I, who boast a noble line,
 On offals of these creatures dine?
 Kick'd by old Baal! so mean a foe!
 My honour suffers by the blow.
 Newmarket speaks my grandfire's fame,
 All jockeys still revere his name:
 There yearly are his triumphs told,
 There all his massy plates enroll'd.

Whene'er

Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
 You saw him with a liv'ry train;
 Returning too, with laurels crown'd,
 You heard the drums and trumpets found.
 Let it then, Sir, be understood,
 Respect's my due; for I have blood.

VAIN-glorious fool (the Carrier cry'd)
 Respect was never paid to pride.
 Know, 'twas thy giddy wilful heart
 Reduc'd thee to this slavish part.
 Did not thy headstrong youth disdain
 To learn the conduct of the rein?
 Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
 In vitious frolics fancy spirit.
 What is't to me by whom begot?
 Thou restif, pert, conceited sot.
 Your fires I reverence; 'tis their due:
 But, worthless fool, what's that to you?
 Ask all the Carriers on the road,
 They'll say thy keeping's ill bestow'd.
 Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
 That neither mends thy strength or pace.
 What profits me thy boast of blood?
 An afs hath more intrinsic good,
 By outward shew let's not be cheated:
 An afs should like an afs be treated.



The YOUTH and the PHILOSOPHER.

A F A B L E.

[Whithead.]

A Grecian youth, of talents rare,
 Whom *Plato's* philosophic care
 Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
 By precept and example too,
 Wou'd often boast his matchless skill,
 To curb the steed and guide the wheel.
 And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
 With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,

The ideot wonder they express'd
Was praise and transport to his breast,

At length quite vain, he needs wou'd shew
His master what his art could do;
And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To Academus' sacred shade.

The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs startled at the sight,
The Muses drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmost shades retire!

How'er the youth with forward air
Bows to the sage, and mounts the car.
The lash resounds, the coursers' spring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring,
And gath'ring crouds with eager eyes,
And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;
And now along th'indented plain
The self-same track he marks again,
Pursues with care the nice design,
Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seiz'd the circling croud;
The youths with emulation glow'd,
Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,
And all but Plato gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep-judging sage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field;
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,
Alas! unhappy youth, he cry'd,
Expect no praise from me (and sigh'd)
With indignation I survey
Such skill and judgment thrown away.
The time profusely squander'd there
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at less expence,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense,
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate
To govern men, and guide the state.

An ELEGY written in a COUNTRY
 CHURCH YARD. [Grey.]

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;
 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
 The moeping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.
 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
 The breezy call of incense breathing Morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
 For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
 Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.
 The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour.
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
 If Mem'ry o'er the Tomb no Trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn ille and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
 Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?
 Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.
 But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.
 Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
 Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little Tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may rest,
 Some *Cromwell* guiltless of his country's blood.
 Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,
 Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,
 The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
 Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhimes and shappeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
 Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply:
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to dye.
 For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?
 On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.
 For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,
 Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
 • Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 • Brushing with hasty steps the dew away
 • To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
 • There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 • That wreathes its old fantastic rooth so high,
 • His listless length at noon-tide wou'd he stretch,
 • And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
 • Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 • Muttering his wayward fancies he wou'd rove;
 • Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 • Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
 • One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 • Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree:
 • Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 • Nor up the law, nor at the wood was he,
 • The next with dirges due in sad array
 • Slow through the church-way path we saw him born,
 • Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 • Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

The EPI T A P H.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend,
 No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

The Story of PALEMÓN and LAVINIA.

[Thomson's Autumn.]

THE lovely young *Lavinia* once had friends;
 And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save Innocence and HEAVEN,
 She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:

Or

Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair - proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress: for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament;
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amidst the close-embowering woods.
 As in the hollow breast of *Appenine*,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet *Lavinia*; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong Necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean *Palemon's* fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous and the rich;
 Who led the rural life in all its joys
 And elegance, such as *Arcadian* song
 Transmits from antient uncorrupted times;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd besides his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor *Lavinia* drew his eye;
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field,
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

" WHAT pity! that so delicate a form,
 " By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense

" And

" And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 " Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 " Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
 " Of old *Acasto's* line; and to my mind
 " Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 " From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
 " Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
 " And once fair spreading family dissolv'd.
 " 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 " Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 " Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 " His aged widow and his daughter live,
 " Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 " Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"

WHEN, strict enquiry, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful *Acasto*; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus *Palemon*, passionate, and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

" AND art thou then *Acasto's* dear remains?
 " She whom my restless gratitude has sought,
 " So long in vain? O yes! the very same,
 " The softened image of my noble friend,
 " Alive, his every feature, every look,
 " More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring!
 " Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 " That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
 " In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
 " The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?
 " Into such beauty spread, and blown so far;
 " Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 " Beat keen, and heavy on thy tender years?
 " O let me now, into a richer soil,
 " Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and showers,

" Diffuse

" Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
 " And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
 " Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
 " *Acasto's* daughter, his whose open stores,
 " Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 " The father of a country, thus to pick
 " The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
 " Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 " Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
 " The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
 " If to the various blessings which thy house
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 " That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

HERE ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for *Lavinia's* fate;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening-hours:
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair,
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.



VIRGIL's Tomb. [Doddley's Collect. Vol. IV.]

I CAME, great bard, to gaze upon thy shrine,
 And o'er thy relicks wait th' inspiring Nine:
 For sure, I said, where *Maro's* ashes sleep,
 The weeping Muses must their vigils keep:

Still o'er their fav'rite's monument they mourn,
 And with poetic trophies grace his urn:
 Have placed the shield and martial trumpet here;
 The shepherd's pipe, and rural honours there:
 Fancy had deck'd the consecrated ground,
 And scatter'd never-fading roses round.
 And now my bold romantic thought aspires
 To hear the echo of celestial lyres;
 Then catch some sound to bear delighted home,
 And boast I learnt the verse at *Virgil's* tomb:
 Or stretch'd beneath thy myrtle's fragrant shade,
 With dreams extatic hov'ring o'er my head,
 See forms august, and laurel'd ghost ascend,
 And with thyself, perhaps, the long procession end.

I came — but soon the phantoms disappear'd;
 Far other scenes, than wanton Hope had reard;
 No saery rites, no fun'ral pomp I found;
 No trophied walls with wreaths of laurel round:
 A mean unhonour'd ruin faintly show'd
 The spot where once thy mausoleum stood:
 Hardly the form remain'd: a nodding dome
 O'ergrown with moss is now all *Virgil's* tomb.
 'Twas such a scene as gave a kind relief
 To memory, in sweetly-pensive grief:
 Gloomy, unpleasing images it wrought;
 No musing, soft complacency of thought:
 For Time had canker'd all, and worn away
 Ev'n the last, mournful graces of decay:
 Oblivion, hateful goddess, fate before,
 And cover'd with her dusky wings the door:
 No silver harps I heard, no Muse's voice,
 But birds obscene in horrid notes rejoice:
 Fancy recoil'd, and with his tinsel train
 Forsook the cheerless scene; no more remain
 The warm ambitious hopes of airy youth;
 Severe Reflection came, and frowning Truth:
 Away each glittering gay idea fled,
 And bade a melancholy train succeed,
 That form'd, or seem'd to form, a mournful call
 In feeble echoes muttering round the wall.

SEEK not the Muses here! th' affrighted maids
 Have fled *Parthenope's* polluted shades:
 Her happy shores, the seats of joy and ease,
 Their fav'rite mansions once, no longer please:
 No longer, as of old, in transport lost,
 The sisters rove along th' enchanted coast;
 They turn with horror from each much-lov'd stream,
 And loath the fields that were their darling theme:
 The tuneful names themselves once fondly gave
 To ev'ry swelling hill, and mossy cave,
 So pleasing then, are only heard with sighs;
 And each sad echo bids their sorrow rise.

YET Nature smiles, as when their *Virgil* sung,
 Nor 'midst a fairer scene his lyre was strung:
 Still bloom the sweets of his elysium here,
 And the same charms in ev'ry grove appear.
 But ah! in vain indulgent fons prevail;
 Health and delight in ev'ry balmy gale
 Are waisted now in vain: small comfort bring
 To weeping eyes the beauties of the spring.
 To groaning slaves those fragrant meads belong,
 Where *Tully* dictated, and *Maro* sung.
 Long since, alas! those golden days are flown,
 When here each Science wore its proper crown;
 Pale Tyranny has laid their altars low,
 And rent the laurel from the Muse's brow:
 What wonder then 'midst such a scene to see
 The Arts expire with bleeding Liberty?
 Pensive and sad, each fair angelic form
 Droops, like the wearied dove beneath a storm;
 Far other views the poet's thought engage,
 Than the warm glories of th' *Augustan* age.
 Can mis'ry bid th' imagination glow?
 Or genius brighten 'midst domestic woe?
 To see desponding wretches round him pine,
Horace had wept beneath the *Alban* vine.
 Sad sits the bard amidst his country's tears,
 And sighs, regardless of the wreath he wears.
 Did ever Want and Famine sweetly sing?
 The fetter'd hand uncouthly strikes the string.

Lo! stern Oppression lifts her iron rod,
 And ruin waits th' imperious harpy's nod:
 Black Desolation, and destructive War,
 Rise at the signal, and attend her car:
 From the dire pomp th' affrighted shepherd flies,
 And leaves his flock the ravenous soldier's prize:
 Where now are all the nymphs that blest the plains?
 Where, the full chorus of contented swains?
 The songs of love, of liberty and peace,
 Are heard no more; the dance and tabor cease:
 To the soft oaten pipe, and pastoral reed,
 The din of arms, and clarion's blast succeed:
 Dire shapes appear in ev'ry opening glade,
 And Furies howl where once the Muses strayed.

Is this the queen of realms, for arts renown'd?
 This captive maid, that weeps upon the ground!
 Alas! how chang'd! — dejected and forlorn!
 The mistress of the world become the scorn!
 Around stand Rapin, Horror and Despair;
 And Ign'rance, dark ally of barbarous War:
 She, at th' usurping *Vandal's* dread command,
 Displays her gloomy banner o'er the land:
 Beneath its chilling shade neglected lies
 Each sister Art; and unlamented dies.
 Lo! Sculpture lets her useless chisel fall;
 While on some ruin'd temple's broken wall
 Sad Architecture sits; and sees with shame
 Mis-shapen piles usurp her injur'd name:
 Music and Verse, unhappy twins! belong
 To antique Masque, and weak unmanly Song:
 The gath'ring deluge swells on ev'ry side,
 And monkish Superstition swells the tide.
 By the resistless torrent overborn
 Floats ev'ry virtue, from its basis torn:
 Fair Learning droops, the sick'ning Arts decay;
 And ev'ry laurel fades, and ev'ry bay.
 All is confus'd, no traces now are seen
 To shew what wretched *Italy* has been.

Thus once *Vesuvius*, crown'd with circling wood,
Parthenope, thy beauteous neighbour stood:

Perpetual Spring cloath'd the fair mountain's side;
 And what is now thy terror, was thy pride:
 Sudden th' imprison'd flames burst forth; and laid
 On smoaky heaps each shrieking *Dryad's* shade:
 Now deep in ashes sinks the myrtle bow'r,
 O'er beds of flow'rs sulphureous torrents roar;
 And exil'd demi-gods their ruin'd seats deplore.



SONG for RANELACH. By Mr. *Whitehead*.

I.

YE belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
 Who trip in this frolicksome round,
 Pray tell me from whence this indecency springs,
 The sexes at once to confound:
 What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,
 With each motion design'd to perplex?
 Bright eyes were intended to languish not stare,
 And softness the test of your sex.

II.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,
 May call ev'ry art to her aid:
 The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
 Are samples she gives of her trade.
 But you, on whom Fortune indulgently smiles,
 And whom Pride has preserv'd from the snare;
 Should sily attack us, with coyness and wiles,
 Not with open and insolent air.

III.

The *Venus* whose statue delights all mankind
 Shrinks modestly back from the view,
 And kindly shou'd seem by the artist design'd
 To serve as a model for you.
 Then learn with her beauties to copy her air,
 Nor venture too much to reveal;
 Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
 And double each charm you conceal.

IV.
 The blushes of Morn, and the mildness of May,
 Are charms which no art can procure;
 Oh! be but yourselves, and our homage we pay,
 [And your empire is solid and sure.
 But if *Amazon*-like you attack your gallants,
 And put us in fear of our lives,
 You may do very well for sisters and aunts,
 But believe me you'll never be wives.

*The final Cause of the Pleasures we receive from
 the Grandeur and Novelty of Objects.*

[Pleasures of Imagination.]

SAY why was man so eminently rais'd
 Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
 Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
 But that th' Omnipotent might send him forth
 In sight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
 As on a boundless theatre, to run
 The great career of justice; to exalt
 His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds;
 To shake each partial purpose from his breast;
 And thro' the mists of passion and of sense,
 And thro' the tossing tide of chance and pain,
 To hold his course unflin'g, while the voice
 Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
 Of nature, calls him to his high reward.
 Th' applauding smile of heav'n? Else wherefore burns
 In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
 That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
 And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
 With such resistless ardour to embrace
 Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
 Spurning the gross controul of wilful might;
 Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
 Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
 To heav'n's broad fire his unconstrained view,

Then

Then to the glimm'ring of a waxen flame?
 Who that, from Alpine heights, his lab'ring eye
 Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
 The Nile or Ganges rowl his wasteful tide
 Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with shade,
 And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
 To mark the windings of a scanty rill
 That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
 Disdains to rest her heav'n-aspiring wing
 Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
 And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
 Thro' fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
 Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the heav'ns;
 Or yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blasts,
 Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
 The blue profound, and hovering o'er the sun
 Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
 Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
 Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
 The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
 She darts her swiftness up the long career
 Of devious comets; thro' its burning signs
 Exulting circles the perennial wheel
 Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
 Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
 Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
 Th' empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
 Beyond this concave heav'n, their calm abode;
 And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
 Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
 Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
 Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd
 She meditates th' eternal depth below;
 Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
 She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallowed up
 In that immense of being. There her hopes
 Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
 Of mortal man, the sov'reign Maker said,
 That not in humble or in brief delight,
 Not in the fading ecchoes of renown,
 Pow'r's purple robes, or pleasure's flow'ry lap,

The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good;
Thro' all th' ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

CALL now to mind what high, capacious pow'rs
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals, may th' eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming soul? What pity then
Should foth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom; choack the streams of life,
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty wisdom; natur's happy cares
Th' obedient heart far otherwise incline.
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active pow'r
To brisker measures: witness the neglect
Of all familiar prospects, tho' beheld
With transport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young astonishment; the sober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
For such the bounteous providence of heav'n,
In every breast implanting this desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,
In truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
To paint it's pow'r? For this, the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove; the penfive sage
Heedless of sleep, nor midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the sickly taper, and untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted step,
The mazes of some wild and wond'rous tale,
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence finally, by night
The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suspends the infant audience with her tales,

Breathing

Breathing astonishment! of witching rhymes,
 And evil spirits; of the death-bed call
 To him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
 The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
 Ris'n from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
 Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
 At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
 The torch of hell around the murd'rer's bed.
 At every solemn pause the croud recoil
 Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
 With shiv'ring sighs: till eager for th' event,
 Around the beldame all arrest they hang,
 Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.



PLEASURE. *A Vision.* [Dr. Cotton.]

HEAR, ye fair mothers of our isle,
 Nor scorn your poet's homely style.
 What tho' my thoughts be quaint or new,
 I'll warrant, that my doctrine's true:
 Or if my sentiments be old,
 Remember, truth is sterling gold.
 You judge it of important weight
 To keep your rising offspring strait:
 For this such anxious moments feel,
 And ask the friendly aids of steel:
 For this import the distant cane,
 Or slay the monarch of the main.
 And shall the soul be warp'd aside
 By passion, prejudice, and pride?
 Deformity of heart I call
 The worst deformity of all.
 Your cares to *Body* are confin'd,
 Few fear obliquity of *Mind*.
 Why not adorn the better part!
 This is a nobler theme for art.
 For what is form, or what is face,
 But the soul's index, or its case?

Now take a smille at hand,
 Compare the mental soil to land,
 Shall fields be till'd with annual care,
 And minds lie fallow ev'ry year?
 O since the crop depends on you,
 Give them the culture which is due:
 Hoe ev'ry weed and dress the soil,
 So harvest shall repay your toil.

If human minds resemble trees,
 (As ev'ry moralist agrees)
 Prune all the straglers of your vine,
 Then shall the purple clusters shine.
 The gard'ner knows, that fruitful life
 Demands his salutary knife:

For ev'ry wild luxuriant shoot
 Or robs the bloom, or starves the fruit.

A (*) SATYRIST in *Roman* times,
 When *Rome* like *Britain* groan'd with crimes,
 Asserts it for a sacred truth,
 That PLEASURES are the bane of youth:
 That sorrows such pursuits attend,
 Or such pursuits in sorrows end:
 That all the wild advent'rer gains
 Are perils, penitence, and pains.

APPROVE, ye fair, the *Roman* page,
 And bid your sons revere the sage;
 In study spend their midnight oil,
 And string their nerves by manly toil.
 Thus shall they grow, like TEMPLE wife,
 Thus future LOCKS and NEWTON'S rise;
 Or hardy chiefs to wield the lance,
 And save us from the chains of *France*.
 Yes, bid your sons betimes forego
 Those treach'rous paths where PLEASURES grow?
 Where the young mind is folly's slave,
 Where ev'ry virtue finds a grave.

LET each bright character be nam'd,
 For wisdom or for valour fam'd:
 Are the dear youths to science prone?
 Tell, how th' immortal BACON shone!

Who

(*) *Perfius*.

Who leaving meaner joys to kings;
Soar'd high on contemplation's wings;
Rang'd the fair fields of nature o'er;
Where never mortal trod before;
BACON! whose vast capacious plan
Bespoke him angel, more than man!

Does love of martial fame inspire?
Cherish, ye fair, the gen'rous fire;
Teach them to spurn inglorious rest,
And rouse the hero in their breast;
Paint *Cressy's* vanquish'd field anew,
Their souls shall kindle at the view;
Resolv'd to conquer or to fall,
When liberty and *Britain* call.
Thus shall they rule the crimson plain,
Or hurl their thunders thro' the main;
Gain with their blood, nor grudge the cost,
What their degen'rate fires have lost;
The laurel thus shall grace their brow,
As *CHURCHILL'S* once, or *WARREN'S* now.

ONE Summer's evening as I stray'd
Along the silent moon-light glade;
With these reflections in my breast,
Beneath an oak I sunk to rest;
A gentle slumber intervenes,
And fancy dress'd instructive scenes.

METHOUGHT a spacious road I spy'd,
And stately trees adorn'd its side:
Frequented by a giddy crowd
Of thoughtless mortals, vain, and loud;
Who trip'd with jocund heel along,
And bade me join their smiling throng.

I STRAIT obey'd—persuasion hung
Like honey on the speaker's tongue.
A cloudless sun improv'd the day,
And pinks and roses strew'd our way.

NOW as our journey we pursue,
A beauteous fabric rose to view;
A stately dome! and sweetly grac'd
With every ornament of taste.

This structure was a female's claim,
And PLEASURE was the monarch's name.

THE hall we enter'd uncontroll'd,
And saw the queen enthron'd on gold;
Arabian sweets perfum'd the ground,
And laughing Cupids flutter'd round;
A flowing vest adorn'd the fair,
And flow'ry chaplets wreath'd her hair:

The GRACES deck'd her with their smiles,
And FRAUD bestow'd her artful wiles;

LOVE taught her lipping tongue to speak,
And form'd the dimple in her cheek;

The LILLY, blended with the ROSE,

The Tincture of her face compose;

Nor did the god of WIND disdain

To mingle with the shining train;

HER vot'ries flock'd from various parts,

And chiefly youth resign'd their hearts:

The old in sparing numbers press'd,

But aukward devotees at best.

NOW let us range at large, we cry'd,
Thro' all the garden's boasted pride;

Here jasmines spread the silver flow'r,

To deck the wall, or weave the bow'r;

The woodbines mix in am'rous plays,

And breathe their fragrant lives away;

Here rising myrtles from a shade,

There roses blush, and scent the glade;

The orange with a vernal face,

Wears ev'ry rich autumnal grace;

While the young blossoms here unfold,

There shines the fruit, like pendent gold;

Citrons their balmy sweets exhale,

And triumph in the distant gale;

Now fountains murmur to the song,

Roll their translucent streams along;

Thro' all the aromatic groves,

The faithful turtles coo their loves;

The lark ascending pours his notes,

And linnet swell their rapt'rous throats.

WE now were order'd to depart,

Reluctance sat on ev'ry heart:

A porter show'd a different door,

[VI.] Not the fair portal known before!

The gates, methought, were open'd wide,

The crouds descended in a tide.

But oh! ye heav'ns, what vast surprize

Struck the advent'rer's frightened eyes!

A barren heath before us lay,

And gath'ring clouds obscur'd the day:

The darkness rose in smoky spires;

The lightnings flash'd their livid fires:

Loud peals of thunder rent the air,

While vengeance chill'd our hearts with fear.

FIVE ruthless tyrants *sway'd* the plain,

And triumph'd o'er the mangled slain.

Here sat **DISTASTE**, with sickly mien,

And more than half devour'd with spleen:

There stood **REMORSE**, with thought oppress'd,

And vipers feeding on his breast:

Then **WANT**, dejected, pale and thin,

With bones just starting thro' his skin;

A ghastly fiend! — and close behind

DISEASE his aching head inclin'd!

His everlasting thirst confess'd

The fires which rag'd within his breast.

DEATH clos'd the train! the hideous form

Smil'd *unrelenting* in the storm:

When strait a doleful shriek was heard;

I woke — The vision disappear'd.

LET not the unexperient boy

Deny, that **PLEASURES** will destroy:

Or say, that dreams are vain and wild,

Like fairy tales, to please a child.

Important hints the wise may reap

From Sallies of the soul in sleep.

And since there's meaning in my dream,

The moral merits your esteem.



VIRTUE *alone* constitutes HAPPINESS.

[ESSAY on MAN, Ep. IV.]

WHAT nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is Virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
 Then give Humility a coach and six?
 Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,
 On public spirit its great cure, a crown.
 Weak, foolish man! will heav'n reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
 The boy and man an individual makes,
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go, like the *Indian*, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
 Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
 To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
 Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human kind,
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.

HONOUR and shame from no condition rise;
 Aft well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
 I'll tell you, friend; a wise man and a fool,
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,

Worth

Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Struck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from *Lucrece* to *Lucrece*:
But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great;
Go; if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble fots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the *Howards*.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies.
"Where but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From *Macedonia's* madman to the *Swede*;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the Politic and wife;
All fly slow things, with circumpective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak;
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.

no noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good *Aurelius* let him reign, or bleed,
Like *Socrates*, that man is great indeed.

What's Fame! a fancy'd life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death:
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my lord) if *Falshy's* o'er your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;

To all beside as much an empty shade;
 An *Eugene* living, as a *Cæsar* dead;
 Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
 Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*.
 A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As justice tears his body from the grave;
 When what 't'oblivion better were resign'd;
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
 One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
 And more true joy *Marcellus* exil'd feels,
 Than *Cæsar* with a senate at his heels.

IN Parts superior what advantage lies?
 Tell (for You can) what is it to be wise?
 'Tis but to know how little can be known;
 To see all others faults, and feel our own;
 Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, or without a judge:
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful Preheminence! yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

BRING then these blessings to a strict account;
 Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
 How much of other each is sure to cost;
 How each for other oft is wholly lost;
 How inconsistent greater goods with these;
 How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease.
 Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
 Say, would'st thou be the Man to whom they fall?
 To fight for ribbands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord *Umbra*, or Sir *Billy*.
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
 Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus*' wife.
 If Parts allure thee, think how *Bacon* shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,
 See *Cromwell*, damn'd to everlasting fame!
 If all, united, thy ambition call
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all,
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false scale of Happiness complete!

In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
 How happy those to ruin, these betray.

Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud *Venice* rose.

In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man:

Now *Europe's* laurels on their brows behold,
 But stain'd with blood, or ill-exchang'd for gold:

Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.

Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame!

What greater bliss attends their close of life?

Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,

The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,

And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.

Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,

Compute the morn and evening to the day:

The whole amount of that enormous fame,

A Tale, that blends their glory with their shame!

Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)

"Virtue alone is happiness below,"

The only point where human bliss stands still,

And tastes the good without the fall to ill;

Where only Merit constant pay receives,

Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;

The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,

And if it lose, attended with no pain:

Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,

And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:

The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,

Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:

Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,

For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;

Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
 Never dejected while another's blest'd;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.



Remember your CREATOR, &c. Eccles. xii.

CHILDREN, to your Creator, Go,
 Your early honours pay,
 While vanity and youthful blood
 Would tempt your thoughts astray.

THE memory of his mighty name,
 Demands your first regard;
 Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
 Till you have lov'd the LORD.

BE wise, and make his favour sure,
 Before the mournful days,
 When youth and mirth are known no more,
 And life and strength decays.

NO more the blessings of a feast,
 Shall relish on the tongue,
 The heavy ear forgets the taste
 And pleasure of a song.

OLD age, with all her dismal train,
 Invades your golden years,
 With sighs and groans, and raging pain,
 And death, that never spares.

WHAT will you do when light departs
 And leaves your withering eyes,
 Without one beam to cheer your hearts,
 From the superior skies;

HOW will you meet GOD's frowning brow,
 Or stand before his seat,
 While nature's old supporters bow,
 Nor bear their tottering weight?

CAN



CAN you expect your feeble arms
 Shall make a strong defence,
 When death with terrible alarms
 Summons the prisoner hence?

THE silver bands of nature burst,
 And let the building fall;
 The flesh goes down to mix with dust,
 Its vile original.

LADEN with guilt, (a heavy load)
 Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
 The soul returns t'an angry God,
 To be shut out from heav'n.

A Song to Creating Wisdom.

PART I.

I.

ETERNAL WISDOM, thee we praise,
 Thee the creation sings:
 With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,
 And heav'n's high palace rings.

II.

PLACE me on the bright wings of day
 To travel with the sun;
 With what amaze shall I survey
 The wonders thou hast done?

III.

THY hand how wide it spread the sky
 How glorious to behold?
 Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.

IV.

THERE thou hast bid the globes of light
 Their endless circles run;
 There the pale planet rules the night,
 And day obeys the sun.

P A R T. II.

V.

DOWNWARD I turn my wond'ring eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy num'rous glories show.

VI.

THE noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey,
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

VII.

THERE, like a trumpet, loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast:
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thine host.

VIII.

ON the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around:
At thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

P A R T. III.

IX.

NOW to the earth I bend my song,
And cast my eyes abroad,
Glancing the *British* isles along;
Blest isles, confess your GOD.

X.

HOW did his wondrous skill array
Your fields in charming green;
A thousand herbs his art display,
A thousand flowers between!

XI.

TALL oaks for future navies grow,
Fair *Albion's* best defence,
While corn and vines rejoice below
Those luxuries of sense.

XII.

THE bleating flocks his pasture feeds:
And herds of larger size,
That bellow thro' the *Lindian* meads,
His bounteous hand supplies.

PART IV.

XIII.

WE see the *Thames* caress the shores,
He guides her silver flood:
While angry *Severn* swells and roars,
Yet hears her ruler GOD.

XIV.

THE rolling mountains of the deep
Observe his strong command;
His breath can raise the billows sleep,
Or sink them to the sand.

XV.

AMIDST thy watry kingdoms, LORD,
The finny nations play,
And scaly monsters, at thy word,
Rush thro' the northern sea,

PART V.

XVI.

THEY glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

XVII.

INFINITE strength, and equall skill,
Shine thro' the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder GOD.

XVIII.

BUT the sweet beauties of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in *JESUS* face
We see, adore, and love

* * * * *

Few happy Matches.

SAY, mighty love, and teach my song,
To whom my sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

NOT the wild herd of nymphs and swains
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way;
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

NOT sordid souls of earthly mould
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of *Peru*
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

NOT the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy:
On *Aëna's* top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
T'improve the burning joy.

NOT the dull pairs whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are marry'd just like *Stoic* souls,
With osiers for their bands.

NOT minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless:
As well may heavenly comforts spring
From too old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the bass.

NOT

NOR can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Samson's young foxes might as well
In bonds of chearful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands ty'd between.

NOR let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind;
For love abhors the sight;
Loose the fierce tyger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

TWO kindest souls alone must meet;
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright *Venus* on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And *Cupids* yoke the doves.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd;
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

THOU great first cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

YET gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

WHAT conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,

This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

NOR

WHAT

WHAT blessings thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;
 For GOD is paid when man receives,
 T'enjoy is to obey.

YET not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think thee LORD alone of Man,
 When thousand worlds are round?

LET not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe,

IF I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay;
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

SAVE me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

TEACH me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

MEAN tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quick'ned by thy breath:
 Oh lead me wherefoe'er I go,
 Thro' this day's life or death.

THIS day, be bread and peace my lot:
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
 One chorus let all Being raise!
 All nature's incense rise!



